Columbus Before Isabella.

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO AMERICAN HISTORY

BY

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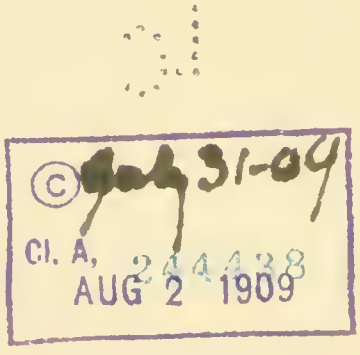

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

DID you ever see a coral island? If not, you have heard or read of these strange islands that rise out of the sea. The coral is a tiny creature of the sea, with a very low form of life and with no power of movement from one place to another. It feeds on what is brought it by the waves. With myriads of its kind, probably far beneath the surface, it lives its little life and dies. Its porous body, having gathered lime from the water, becomes hard like stone, and to this is attached the next generation of coral, and so on and on. The growth continues for perhaps hundreds of years, when at last it rises to the surface of the water. Then come the birds and the waves with soil and seed, and at length we have a beautiful island with trees and flowers, and even the homes of men—all built on the petrified bodies of the tiny coral of the sea.

History is like a coral growth. Every generation of men is built up on the achievements of the preceding. The civilization of the present rests entirely on the past. There are few things indeed that we

use in our everyday life for which we are not indebted to the past. If you sit down to write a letter, the pen you use, the chair on which you sit, and the clothes you wear are the product of machinery that took centuries to develop, and the alphabet you use is the inheritance of thousands of years. If you read a poem or study science, you are simply gathering up the wisdom of the past. The poem may have been written yesterday, but the poet himself is a product of the past. He has doubtless read the writings of Homer and of David, of Virgil, of Dante and of Shakespeare, and of many others, and each has played a part in making the poem what it is.

Man's mental powers have not grown or developed in historic times. We are no greater than were our ancestors. We live more comfortably than they only because we have added to what they bequeathed us. Each generation adds a little to what it receives from the past, and thus the conditions of the present rest on the accumulated inheritance from the ages. Were it possible to erase or destroy the past, man would be reduced to the lowest state of savagery, to the condition of the lower animals—without tools, or clothing, or language, or traditions.

A record of the past we call History. But history is more than a record of the past; it is a study of humanity, the greatest of all studies, and is second only to the study of the human life in our own times, in which we are all unconsciously engaged every day.

No one can pretend to be educated who is not to some extent a student of history.

The most interesting of all history to you and to me is the history of our own great land. It is the story of the life of our ancestors and of the growth of institutions which we enjoy.

The history of America is one of absorbing interest to all. Here had lived for unknown ages the wild man of the forest and of the plains. He dwelt in contentment with his family and his tribe amid the rude surroundings of his home. He chased the deer and the buffalo and fought with his enemy in battle. He knew nothing of the civilized life of lands that were far away.

At length the white man came from across the seas and began to clear away the forest and to build homes. The Indians were crowded toward the west and cities rose where the forest had waved above their wigwams. For nearly two hundred years the white man's colonies grew and strengthened, when they rose against the mother land, and, after a long and weary war, won their independence and founded a nation. The new nation became the home of the oppressed from every land. It increased rapidly in population, in wealth, and in extent of territory, and, though still in its youth, it is now one of the greatest nations of the world. What American is not proud of our vast country? and who can be content without a good knowledge of its history?

In this book I shall aim to tell you something about great events and leading characters. I shall

also give many incidents and adventures which are not found in the school histories, though by so doing I must leave out much that is easily found in other books. My purpose in giving considerable space to the adventures, daring deeds, and mode of life of the pioneers is not merely to make the narrative more attractive to the reader, but to reproduce the spirit of those times and to emphasize the debt we owe to those early settlers.

The object of the book is to awaken in the reader a greater love of the history of our country, to foster a keener desire to know the sources and the growth of our civilization, to stimulate to more extensive reading of the story of our great land—all of which tend to a more wholesome growth of good citizenship.

CHAPTER II

HOW EUROPE FOUND AMERICA

YOU can pick up a morning newspaper and read about what happened the day before on the opposite side of the earth.

In view of this fact, it seems strange that a little more than four hundred years ago half the land area of the globe was unknown to the inhabitants of the other half. For many centuries most people had believed that the earth was flat, that it was in the center of the universe, and that the sun and moon made a revolution around it every day—just as they seem to do.

When you look up the sky seems higher directly above you than at the horizon, and it was probably this appearance that led the people of Europe to believe that Europe was the center of all things. They also thought that they themselves were the most important people in the world. But then, perhaps, every people think themselves a little better than those of any other nation.

It was not until after the discovery of America that Copernicus taught the world that the sun is in the center of a great system, known as the Solar System, and that the earth is one of the planets that

revolve about the sun. But for many centuries before the time of Copernicus educated people in Europe believed the earth to be a sphere; and yet there were some puzzling questions. How could anybody live on the opposite side of the world, where they would have to walk with their heads downward? It was believed that since the earth is round, like an apple or an orange, it must slope downward in all directions, and if a ship went too far down the slope it would never be able to get back. For this reason mariners were careful not to sail too far from home.

Copernicus lived more than two hundred years before the time of Isaac Newton, who discovered the law of gravity by which the earth holds all loose bodies on its surface and keeps them from falling away from it. It was believed that men could not live on the sides or bottom of the earth, but only on top. Then there were other strange beliefs in those days. One was that around the middle of the earth there was a torrid belt so hot that the seas boiled with fury and that no man or animal could live there. Another was that there was a gigantic bird so powerful that it could seize a ship in its talons and fly away with it into the air.

For hundreds of years these wild fancies were believed by vast numbers of people; but most of them were given up before America was discovered. By this time most people had come to believe that the earth was round, and it began to dawn on the minds of some that one might reach the eastern coast of

Asia by sailing westward. To do this became the more desirable when, in 1453, the terrible Turk captured Constantinople and refused to permit the European traders to pass by that route to Asia, as they had been doing. But who would venture on such a dangerous journey across the Sea of Darkness, as the Atlantic was called? Its dark waves rolled on and on forever. Where was the man who would risk his life in trying to cross it?

Columbus

There was only one such man, and his name was Christopher Columbus. He was born in the beautiful Italian city of Genoa, on the northern shore of the Mediterranean. Many a time, when a boy, he would sit on the green banks and watch the ships come and go. His eyes would follow the white sails dancing before the wind as the vessels plowed through the sparkling water, and Columbus resolved that he would become a sailor when he grew to be a man.

But he did not wait till he was a man. At the age of fourteen he launched out on the vocation of his life and became a sailor.

By the time he reached manhood he was a skillful mariner. Sometimes he engaged in sea fights. On one occasion he commanded a vessel which engaged in a death duel with another. After they had fought for some hours both vessels took fire, and Columbus saved his life by leaping into the water and swimming to shore, six miles away.

The Mediterranean must have seemed too small for Columbus, for he left his home and went to Portugal, and later to Spain. He studied geography and navigation, and made voyages down the coast of Africa. At one time he sailed far into the north, to the coast of Iceland. Here he may or may not have heard about Lief Ericson, who, five hundred years before, had found a land which he called Vinland far across the western seas.

Columbus thought and thought about finding Asia by sailing across the Atlantic to the west. He fully believed that it was possible to do so, and was willing to risk his life in making the attempt. But such a great undertaking required money and ships and men, and Columbus did not have them. He applied to the King of Portugal for aid, but the king thought him a dreamer, and refused to help him. He then went to Spain and laid his plans before the king and queen, Ferdinand and Isabella. They put him off for several years, then finally decided to help him in making the attempt. Whether they did this only to get rid of him, or whether they believed that he might make some important discoveries, it is difficult to say.

The Voyage

One bright morning, at the break of day, in August, 1492, three small vessels launched out upon the sea from the port of Palos, Spain. The commander of this tiny fleet was Christopher Columbus. He and his crew were starting out on one of the strangest

voyages ever made. They knew not where they were going. They supposed the earth to be round, but did not know, and in these three frail vessels they were starting out to cross a vast sea that no one else, as far as they knew, had ever crossed. No wonder they broke into sobs and wails as their friends waved them good-by from the receding shore. It was generally believed that they were setting out on a journey from which none would return.

For many weeks they glided through the waves toward the west. The weather was fine, but the men, one hundred and twenty in all, were filled with terror and superstitious fears. The vast expanse of water seemed boundless and fathomless. Every day they expected something dreadful to happen. Far from friends and home, they seemed to be in another world. There was but one undaunted soul, and that was Columbus.

At length the men determined to turn back, but Columbus would listen to nothing of the kind. He promised them great riches if they should succeed. He threatened to put the leaders in chains if they did not obey him. Again and again they thought they sighted land, but it proved to be only banks of clouds lying low on the horizon.

This increased their fears. They felt that they were in a world of enchantment, and that the signs of land were delusions alluring them to destruction.

But at last, nearly ten weeks after they had left Palos, the signs of land were unmistakable—birds in the air that never reach midocean, a branch of thorn

with berries on it, and floating weeds that grow only on land.

On the night of October 11th, Columbus, watching from the deck of his ship, saw a flickering light far away on the horizon. It moved here and there, and seemed like a torch carried by a man. Not an eye was closed in sleep that night on the little vessels. Every eye was strained in the outlook for land, and at daybreak, behold! there lay a verdant shore about six miles away. We can only imagine the joy of the sailors at the sight of land after their dreary voyage over the dark, deep sea.

Columbus and a few of his officers went ashore and took possession of the new lands in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. He shed tears of emotion, returned thanks to God for his success, and bowed down and kissed the ground.

As the Spaniards came ashore they saw human beings gazing in silent wonder. Columbus believed that he had reached the East Indies, and he called the natives Indians, a name which was later applied to all the native inhabitants of the New World. The Indians, on seeing the Spaniards landing, ran away and hid themselves; but presently came forth again and stood wondering at their strange visitors.

The place of landing was an island in the West Indies, which Columbus called San Salvador, but which is now called Watling's Island. The Spaniards cruised about for several weeks and discovered many islands, among them the great island of Cuba.

But Columbus was greatly puzzled. He thought he had reached the coast of China or of Japan. He had heard of the wonderful rivers and towered cities of China, but here he found none of these. He found waving forests and blooming flowers and naked savages. He bore with him a letter of greeting from the King and Queen of Spain to the Emperor of China. But no emperor could he find. Poor Columbus! Little did he dream that China was ten thousand miles away, and that between him and that country a vast ocean rolled, far greater than the one that he had crossed.

When Columbus returned to Spain he was received by the king and queen with great honor. Thousands of people crowded the streets of the cities to see the great discoverer pass by. In the following years Columbus made three more voyages to the lands he had discovered. On the last of these voyages he discovered the mainland of South America, at the mouth of the Orinoco River. Still thinking he was in Asia, Columbus believed this to be one of the great rivers mentioned in the Bible as flowing from the Garden of Eden.

Many others were soon making voyages to the new lands, and one day, when some one said that it was not such a great thing to have made the discovery, it is said that Columbus took an egg and asked who could make it stand on end. Several tried and failed. He then took the egg and cracked the shell, and stood it on end.

"It is quite easy," he said, "when you know how;

and so it is easy to make discoveries after I have shown the way."

Columbus died in 1506, and to the day of his death he never knew that it was not the coast of Asia, but a vast new continent which he had discovered.

The New World should have been called by the name of Columbus, but another was to receive this honor. Americus Vespucius was one of the many who made voyages across the Atlantic. He cruised along the coast of South America, and wrote a little book about it. It was believed that Americus had discovered a continent, while Columbus had discovered only a few islands, and the New World was called America.

CHAPTER III

EXPLORING THE NEW WORLD

EUROPE had found America, a vast land of unknown bounds. But of what use could America be if unoccupied by civilized man? Certainly of no more use than coal or iron before it is brought out of the earth by the miner.

First comes the discoverer; then the explorer. An explorer is one who traverses a new country and finds out what he can about it. Within half a century after Columbus had made his great discovery a great many explorers came to America. They traversed vast regions in North and South America.

Some of the explorers came to hunt for gold; some came for the love of adventure; others to win new territory for their native land, and still others to convert the Indians to Christianity. The explorers were Spanish and Portuguese and French and English, though at first there were very few English. I suppose most of them thought more about adventure than anything else. Boys enjoy sport that has in it an element of danger, such as coasting on a steep hill, riding an untamed colt, playing football and the like. And men are much like boys. They like dangerous sport, and for those who enjoyed such sport here was

a great opportunity. The explorers had to encounter wild Indians and wild animals, to climb rugged mountains and to wade through vast swamps. A great many of them never returned to their homes; they found a grave in the wilderness. Some of them made splendid discoveries, for which they will ever be remembered.

You have no doubt heard about Balboa, who discovered the Pacific Ocean, which he called the South Sea, and of Magellan, who was the first to sail around the world. But we shall give the rest of this chapter to two or three other famous explorers.

Ponce de Leon

The first of these is the story of Ponce de Leon (pronounced Pón-tha-da-Lā-on). His first name was Juan or John, but it is seldom used.

Ponce de Leon was a famous cavalier in the Spanish wars against the Moors, before Columbus discovered America. He was chivalric and brave, and loved the din and danger of the battle field. When Columbus came to America on his second voyage Ponce came with him. About fifteen years later he was made governor of Porto Rico. You will remember that Porto Rico belonged to Spain until our war with that country in 1898, when it became the property of the United States.

While Ponce was in Porto Rico he heard a strange story that somewhere in the Bahama Islands there was a fountain of youth, a gushing spring of

sparkling water which would restore youth to the aged who bathed in it. Ponce was a sensible man in most respects, but he believed this story. His brow was becoming wrinkled and his hair silvered with age. What a wonderful thing it would be if he could find this enchanting spring that would bring back the blithe step and the golden locks of boyhood! As the story went, this fountain was surrounded by magnificent trees bearing golden fruit which was gathered by beautiful maidens. The story reminds one of the Garden of Hesperides believed in by the ancients.

In the spring of 1513 Ponce de Leon started out to find the magic fountain. He sailed among the Bahamas, and bathed in the waters of every fountain he found; but youth did not return. At length he left the islands and came to a land of splendid trees and blooming flowers. The air was laden with perfume. He named the place Florida, and it still bears that name as one of the States of our Union. Here for many days he searched for the magic spring, but he searched in vain. He met with an old Indian woman who was so bowed and wrinkled that she seemed to be a hundred years old. I fancy that Ponce thought that if there were a fountain of youth in that country she had never made use of it. He gave up the search and returned to Porto Rico.

Soon after this Ponce de Leon set sail for Spain. He told King Ferdinand that he had discovered a beautiful island covered with flowers, and the king made him governor of "the Island of Florida," for

he believed it to be an island. A few years later Ponce made another voyage to Florida, and in a fight with the Indians he received a mortal wound. He was carried to Cuba, where he soon died, and thus ended the career of the one who made a pathetic search for the fountain of youth and could not find it.

Ferdinand De Soto

Our next story is about Ferdinand De Soto, the man who discovered by accident the great river that divides the United States in the middle, and thus he won more fame in American history than he deserved.

De Soto, like Ponce de Leon, had been trained in all the chivalry of Spain. He was a splendid rider and swordsman. He loved adventure, and had come to America, like many a Spanish youth, because he loved adventure and to search for gold. With Pizarro he aided in the conquest of Peru, and won a large fortune as his share of the spoils. But he spent his money with a lavish hand on his return to Spain, and soon saw that he must replenish his fortune. His thoughts turned again to America. He obtained permission of the king to conquer Florida, and he set out, thinking that gold could be found there as it had been found in Peru.

It was in the spring of 1539 that De Soto, with an army of nearly six hundred men, approached the coast of Florida. As the ships drew near the flowery land the men shouted and sang for joy. Here was

the land that seemed to them a paradise, abloom with perpetual spring. And they believed also that it must be a land of gold, and that they would soon return to Spain laden with riches. But their dream was rudely dispelled when, on the morning after they landed, they were awakened by a shower of arrows from a horde of Indian warriors. Thus began the fateful journey of De Soto and his men in the wilderness, a journey from which many of that gay company were destined never to return.

For some months the Spaniards marched northward through grand forests of oak and pine, through prairies and dismal swamps. They came to many deserted Indian villages, the Indians having fled into the forest at the approach of the Spaniards. When the Spaniards found Indians and made known the object of their search, the Indians usually informed them that gold could be found farther on—a trick to get rid of the Spaniards that usually was successful.

The Indian Queen

After many months of weary marching, De Soto heard that far to the north there was a rich and powerful Indian nation called Cofachíqui that was ruled over by a queen, a beautiful girl of eighteen years. De Soto determined to direct his way thither. After a long march of several weeks they encamped on the bank of a river. It is now supposed that this was the Savannah River, and that this spot was Silver Bluff, in Barnwell County, South Carolina.

From the spot where the Spaniards had pitched their tents for the night they presently heard the barking of dogs and the shouts of playing children on the opposite bank of the river. Eagerly they awaited the morning, and at dawn they beheld an Indian village with many of the inhabitants, men, women, and children, standing on the bank gazing at their strange visitors. The horses, the bright armor, and the glittering swords of the Spaniards seemed very wonderful to the red children of the forest, as they had never seen such things before.

This was the land of Cofachíqui, the nation governed by the beautiful queen, and she was standing with her people, gazing in silent wonder at the Spaniards. At length she sent several of her warriors in a canoe across the river. As they approached they called out: "Do you come for peace or war?"

De Soto had with him an interpreter, a Spaniard who could speak the Indian language, and he answered:

"We come for peace. We need food, and beg your assistance."

De Soto told the men that he was anxious to meet their queen, and they rowed back and made this fact known to her. Presently four warriors approached the water's edge bearing a kind of hammock called a palanquin (pál-an-keen), and from it stepped the queen, who was now rowed across the river.

As she came up to De Soto he was much impressed by her quiet dignity, her rich robes, and her great

beauty. Through his interpreter he conversed with her for some time. As a token of friendship she threw around his neck a string of costly pearls, and he gave her a gold ring set with a ruby. She offered him the use of half the houses in the village if he and his army chose to stay for a time, and De Soto accepted the kind offer.

It was not long until the Spaniards made known the object of their journey, and the queen informed them that there was a great deal of gold in her territories, and not far from the village. She sent men to bring specimens. Spanish hopes now rose to the highest pitch. The men decided to load themselves with the precious metal and return to Spain. But their dream was soon dispelled, for the specimens proved to be a worthless alloy of copper, and the Spaniards again in sorrow turned their eyes to the wilderness.

On leaving the land of Cofachíqui, De Soto compelled the young queen to accompany him to the borders of her territory. This was his custom whenever he could get possession of a chief, and his object was to prevent attacks, for he knew that an Indian tribe would not attack him while he held their ruler. In this instance it seemed cruel to do so, after the queen had been so kind to him. But the queen was treated with the highest respect. She was carried along in a palanquin by her own warriors, and several of her maids walked by her side. After they had marched a day or two this dusky maid of the forest proved herself a true Indian, as well as a queen. She sud-

denly leaped from her seat, darted into the forest with the fleetness of a deer, and was soon lost to view. The Spaniards searched for her, but they never saw nor heard of her again. She probably returned to her own people on the banks of the Savannah River.

The Mississippi

The wandering in the wilderness by De Soto and his army continued for more than three years. Many a time they met hostile Indians and fought fierce battles. In each battle they lost a few of their number, and the army gradually decreased. One of these battles proved a dreadful blow to the Spaniards. It was the battle of Mobile in southern Alabama. This was one of the greatest battles fought between the white and red races. The Spaniards killed thousands of Indians in this battle and destroyed one of the most powerful tribes in the South; but their own loss was very heavy. Many of the men and horses were killed and nearly all the survivors were wounded. All their baggage, food, and medicine were destroyed.

After this destructive battle De Soto never seemed to be himself. His jovial spirits were gone. Many of his men wanted to return to civilization, but he refused to listen to such proposals. He seemed to prefer to die in the wilderness rather than to return without the gold he sought. They met many friendly Indians. With one tribe they remained several weeks, and when about to depart one of the Span-

iards, who had fallen in love with the chief's daughter, wished to remain with the Indians. He did so, and married the daughter.

Two years had passed. De Soto's army became smaller and smaller. The bright uniforms with which the men had started were reduced to tatters, and at length they had to clothe themselves in skins of wild animals. Aimlessly they wandered from place to place, knowing and caring but little whither they went.

In the spring of 1541 they first came in sight of the Mississippi River. It was probably at a point near the boundary between the present States of Tennessee and Mississippi. The channel was a mile and a half in width, and great quantities of driftwood, logs, and whole trees were floating on its bosom. For countless ages the great river had rolled, unknown before to civilized man.

It was this discovery that gave De Soto a name in American history; but he did not appreciate his find. He regarded the river as an obstacle to his march rather than an important discovery. The men built barges and, crossing the river, made a detour into what is now Arkansas and Missouri. This detour required a year—a year of hardship and disaster—and they returned to the Mississippi in the spring of 1542. At this time De Soto was attacked by a fever, and he soon saw that he must die. The end came on May 21st, and his burial place was the great river with which his name has ever been linked. In a casket made of a hollow oaken log the body was laid,

and at midnight it was rowed to the middle of the river and reverently lowered into the water.

More than half the army had perished. The survivors floated down the Mississippi to the gulf and reached a port in Mexico, and thus ended the most notable exploring expedition in American history.

La Salle and Louisiana

Our third and last story of the explorers is about a Frenchman, who lived more than a hundred years after the time of De Soto. He was Robert Cavalier de La Salle (Lah Sál), and his name is linked with the Mississippi River more than any other except that of De Soto.

You would probably think that a hundred years was long enough time to have explored all the territory in North and South America, but the business of exploring an unknown continent is too great to be done in a day, or even in a century. In fact, there are parts of Alaska, the Hudson Bay country, and South America that are not known to this day. There are Indian tribes that have never yet seen or heard of white men. One hundred and fifty years after the time of Columbus no man had much idea of the size of North America. Here is a story of La Salle that shows how little they knew in his time. In 1669—one hundred and seventy-seven years after Columbus had discovered America—La Salle floated down the Ohio River, for what purpose do you suppose? For the purpose of searching for the Pacific Ocean.

Every schoolboy or schoolgirl who has studied geography now knows that the Ohio does not empty into the Pacific; but La Salle did not know this, and he went down as far as the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands, in the hope of finding the Pacific.

Ten years later we find La Salle in Canada, among the Great Lakes, preparing for a greater journey. He was one of the many Frenchmen who had come to America to explore new lands for the French king, or to preach the Gospel to the Indians. No hardship was too great for these daring men. They swam icy rivers, endured cold and hunger, and lived on almost nauseous food in their perilous journeys through the wilderness. The Indians if well treated were usually friendly, sometimes too friendly for the comfort of their guests.

One Frenchman describes a dinner he had with the Indians. His host meant to be very kind and polite. He fed the Frenchman with a spoon—meal boiled in grease. The second course was fish, and the host picked the bones from it, cooled it by blowing, and then rolled it up in mouthfuls and tucked them into his guest's mouth with his fingers. He was about to serve the next course, consisting of boiled dog, in the same way, but from some cause the Frenchman had lost his appetite.

We return to our story of La Salle. He was a man of heroic mold, and no man in the history of America has shown a more dauntless courage, a more unyielding determination. We have seen that he

went down the Ohio River in the hope of finding the Pacific Ocean. On his return to Canada he heard from the Indians and French explorers that there was a greater river far west of the lake region which flowed southward. He came to believe that this great river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. It now dawned on the mind of La Salle that the great work of his life should be to sail down this majestic river and take possession of its vast basin in the name of France.

He went to France and secured from the king permission to carry out his project. But when he returned to Canada he found that he had bitter enemies, who attempted to thwart him at every turn. He collected supplies for his long journey, and his enemies destroyed them. They sunk his boat in Lake Erie; they stirred up the Indians against him; twice they poisoned him, but he recovered. Four or five times La Salle made the journey on foot between the Illinois River and Montreal, in preparing for his greater journey. After three or four years of incredible toil and discouragements he started down the Mississippi with a few companions.

For many weeks they floated with the current. Sometimes for days they gazed upon the silent banks and saw no human being. Again they saw natives on shore staring in speechless wonder upon these men of another race of which they had never heard. La Salle on several occasions stopped at Indian villages, made friends of the Indians, and secured food.

It was in April, 1682, after a long and lonely

journey, that La Salle reached the mouth of the river. He gave the great valley through which it flowed the name of Louisiana, in honor of the French king, Louis XIV, and took possession in the name of France.

The dream of this heroic explorer was to build up a mighty French empire in the Mississippi Valley. Some years later he founded a colony on the gulf coast, but the colony perished, and La Salle was killed by one of his men. And his dream of permanent French dominion in America was not realized, but the name of La Salle will ever fill a large place in the pioneer history of America.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST SETTLERS

AFTER the discoverer and the explorer comes the settler; that is, the colonist who makes his home in the new country. Some think the discoverer and the explorer have a harder task than the colonist, but I am not sure of that.

The discoverer and the explorer, it is true, suffer great hardships and encounter great perils; but if they survive, they return to their homes and receive the praise and honor of their countrymen. But the settler, who is usually poor, migrates to a new country and does not expect to return to the home of his childhood and the friends he leaves behind. He does not expect to win fame. He knows that there are years of toil before him ere he can hope for the ordinary comforts of life. There are perils of the forest —the wild animal and the hostile Indian. And disease is far more prevalent in a new, unsettled country than in an old one.

But even to move to a settled country across three thousand miles of sea requires a good deal of courage. There are a great many immigrants from Europe coming to our country every year. If you could spend a day at Ellis Island, in New York,

you would probably see thousands of these people landing from the ships. Most of them look very poor; their clothing is of the coarsest material, and their baggage is tied up in bundles. We are apt to look down on these people, but I do not think we should. The great majority of them are good people, honest and industrious, and they have done a brave thing in leaving their homes and coming so far in the hope of doing better for themselves and their children than they could do in the old country. Then we must remember that we are all descendants of immigrants, and perhaps our ancestors were as poor and as unattractive as these people seem to us.

We must now get back to our early settlers, and we shall begin with

The Father of the English Colonies

It is a strange fact that the man who is known as the father of the English colonies in America never succeeded in planting a permanent colony. His name was Walter Raleigh (Ráw ley). He lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who was sometimes called "good Queen Bess." The queen was quite fond of Walter Raleigh, and showed him many favors.

Their friendship came about in this way: One day when the queen was crossing a muddy street Raleigh threw his cloak in the mud for her to step on, so that she would not soil her shoes. She was much pleased at his gallantry, though she had never seen him be-

fore. When she reached her palace she sent for "the young man with a muddy cloak." He was soon found and brought into her presence—and a fine-looking young man he was. The queen was so pleased with him that she made him one of her courtiers, a member of her household. Some time after this she knighted him, as the English say; that is, she made him a Sir, and ever afterwards he was known as Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter was not contented living at the queen's court doing nothing all his life. He wanted to do something useful for his country, and his mind turned to colony planting in America.

England claimed as her own the whole of North America because John Cabot had sailed from England in 1497 and discovered it—five years after Columbus had made his first great voyage. Columbus had discovered only islands, while Cabot had discovered the continent. England therefore claimed the continent by right of discovery.

Now Raleigh thought that North America would be just the place to found colonies, and he hoped to see a great new English nation built up in America. He reminds us of La Salle, who, as we have seen, spent his life trying to found a French nation in America.

The Lost Colony

Sir Walter Raleigh made five separate attempts to found a permanent colony on the Atlantic coast of North America, but not one of them became a per-

manent settlement. We shall notice only one of these settlements. It is known as "the lost colony."

It was in the year 1587 that Raleigh sent a colony of one hundred and fifty settlers. Seventeen of them were women. The governor of the colony was John White, and his daughter and her husband, Mr. Dare, were among the colonists. The name of the country was Virginia, which was very much larger than the State of Virginia is now. The part of Virginia to which they went is now North Carolina.

The colonists bade their friends a fond good-by as they sailed away from the coast of England. For about two months they were on the sea—from May to July, 1587. We can imagine what joy filled their hearts when they came in sight of land. They landed on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina.

As they came to the shore they were delighted with the singing birds and the fragrance of flowers and the sweet-scented magnolia trees. A few weeks later a girl baby was born to Mrs. Dare, the daughter of Governor White. They named her Virginia, after the country, and thus Virginia Dare was the first English child born on the soil of the United States. What became of her and the rest of the settlers nobody ever knew, as we shall see. Governor White soon sailed back to England to bring more supplies. But when he reached England he found that war existed between that country and Spain, and his return was long delayed.

It was the next year, 1588, that the King of Spain sent a great fleet, known as the Armada, to conquer

England. The English met the Armada with true courage. They burned some of the Spanish ships, sunk some of them, and drove the rest away.

The war with Spain made it impossible for Sir Walter Raleigh to send supplies to his colony on Roanoke Island until three years after Governor White had returned, and at last when the governor crossed the ocean again he found Roanoke Island deserted. There stood the cabins which he had helped to build, but they were empty, and silence reigned all around.

Where were his little grandchild, Virginia Dare, and her mother and the rest of the colony? Nobody could tell. It was not believed that they were murdered by the Indians, as no bodies or bones were found. It was thought that they probably gave up hope of their friends returning, and went to the Indians for food and remained among them. In the years following, several searching parties were sent to hunt for these settlers, but without success, and this colony is known in history as "the lost colony of Roanoke."

CHAPTER V

THE PERMANENT COLONIES

AS we have noticed, it is a very difficult thing to colonize a new country. Not only did our early settlers have to encounter wild animals and wild men, they had also the heavy task before them of clearing away the forests and building homes. They found no well-built cities with paved streets and electric lights, no employers ready to give them a salary for their services. They found not a house nor a barn, not a fence nor a bridge. All these things they had to make for themselves. No wonder that many of the colonies failed. We can never be too grateful to our ancestors who made America a fit place to live in.

The first permanent colony was planted just twenty years after the lost colony had settled on Roanoke Island. It was called the Virginia colony. It built the village of Jamestown on the James River, both town and river being given the name of the King of England, who was James I. This was in 1607, and three hundred years afterwards, in 1907, an exposition was held at the place to commemorate the founding of the first permanent English colony.

But even this colony came very near not being a permanent one. The settlers found life in the wil-

derness very hard. At times they were at the point of starvation. Several hundred people had settled about Jamestown, but a great many died of disease and for want of food, and no doubt the colony would have perished but for the energy of one brave man, John Smith. You have no doubt heard the story of John Smith and Pocahontas, the Indian girl.

After Smith returned to England affairs grew worse, and more than four hundred of the colonists died in one winter. There were but sixty left, and these determined to return to England in four little boats which they had. Sadly they floated down the river intending to embark on the sea next morning. But behold! next morning there were three ships sweeping up the bay. It was Lord Delaware coming with more colonists and a year's supply of food. He took the disheartened Virginians back with him to Jamestown, and they began anew; and Virginia, the firstborn of the United States, was born again.

Never after this did the people of Virginia think of abandoning their colony. They built houses and cleared farms. The woodman's ax rang out among the trees, and the shouts and laughter of children told of happy homes. As the years passed Virginia grew into a great colony and later into a great State.

The "Mayflower"

You have no doubt read about the *Mayflower*, the little ship that bore the little band of Pilgrims to Massachusetts in 1620.

The Landing of the Pilgrims.

The Pilgrims had left England—some of them—nearly twelve years before they came to America, and had gone to live in Holland because of religious persecution. They were not permitted to worship God in their own way in England, and on this account they went to Holland, and later came to America. They were called Pilgrims because of their wanderings.

One hundred and two persons embarked in the *Mayflower*—men, women, and children. One died on the sea and one was born, so that there was the same number when they landed as when they started. They were all poor people. They borrowed money to pay their expenses across the ocean, and those who had nothing to pay their creditors engaged to work several years to discharge their debt.

Perhaps not one of the Pilgrims expected ever again to see their native land, and few of them ever did.

They had chosen a bad time of year for their journey, and in consequence they had to spend a long winter on the bleak New England coast before they could raise crops for food. One day when some of the men went ashore to explore, the spray of the waves blew on them and froze until their clothes looked like coats of iron. They chose a place called Plymouth for their home, and day after day the men went ashore to build cabins while the women and children remained on the ship.

But the saddest thing about the Plymouth colony was that disease attacked them, and about half of

them died the first winter. Most of those who survived the first dreadful winter lived to be old. One of them named Mary Cushman, who was a little girl when she came in the *Mayflower*, lived seventy-nine years after she reached America.

For several years the Pilgrims found it very difficult to make a living. There were plenty of game in the forest and fish in the sea and streams; but the men had never been hunters nor fishermen, and we can imagine that they were awkward with the gun and rod. They would probably have starved if some friendly Indians had not taught them how to raise corn.

Chief among these was an Indian named Squanto. Several years before this some wicked traders on the coast had stolen Squanto, carried him across the sea to Spain, and sold him into slavery; he was rescued by an Englishman and brought back to his own country, and he ever afterwards had great love for the English. When he heard of the English colony at Plymouth he came and offered to help the settlers in any way he could. He taught them many things about fishing, and how to raise corn.

One of these *Mayflower* Pilgrims was Miles Standish, a soldier by profession. Whenever the settlers needed protection from hostile Indians or others, Standish was the one to lead the men against the enemy, and an excellent protector he was.

There is an interesting story about Miles Standish. He fell in love with one of the young ladies named Priscilla, and wanted to marry her. But he

was a bashful sort of a fellow, and, though he was not afraid of bullets and swords, he seemed afraid to tell Priscilla that he loved her. So he sent his friend, John Alden, to tell her. John went and told the girl how his friend Miles loved her, and wished to marry her. But behold! Priscilla liked John himself better than Miles, and—probably you know how the story came out. If not, I suggest that you read Longfellow's poem entitled, "Miles Standish."

It would be interesting to remain longer with the Pilgrims, but we must bid them adieu. The colony was increased from time to time by newcomers from England, and for seventy-one years after the landing of the *Mayflower* it remained a separate colony, when it was joined to the greater colony of Massachusetts.

We should be glad to notice some of the other New England colonies—Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and others—but our space will not permit. Let us cross to the Hudson Valley and see what is going on there.

New York

Of the thirteen colonies which became States at the time of the Revolution, all except two were founded by English people. These two were New York, founded by the Dutch, and Delaware, founded by the Swedes.

New York was at first called New Netherland, and the City of New York was called New Amsterdam. They were first settled by the Dutch. Some

people say Dutch when they mean German. The Dutch are the people of the Netherlands, or Holland, which is the largest state in the Netherlands.

Henry Hudson had discovered the river that bears his name in 1609, only two years after the founding of the colony of Virginia. About fifteen years after Hudson had sailed up the river, the Dutch made a settlement on Manhattan Island, which is now covered by the great City of New York.

In the forty years of Dutch control New Amsterdam had four governors, often spoken of as the Four Dutch Governors. The last of the four, and the most interesting, was Peter Stuyvesant. He had been a soldier, and had lost a leg in battle. He was a cross old fellow with a will of iron, and he would not allow the people to have any voice in their own government. He threatened to hang on the highest tree anyone who refused to accept his decisions.

In spite of the efforts of the crabbed old governor to keep the people in subjection there was a great deal of disorder on Manhattan Island. Almost every day drunken sailors and drunken Indians staggered along the streets of the village. Governor Stuyvesant would not permit anyone to trade without license from him; he interfered with religious worship; he quarreled with the English in New England, with the Swedes in Delaware, with the Indians on all sides, and with his own people at home.

At length the people grew so tired of the governor's despotism that they petitioned the government of Holland to permit them to have a share in the law-

making. The petition was granted, and a legislature was elected; but when it met, the governor sat with them, and the loud stamping on the floor of his wooden leg warned them when matters were not going to suit him.

By and by war broke out between England and Holland. The English were anxious to conquer New Netherland and make an English colony of it, because it separated New England from the South, and now came the opportunity.

It was in 1664. A small English fleet sailed up New York Bay. Its commander sent a letter to Stuyvesant and demanded the surrender of New Amsterdam, but the old Dutch governor tore the letter to pieces; he fretted, and fumed, and swore, and stamped his wooden leg harder than ever. But all to no purpose. His own people would not fight for him, and he had to give up. New Amsterdam was now given the name of New York, in honor of the Duke of York, the brother of the King of England.

During the forty years of Dutch rule a great many Dutch people had settled in the Hudson Valley. They were a religious, good-natured people, who worked hard and lived in great contentment. They dwelled in low wooden or brick houses with sanded floors and high steep roofs. To avoid the loneliness of the wilderness, several farmhouses were built near together, and on summer evenings the men, smoking long Dutch pipes, the women knitting or sewing, would sit out of doors and converse with one another while the children gamboled and played around. No people

in America were more happy and contented than these rustic Dutch people of the Hudson Valley.

William Penn and the Quakers

The Quakers, a religious sect, first called themselves Friends. They came to be called Quakers because they said men should tremble and quake on account of their sins.

William Penn was the son of a very prominent man in England, and when, as a student at Oxford, he joined the Quakers his father was very angry, for the Quakers were a poor and despised people. In the hope of winning William away from the new sect his father sent him to travel in Europe that he might see strange things and meet with many great people, but without effect. He was thrown into prison for preaching on the streets of London; his father threatened to disinherit him; the king refused to receive him at court on account of his religion, but William was unmoved, and he remained a Quaker to the end of his days.

William Penn determined to plant a Quaker colony in America. He secured a great tract of land, and it was named Pennsylvania (Penn's forest). In 1682, the same year in which La Salle floated down the Mississippi, Penn made his first voyage to America. He had become widely known in England for his high character, and when it was discovered that he was about to found a colony in America many came to join the new colony. He

sent the first settlers in 1681, and himself followed the next year in the ship *Welcome.* There were about a hundred on board the *Welcome,* and one-third of them died of smallpox while on the voyage.

Soon after arriving on the banks of the Delaware, Penn began to lay out the city of Philadelphia, which soon became the largest city in America, and so continued until after the Revolution. In the autumn of the same year he met the Indians under an elm tree on the Delaware above the town and made with them his famous treaty.

The chiefs sat around on the ground in a semicircle while Penn stood near and made a speech, calling them friends and brothers. He made a pledge to live in peace and friendship with them. The chiefs were greatly pleased, they grunted their assent, and one of them declared that they would "live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon give light."

This treaty was not written, it was only spoken, but it remained unbroken until long after those who had made it had passed away.

For many years after this when an Indian wished to pay the highest compliment to a white man he would say, "He is like William Penn."

The Walking Purchase

William Penn made various bargains with the Indians for the purchase of their lands. One of these is known as the Walking Purchase. The agree-

ment was that Penn was to receive a tract of land extending as far from the Delaware as a man could walk in three days. Penn and a few friends, with a body of Indians, walked leisurely for a day and a half, covering about thirty miles. As he needed no more land at this time the matter was left to be finished at some future time.

Long after Penn's death the other day and a half was walked out, and in a very different spirit. The three fastest walkers that could be found were employed, and each was to receive five hundred acres of land. One of these three was a famous hunter named Edward Marshall. One day the sheriff of Bucks County said to him:

"Ed, we want three strong men to walk out the Indian purchase. Five hundred acres and five pounds in money for each man. Will you go?"

"I never liked an Indian," answered Marshall. "They think no white man can hunt. Yes, I'll go."

The other two walkers were Solomon Jennings and James Yeates. At sunrise on September 19, 1737, the men started. A large crowd followed them, but the walkers soon left all behind, except a few Indians. They walked as fast as they could, crossing hills and streams. They were not allowed to run and jump over a brook until they had walked to the edge of it.

At night they were very tired; but next morning they started again for the last half-day's walking. Two of them were too weary to finish. One, James

Yeates, fell by the way, limp and helpless, and died three days later of sheer exhaustion.

Marshall alone held out till noon. In the day and a half he had walked sixty-one miles.

The Indians were greatly chagrined at having to give up more land than they had expected to do when they made the original bargain many years before. Ever after this they hated Marshall, and a band of them murdered his wife and children—all but one boy, who crawled under some beehives and was saved.

The Story of Georgia

It would be very interesting to relate the story of each one of the American colonies, but if we did so our book would become too large. It would be interesting to note the coming of John Winthrop, who founded the city of Boston ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims, the founding of Maryland by Lord Baltimore, and of various other colonies, but we must pass them by.

We noticed the founding of Virginia, the first permanent colony. Let us notice the last one, Georgia. These two colonies were founded one hundred and twenty-six years apart—one in 1607, the other in 1733.

James Oglethorpe was a great man in England. He was a member of Parliament for a great many years.

In those days it was the custom to put a man in prison if he could not pay his debts. Some of the

prisoners for debt were honest, industrious people who had been unfortunate. While in Parliament Oglethorpe conceived the idea of taking a number of these unfortunates to the wilderness of America and to found a new colony.

Parliament voted money to aid the project, and it was not long until Oglethorpe with thirty-five families set sail upon the sea for the coast of America.

They landed at the mouth of the Savannah River and founded a town to which they gave the name of the river. They called the colony Georgia, after the name of the King of England, George II. The next year a shipload of Protestant emigrants from Salzburg, Germany, arrived in Georgia; and a little later a company of Scotch Highlanders came.

Oglethorpe made a treaty with an Indian chief named To-mo-chi'-chi. The chief gave him a buffalo skin with an eagle painted on it. He told Oglethorpe that the buffalo denoted strength, for the English were as strong as a beast; and the eagle denoted speed, for the English were as swift as a bird.

In 1734 Oglethorpe made a trip to England, and took with him the chief and his wife. When they reached London the Indians excited great curiosity among the people. They were dressed in scarlet and gold, and taken to visit the king in his palace.

The Indian chief made a speech before the king and handed him a bunch of eagle feathers. The king answered in a gracious speech, and assured the chief that the Indians would be well protected by the English.

Puritans Going to Church.

James Oglethorpe lived to be very old. He lived till after the War of the Revolution, and saw the colony he had founded become a State in our Union. When the war was in progress he was offered the position of commander of the British army against the colonies, but he refused. His sympathies were with the Americans, and when the war was over, and John Adams was sent as our first minister to London, this grand old man was the first to congratulate him on the winning of American independence.

CHAPTER VI

A LONG STRUGGLE FOR A CONTINENT

THE continent was North America, and the struggle was between two of the greatest nations of Europe—England and France.

France had chosen the north, the St. Lawrence Valley, for her settlements; the English settled farther south along the Atlantic coast, as we have seen. But neither country was satisfied with these conditions; each would have liked to have the whole continent, and would have crowded the other off altogether if it could have done so.

During our colonial youth there were several wars between these two great nations. In America these early wars took the names of the English sovereigns of the times, as King William's War, Queen Anne's War, King George's War.

The last and by far the greatest of the colonial wars was the French and Indian War, from 1755 to 1763. To give a full history of that war here would be impossible, but we can give some things that will no doubt interest you and lead you to read other books on the subject. One of our leading historians, Francis Parkman, has written several interesting volumes on this war.

The Buried Plates

The French and Indian War began with a dispute about the ownership of the Ohio Valley, the vast country drained by the Ohio River.

This valley of "The Beautiful River" is now the home of millions of people. Then it was a wild region covered with forests, awaiting the coming of the pioneer. Deer and buffalo roamed among the hills, bears inhabited the forest, and the wild turkeys flocked along the streams unscared by civilized man. Here and there was an Indian tribe with its rude village of huts or wigwams, and a few daring white men—hunters or fur traders—had penetrated this boundless wilderness, where at night the hoot of the owls and the barking of wolves could be heard around their lonely camp fires.

The English claimed the whole of the Ohio Valley; but the French declared that it was theirs, as part of the Mississippi Valley, explored by La Salle. And the French decided to clinch their claim by a singular means.

A Frenchman named Celoron de Bienville was sent by the governor of Canada down the Ohio with a company of Canadians and Indians in canoes. He was to bury a plate of lead at the root of a tree near the mouth of a river flowing into the Ohio. On this plate, in stamped letters, was a statement that the country belonged to France.

The plate buried at the mouth of the Muskingum River was found fifty years later by some boys in

swimming. It had been laid bare by the rains and freshets. The plate buried at the mouth of the Great Kanawha was found by a boy ninety-seven years after it had been placed there by Celoron. It is now in a museum at Richmond, Virginia.

Celoron had with him an interpreter named Joncaire, who was a half-breed, the son of a Frenchman and an Indian squaw. Most of the Indian tribes along the Ohio were unfriendly to the French, and Celoron would send Joncaire ahead to make friends of the Indians. This was not always easy to do. At the mouth of the Scioto there was a hostile tribe of Indians, and when Joncaire went to them bearing a flag they shot it full of holes. They then surrounded him with savage yells, brandishing their knives. Some wanted to kill him on the spot, but at length they let him go, and the party managed to get past this tribe without being fired on.

Celoron found English traders here and there, and warned them to get off French territory forthwith. They promised to do so, but broke their promise as soon as the French were gone.

The French buried the last of their leaden plates at the mouth of the Great Miami, and returned overland to Montreal, having traveled twelve hundred leagues. Celoron reported to the governor that he found the Indians devoted to the English, and very ill disposed toward the French.

This was very discouraging to the French, but what was more discouraging was a move made by the English about the same time. The Ohio Company

was formed, and a beginning made to settle in the Ohio Valley. A famous woodsman named Christopher Gist was sent to explore. He traversed the Ohio wilderness, and on his return reported that the Indians were very well disposed toward the English.

Boyhood of a Great Man

One of the young men who took an active part in the French and Indian War became in later years the leader in a greater war, and is now known as the Father of his Country.

Nearly a hundred years before this time a wealthy Englishman named John Washington came to Virginia and purchased a large plantation on the banks of the Potomac. His great grandson, whose name was George, was born in Westmoreland County in that colony on February 22, 1732, one year before the last colony, Georgia, was founded.

George Washington was the only son of his mother, but he had two half-brothers, much older than himself. Both of them were members of the Ohio Company which was mentioned above. Both had been sent to England to be educated, and George would have been sent also but for the sad fact that his father died when he was eleven years old. He attended private schools and secured a fair education, but he never went to college.

As a boy George was very fond of sports. He was an excellent horseman and marksman. He was taller and stronger than most boys of his age, and it was

not an easy thing for his companions to excel him at anything on the playground.

By the time he was seventeen he would sometimes ride far over the country in company with a young friend of the same age, a son of Lord Fairfax of England. The two boys would often remain away from home for several days riding horseback among the mountains fifty miles or more from home. Sometimes they would build a camp fire and spend the night by it; and on several occasions they spent the night with the Indians. Whether they could understand the Indian language, or the Indians could understand theirs, I am not able to say; but they got along somehow, and no doubt enjoyed their experience.

While yet a boy George decided that he would like to become a sailor in the hope that some time he might become an officer in the king's navy. His mother was very unwilling to see her boy go to sea. She thought of the long dreary voyages of the sailing vessels, of the dangers of the mighty deep, of the rough men with whom he would associate; but at last she consented that he might go.

All was ready for the first voyage. The ship was at the wharf, the trunk was packed, and George ran into the house to bid his mother good-by. He found her in tears.

"Can you leave me, my dear boy?" cried the mother.

George was deeply moved. He threw his arms

about her and said: "No, mother, I cannot leave you; I shall not go to sea."

The trunk was brought back, and George gave up his cherished desire for the sake of his mother.

Lawrence Washington, the elder of the half-brothers, was very fond of George. He was a man of frail health, and he made a trip to the West Indies in the hope of regaining his strength, and took George with him. While in the West Indies George took the smallpox, and for some time hovered between life and death. When he recovered they came back to Virginia, and not long afterwards Lawrence Washington died. He had inherited his father's estate, as it was the law in Virginia at that time that the eldest son should inherit the estate of his father.

Lawrence left a little daughter, a sickly child, but no sons, and he had made a will leaving his estate to her if she survived, and if not, it was to go to George.

A few years later the little girl died, and at the age of twenty-one George Washington became one of the richest landholders in America.

It was about this time that the French and Indian War broke out. The governor of Virginia wanted to send a message far up into northern Pennsylvania, hundreds of miles through the wilderness, and, when asked whom he would send, replied:

"I shall send George Washington; he is the bravest man in the colony."

And so he did. George took with him the skillful hunter, Christopher Gist, who had gone to explore the Ohio Valley a few years before.

When the war opened Washington proved himself one of the bravest of the brave. He was with General Braddock in the famous battle near Pittsburg, then called Fort Duquesne (Du Kane'). Here Braddock was killed and Washington had several horses shot under him, but escaped unhurt.

The war lasted several years, and many are the stories of daring deeds, of hairbreadth escapes, and of Indian massacres. Here is one that you will find interesting, though it is sad.

The Story of Regina Hartman

I have told you about the founding of Philadelphia by William Penn and the Quakers. But the Quakers were not the only people that came to Pennsylvania.

One bright day in June, 1694, twelve years after Penn's arrival, the Quakers were surprised to see a company of strange people landing from a vessel in the Delaware.

"Who are these peculiar people in strange attire and of foreign language?" asked the Quakers.

They were Germans who, like many other Europeans of that period, were seeking a home in the wilderness of the New World. The leader of the Germans was a college graduate, and many of them were educated. The English soon learned to like them, for they saw that the newcomers were a strong, industrious and self-reliant, and deeply religious people.

The Germans settled north of Philadelphia, up the Lehigh and Schuylkill valleys, and in the course of half a century there were many thousands of them in Pennsylvania. Their descendants are still called the Pennsylvania Germans, and sometimes, incorrectly, the Pennsylvania Dutch.

The Indians of the Ohio Valley, as we have noticed, were mostly favorable to the English, but in Pennsylvania and many other places they were hostile to the English and Germans, and many an innocent farmer and his family fell victims to the cruel tomahawk. The Indians, in making raids among the white settlements, were in the habit of killing the adult members of a family and carrying the children away with them and adopting them into their tribes. Now we are ready for the story of Regina.

John Hartman was a German farmer who had come with his little family from the Fatherland and settled in a fertile valley among the hills near the place where Orwigsburg now stands. The family consisted of the parents and four children—two boys and two girls. The boys were George, almost a young man, and Christian, the baby, a chubby boy of five or six years. The two girls were Barbara, about twelve, and Regina, aged ten years. They were pious Lutheran people, and, though their nearest neighbors were far away, they were happy in their lonely home.

One morning in the autumn of 1754, after Mr. Hartman had read as usual from the large German

Bible brought with them from across the sea, and they had all knelt in prayer, they made their plans for the day.

Mrs. Hartman was to ride on horseback some miles across the country to get a bag of flour from the mill, and little Christian was to go with her. Mr. Hartman and George went to the field to work, and the two girls remained at the house to prepare dinner.

Little Christian sat before his mother on the horse, and as they passed the field he waved his little fat hand and called a cheery "Good-by, papa; good-by, George."

At noon Barbara called the workers to dinner by a blast of the old tin horn. As they sat eating, the faithful family dog Wasser came running into the house in great fright. Mr. Hartman was alarmed, for he knew that no common foe could frighten Wasser. He rose and went to the door. Then came the sharp crack of a rifle, and he fell dead at his own threshold. George was bewildered. He sprang to the door, when another shot laid him dead across the body of his father.

The next moment fifteen yelling, hideous Indian warriors crowded into the house. Wasser leaped and caught one of them by the throat and brought him down, but the noble dog was soon killed with a tomahawk. The Indians then ate the dinner that the little girls had prepared, after which they took the terrified girls and led them to a field. Here they found tied to the fence a dear little girl only three years old. Her name was Susie Smith; her parents

had been murdered by these same Indians but a few hours before. Some of the Indians now returned and set fire to the house and barn, and all the fruit of the toil of John Hartman, his own body and that of his son George were laid in the ashes.

Toward evening Mrs. Hartman and her little boy returned from the mill. As they came to the top of a little hill and looked for the house, Mrs. Hartman was bewildered. She thought possibly they had taken a wrong road. But there was the huge pine tree that stood near the house. There could be no mistake. Just then the little boy cried: "Mutter, wo ist unsere Haus?" ("Mother, where is our house?").

The awful truth now sank into the soul of this good German woman. She saw the rising smoke; she knew the Indians to be hostile; her family and her home were destroyed.

We cannot attempt to describe the deep sorrow of Mrs. Hartman—the long years that she mourned for those who were gone, her unwearied efforts to learn of the children that were taken captive by the red men, and her deep and abiding faith in God, a belief that He had a meaning to her great sorrow which she could not fathom. The neighbors built her a little house, and she lived alone with her boy, who was a great comfort and solace to her.

The Indians forced the captive girls to go with them. In a day or two Barbara fell sick. At night she moaned with a raging fever. Regina was permitted to bring her water and comfort her as best

she could as she lay on the damp ground. Next morning Barbara could not walk. The Indians motioned to Regina to carry her on her back. This she tried to do, but sank under the burden.

The Indians consulted for a moment, when one of them walked up to the sick girl and sank his tomahawk into her brain. As Regina watched the quivering body of her sister till it was still in death, who can imagine her feeling of loneliness? The body was afterwards found by friends of Mrs. Hartman and carried back to the old home for burial.

This was a great relief to the bereaved mother. If only Regina, too, were dead, if it were not the will of God that she return alive; if only she could see the green grass wave above the tomb of her darling child, what a burden would be lifted from her breaking heart. But to think of this little one growing up wild like her captors, of forgetting her lonely mother and the language of her childhood—all this weighed like lead on the heart of this noble mother, and it bowed her down with inexpressible grief.

Regina, after the death of her sister, clung to little Susie. On they tramped for many days, going they knew not where. At length they came to an Indian village, and here they ended their journey. To their infinite delight the two girls were permitted to remain together. They were assigned to an old Indian squaw, who lived alone in her wigwam at the edge of the village.

Regina was given the name Sawquehanna, which means "The White Lily." She had to grind corn,

to gather whortleberries, and wait on the old woman in many ways.

Years passed away, and Regina felt that she was forgetting her native language. Often she would go out alone and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, as she had learned them long ago, and she would sing the religious songs she had learned in German that she might not forget the language. One of these songs began:

> Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein bin ich.
> (Alone, and yet not all alone am I)

But as she grew to womanhood she almost forgot this, too, and she lost the power to pronounce her own name, Regina.

Her remembrance of the home of her childhood —the little cabin among the trees, the happy family, the blessed, good face of her mother, the awful scenes of that dreadful last day—these seemed like a strange dream, and the meaning of it all she could not understand.

But at last the cruel war was over. When peace came the Indians were obliged to restore all the white children they had stolen, of whom there were several hundred.

Hope began to rise in the heart of Mrs. Hartman. Officers came and persuaded her to make the trip to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, as many other bereaved parents were doing, because there were many unclaimed children there who had been rescued from the Indians.

Mrs. Hartman went to Carlisle. The children were placed standing in a line as the parents passed along trying to identify them. Now and again a shout of gladness arose and everybody cheered, as some one recognized a long-lost child. Mrs. Hartman burst into tears. She had failed to find her lost Regina.

Again she passed along scanning every girl. There was a tall Indian-looking girl, a young woman, whom the good mother looked at intently. It was nearly ten years since her daughter had been stolen. She must be almost a woman now. Might this not be she? The girl returned the gaze for some minutes. There was no recognition, and the weeping mother passed on. She now prepared to go home in deeper sorrow than she had known since that awful day.

The officer in charge asked her if there was no mark or sign on her daughter's body by which she might recognize her. "No, not one."

"Is there no song that you used to sing to her? Songs linger long in the mind."

"Yes," said the mother, "we used to sing many German songs together."

"Try it." And Mrs. Hartman walked again before the line and sang in a low, tremulous voice:

Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein bin ich.

There was a shout from the tall Indian-looking girl. She joined in the song and leaped to her mother's arms.

Mrs. Hartman cried in a faint, gasping tone, "O

my God! my daughter, my Regina!" Everyone present shed tears of joy.

But Susie Smith still stood in the line, unclaimed; her parents were dead. Mrs. Hartman and Regina decided that she must go with them and live with them. So she did, and we can imagine the joy of that home-coming.

A few years later Christian Hartman, now a man, was married to Susie Smith. A happy family indeed it was, and when a girl baby was born, they named her Regina.

End of the Long War

War is a dreadful thing, but it sometimes brings good results. The Revolution brought independence and the Civil War overthrew slavery. So the French and Indian War had its good results. It settled the long quarrel between two great European nations, and decided that the future United States should be English, and not French.

For two or three years at the beginning of the war the French were successful everywhere. Then came a change in the British ministry. William Pitt, the greatest Englishman of his time, came into power, and his management of the war soon turned the tide.

Pitt designed not only to secure the Ohio Valley, but to conquer all Canada, and put an end to French rule in North America. He had wonderful success. He sent an army against Fort Duquesne, near which General Braddock had been defeated and slain, and

captured the fort. The place was then called by his name, and the great city that has grown up on the spot bears the name of Pittsburg.

Finally, Pitt determined to send an army against the great stronghold of Canada, the city of Quebec. The French had already been entirely driven from the Ohio Valley, and Pitt knew that if they should lose this important city on the St. Lawrence, they could not hope to retain any foothold in America.

General James Wolfe, a brilliant young commander, was chosen to lead the army against Quebec. Wolfe was the son of an army officer, and from childhood he had learned the arts of war. While a very young boy he became known for daring deeds.

Now, when he was chosen to command against Quebec, he seemed to have a presentiment that he would never return alive to his native land. Bidding his aged mother an affectionate good-by, he sailed to Canada and took command of the army.

As the time of battle drew near, Wolfe kept repeating the stanza in Gray's Elegy:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The French had also a splendid commander at Quebec, the Marquis de Montcalm—the greatest Frenchman that ever set foot on American soil.

The final death struggle for possession of the city came in September, 1759. The English scaled the

heights to the Plains of Abraham and opened fire. The battle was short and furious, and both the chief commanders were among the slain.

Wolfe hurried here and there amid the hail of bullets encouraging his men. Twice wounded, he would not give up, when a third ball pierced his breast, and he fell to rise no more. As he lay dying he continued giving commands, and when told that the French were fleeing and the battle was won, he declared that he then could die in peace.

Montcalm was equally brave, and when mortally wounded and his physician informed him that he could live but a short time, he declared that it was better that he should not live to see the surrender of Quebec.

Soon after the fall of Quebec the war came to a close. When the treaty of peace was made, all Canada came into the possession of England, and that country holds it to this day.

But France lost not only Canada and the Ohio Valley; she also lost Louisiana, the vast region that had been secured by La Salle. Louisiana was now ceded to Spain as her fee for having helped France during the war.

The greatest and most far-reaching result of the French and Indian War was not the land cessions, but the fact that the language and civilization of the future United States were determined by it. That the new nation to be born in the near future was to be English, and not French, was decided on the Plains of Abraham.

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNINGS OF THE REVOLUTION

OUR colonial period is sometimes called the childhood of the United States. The colonies came of age, and then, like a young man of twenty-one, struck out for themselves independent of the parent.

We call the change of government the Revolution, which means a turning around, as a wheel turns or makes a revolution. We also speak of the war as the Revolution, though, more strictly speaking, it was the change of government that was the Revolution.

We seem now to be an old-established nation. The oldest man living cannot remember when our nation was established; but our colonial period was a good deal longer than our national period has been. A man might have been born in Massachusetts or Virginia, lived to be a great grandfather, and yet have died long before the Revolution.

During all this long period the colonists lived as British subjects and were contented, for England had left them alone for the most part, and they governed themselves pretty much as they pleased. How long this condition would have continued had not a quarrel arisen between the two, it is impossible to say.

At any rate, the two peoples quarreled; they fought, they separated, and then, as two independent nations, they became good friends again.

The quarrel came about unexpectedly on both sides. England did not really wish to offend the colonies, though she was quite ready to show them their dependent condition. In America there was no conspiracy with the object of winning independence. Everybody seemed contented to remain under British authority, just as the people of Canada are now.

But up rose a quarrel, which soon came to blows. Then neither side was willing to yield, and they kept on fighting until all their former friendship had disappeared. There was nothing then to do but fight to a finish, and if America won, it would mean entire separation; if England won, it would mean America's entire submission to England's will.

What was it all about?

After the French and Indian War England had a heavy war debt, and she decided to tax the colonists. But the colonists declared that England had been well paid for her trouble in obtaining the Ohio Valley and Canada; and besides, the colonists had never been taxed, except by their own legislatures, and they would submit to nothing of the kind.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny," they declared.

As the colonies sent no representatives to the English Parliament, they held that the Parliament had no right to tax them.

William Pitt, that great Englishman who had so

ably managed the French and Indian War, took the side of the colonists. He declared that Parliament had no right to tax them. "I am glad that America has resisted," he said.

But the obstinate king, George III, and his Parliament would not listen to Pitt. They went ahead, and in 1765 passed the Stamp Tax law; that is, an act by which the Americans should purchase stamps made in England to be used on all sorts of public documents—deeds, wills, marriage licenses, and the like. But the Americans refused to buy the stamps, and they beat the stamp agents and drove them out of the towns.

Parliament then repealed the Stamp law, but put a tax on tea just to show the Americans that it had the power to tax them when it wanted to.

But the Americans refused to buy the tea, and a company of Bostonians, dressed up as Indians, boarded the tea ships in Boston harbor and dumped the tea into the water.

This made George III so angry that he scarcely knew what to do. He closed the port of Boston and sent an army to America. "They will be lions," he declared, "while we are lambs; but if we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly prove very meek." But George III didn't know what he had undertaken. He found out his mistake in a short time.

The people in all the colonies rose in defense of Massachusetts. A congress was called to meet in Philadelphia. A volunteer army gathered around

The Boston Tea Party.

Boston. It was not long until things began to happen.

Spirit of the Americans

In April, 1775, the British commander sent an army to destroy military stores at Concord, sixteen miles from Boston. But the people were roused by Paul Revere, who galloped out at midnight and shouted, "The British are coming, the British are coming!"

Next day, April 19th, occurred the first battle of the Revolution—the battle of Lexington. The British destroyed the stores at Concord, but they came near being destroyed themselves. The farmers fired on them from behind the fences, trees, bushes, and bowlders, as they ran back to Boston, and the road was strewn with redcoats along the way.

This battle roused the New England farmers, when the news reached them, as nothing had ever done before. Israel Putnam left his plow in the field, hurried to his house to say good-by to his family, and started for Boston. Matthew Buell, a Connecticut farmer, did the same thing. John Stark, of New Hampshire, was sawing logs at his mill in his shirt sleeves, and he started for the scene of conflict without a coat and without going to the house. On the way he gathered an army of twelve hundred men. Nathaniel Greene came from Rhode Island with a thousand followers ready to give their lives for their country.

But this was not all. The women did their share.

Mrs. Draper, the wife of a farmer near Dedham, Massachusetts, urged her husband and their sixteen-year-old boy to go, and when they had gone said to her daughter:

"Kate, we have work to do, too. There will be hundreds of men passing here within a few days. They will be hungry. We must feed them."

The great outdoor oven was soon in operation. All that day, all night, and the next day the two women and a servant worked. They soon had a large stock of provisions ready. They made a long rough table of boards, and loaded it with bread and cheese and cider. Hundreds of would-be soldiers came along and partook of Mrs. Draper's bountiful store. Some of them, though half starved with their long walk, were so anxious to fight the British that they could scarcely be persuaded to stop long enough to satisfy their hunger.

The people took the leaden weights of their clocks and window shades, spoons and leaden dishes, and sent them to the army to be melted into bullets; many women sent their blankets and even their own flannel clothing to be made into men's shirts.

A lady in Philadelphia wrote: "My only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings, and had I twenty sons and brothers, they should all go. I have retrenched all extra expenses, have drunk no tea since Christmas, and spend my time making clothing for the soldiers."

So it was all over the colonies. The people were so roused against the British oppression that they

were willing to make any sacrifice for liberty. Patrick Henry, of Virginia, had said in a great speech, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Could George III have glanced over America at this time he must have seen that one of the two courses lay before him—to make peace with America as best he could, or to make war upon a continent.

Meantime the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, and George Washington had been sent from Philadelphia to take control of the army. He met the army under a great elm tree at Cambridge, near Boston.

Some months later he one night took his army up Dorchester Heights, where he could throw cannon balls among the British ships in the harbor.

General Howe, who was now the English commander, saw that he was caught in a trap. He offered to leave the harbor if the Americans would refrain from firing on his ships. Washington agreed, and Howe sailed away with his army and went to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The people of Boston, who had been penned in the city for many months, laughed and cried for joy; they shouted and yelled, threw their hats in the air, and hugged one another in the streets.

"Where's Howe?" was often jovially asked.

"Gone to Halifax," was the answer. And to this day we sometimes hear the expression, "Gone to Halifax."

A Fight for a Valley

The valley was the Hudson Valley, which was settled by the Dutch, as we have seen before. But now there were a great many English living there, too—or, it is better to say Americans from this time on.

Howe had gone to Halifax, but no one thought he would stay there. No one believed that the war was over. Where would Howe land when he came back? Not at Boston, of course, because there were a few cannon and men still on Dorchester Heights.

Washington thought Howe would come to New York, and he felt so sure of it that he hurried his army thither to meet him.

Sure enough, here came Howe and his army. Washington's men met them and fought like heroes. They had a fierce battle on Long Island and another on White Plains. But they were not so successful as they had been at Boston. Washington had to give up New York, and the British occupied the big city and held it to the end of the war.

Then Washington had to flee across New Jersey, but he struck a telling blow at Trenton, and captured a thousand of the enemy.

The fight for the Hudson Valley came in 1777. The British thought that if they could get control of it, and thus separate New England from the other colonies, they would stand a much better chance to win in the end.

General John Burgoyne was chosen by the English to conduct the campaign. He led an army of

ten thousand men down from Canada by way of Lake Champlain.

But the Americans were not to be caught napping. They soon had an army under General Schuyler (Ski'-ler) moving up the Hudson to meet Burgoyne. At first the American army was not large enough to meet the British, and Schuyler, instead of offering battle, impeded the enemy's progress by rolling great bowlders in the road and felling trees across it.

Burgoyne had a hard time of it indeed; he couldn't march more than a mile a day. Schuyler had good reason to wait and delay battle. His army was increasing every day. The farmers with their old flintlock guns were coming in by the hundreds and joining the American army.

Burgoyne had to get all his supplies from Canada, and sometimes his soldiers were hungry. Now there was at Bennington, a town in Vermont some miles away, a large store of American goods—food and ammunition—and Burgoyne decided that he must have them.

He sent a force of about seven hundred men to make the capture. But there was one thing that Burgoyne did not know, or had forgotten—that John Stark was in the neighborhood.

Stark had done noble service at Bunker Hill and at Trenton, and now, when he heard that Burgoyne had sent a force to capture the stores at Bennington, he soon had more than a thousand Green Mountain Boys to defend them.

"They are ours to-night, boys, or Molly Stark is

a widow." Molly was his wife, and she did not become a widow that night.

Fierce and short was the battle, and when it was over more than six hundred British troops were prisoners of war. Burgoyne didn't get the stores at Bennington.

The British army was greatly weakened and discouraged by this blow at Bennington. Several hundred Indians had joined it, but now they began to desert—to steal away and return to their forest homes —for they believed that nothing but disaster awaited the British army.

And so it proved. Burgoyne's men were faithful and brave, but the odds against them were too great. The American farmers had flocked in until twenty thousand men stood ready to fight for their country and liberty. General Schuyler had been replaced by General Gates as the American commander.

At last, after two hard battles had been fought, the British gave up and surrendered. The whole army were made prisoners of war.

A few days before the surrender one of the British commanders, General Fraser, was mortally wounded. As he lay dying he requested that he be buried on a green hill near the river at the hour of twilight. His friends did as he had requested, and as the little band gathered sadly about the grave of their fallen comrade, the deep voice of the chaplain who read the service was rendered more awful and impressive by the roar of the American artillery in the distance.

After the British had laid down their arms they

The Battle of Lexington.

were no longer treated as enemies. The wife of one of the generals who had accompanied him through the campaign wrote afterwards that the Americans had treated their captives with great kindness. "Indeed," she declared, "they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollections of their own injuries in the contemplation of our misfortunes." General Burgoyne, who had destroyed Schuyler's beautiful country house, said to Schuyler, "You show me much kindness though I have done you much injury."

"That was the fate of war," answered the gallant American. "Let us say no more about it."

The surrendered army was sent first to Boston and afterwards to Virginia, and not till the end of the war did the men go back to England.

The surrender of Burgoyne is considered the turning point in the long war. From this time on it was generally believed on both sides of the Atlantic that the Americans would win in the end, and become an independent nation.

CHAPTER VIII

VICTORY IN THE END

A GREATER event than the surrender of Burgoyne took place in Philadelphia the year before. The Continental Congress had met in that city and voted a Declaration of Independence; that is, a declaration that England should no longer have any control over the colonies—that they should henceforth be an independent nation. The old Liberty Bell rang out the glad tidings, and the people shouted and cheered for joy.

Post riders were sent to Virginia, to New England, and to all parts of the country to proclaim the great news. When the news reached New York a leaden statue of George III was torn down and melted into bullets.

But the Declaration of Independence did not bring independence. Nothing but long years of warfare could do that. The people knew this. They knew that it meant great suffering, vacant chairs at the family fireside, widowed mothers and fatherless children. But they took no step backward—they pressed on to the mark till the prize was won.

When the news of the great declaration reached the soldiers in the field they rejoiced exceedingly.

Before this they hardly knew what they were fighting for.

Brandywine

While the Hudson Valley was the main seat of war General Washington held his army in New Jersey to watch Howe, who remained with his army in the city of New York. But in midsummer Howe sailed away to the Chesapeake, and Washington marched across New Jersey and Pennsylvania to meet him.

In September, 1777, the two armies met on the banks of the Brandywine, a little stream in southern Pennsylvania. A desperate battle was fought, known as the battle of Brandywine. Washington was defeated. His army was much smaller than that of his enemy, and he was obliged to retreat toward Philadelphia.

Howe followed, and Washington saw that he could not save the city. Late in September Howe occupied the American capital. But a week or so later he had to fight the Americans again at Germantown. Neither side won much of a victory. Howe went back to the city, and Washington encamped at White Marsh, not far away.

Lydia Darrah

While Washington was at White Marsh, Howe planned to make an unexpected night attack on the Americans, but his plan miscarried, and here is how it happened:

Lydia Darrah was the heroine who saved probably hundreds of lives that night. She and her husband and children lived in a house just across the street from where General Howe had his headquarters in Philadelphia, and the British officers often came to her house for consultation.

One day an officer told her that he and his friends wished to occupy the usual upper room in her house that night, and said that he wanted all the family to go to bed early and the doors locked while he was in the house. After the consultation was over, he would wake her so that she could lock the door again when they were gone.

Lydia could not understand why such secrecy was enjoined, and the thought troubled her. But she carried out the order. The family retired early. Lydia let the officers in and retired to her room. But she could not sleep. She thought about the mystery of the night meeting of the officers, and feared that there was something serious in the wind. She rose from her bed and crept softly to the door of the room where the men were, applied her ear to the keyhole, and listened for some time.

At first she could distinguish nothing in the din of voices, but presently all became silent, and one man began to read a paper. It disclosed a plan to march secretly from the city on the night of December 4th, catch Washington unprepared, and attack him at daybreak.

The meeting soon broke up. Lydia stole back to her room and threw herself on the bed. Presently

the officer came and knocked on her door. No answer. Again and again he knocked. At length she got up and came to the door, rubbing her eyes as if she had been roused from a profound slumber. She let the officers out, locked the door again, and returned to her room. For a long time she was in deep thought. How many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives of her countrymen she might save if only she could get word to Washington of the intended attack. But whatever was to be done must be done quickly, for it was only two days till the attack was to be made.

But it was a perilous business to play the informer. No one could pass the British lines without a written permit, and anyone caught as a spy must suffer death. Such are the rules of war. And yet the responsibility of Lydia Darrah was awful. How could she refuse to save many lives, even at the risk of her own? She spent a sleepless night, and by daylight her mind was made up.

In the morning she said to her husband, "We need flour, and I must go to Frankfort to-day and get a bag."

"Who is this person who wants a pass?" said the British officer, an hour later.

"Lydia Darrah," was the answer.

"Let me see—Lydia Darrah? Oh, yes, she lives over there. We often use her house. She's a good woman. Yes, give her the pass. Certainly."

A little later Lydia was speeding through the snowy streets toward Frankfort. Ere noon she met

a horseman sent out by Washington (such as he always had on the road) to get information. She told him her secret. He thanked her and galloped away toward the army at White Marsh. That evening Lydia trudged into her home looking innocent enough, with a bag of flour on her shoulder.

Next night the British army marched silently out of the city and made ready for a grand surprise and assault. But when Howe came near he found Washington's army in a strong position, cannon mounted, men with loaded muskets drawn up in battle line.

It was the British that were surprised. Howe led his men back without firing a gun, crestfallen, and, as one of his officers said, "feeling like a parcel of fools." And they never knew the part played by Lydia Darrah.

Valley Forge

A valley among the hills, some twenty miles from Philadelphia, on the banks of the winding Schuylkill, is known as Valley Forge. It was here that General Washington led his army, and here they spent a cold, severe winter, while the British occupied comfortable homes in Philadelphia.

A great many of the American soldiers wore clothing that was little better than rags. Many were without shoes or blankets. The first thing they did was to build cabins to shelter them. The cabins were one story in height, and each was made to accommodate twelve men. Their tables were made of rough

boards, but there was very little to put on them. Often the men sat down to a meal of nothing but salt herring and potatoes.

Many of the farmers round the country refused to bring in their produce in fear that they would never be paid for it. Others were more patriotic. One farmer down in Delaware said he would rather drive his cattle to Washington as a gift than to sell them to Howe for a thousand dollars in gold.

Some of the soldiers had homes and families in Philadelphia, and their wives would sometimes pass through the British lines in the guise of market women and bring baskets of provisions to their husbands in camp. One, Mrs. Knight, made a practice of doing this all winter through, passing the British lines many a time unsuspected.

One more story—one that has never before been put in print—and we leave Valley Forge. There was a little negro girl, seven years old, who was a slave in a family two or three miles from Valley Forge, for Pennsylvania had slaves in those days. Her name was Mary Macdonald.

The soldiers often tramped about the country in small groups and asked the farmers for something to eat. The owner of Mary Macdonald and his wife were very kind people and good patriots. They would have a few loaves of bread extra each day, and cook a little more meat and vegetables than the family needed that they might feed the hungry soldiers.

Mary would stand at the window and watch, and when she saw them coming she would run and get

the things prepared for them. One day when the family was away, and she was keeping house, two or three men came, and she went to get them food, but, lo! the cupboard was bare. She then thought of a basket of chestnuts which she had gathered in the fall, and asked them if they would like a handful of chestnuts.

"Yes," they answered, "anything that is good to eat."

She ran and got a handful for each. They were so pleased that she did the same for others day after day until her little store was gone.

The most interesting feature of this story is that Mary Macdonald related it to the author of this book one hundred and twenty-five years after the event. He asked her many questions, and became convinced that she was telling the truth. She probably lived longer than anyone else in America or England who passed through the days of the Revolution. She died a few years ago at the Home for Aged Colored People, in Philadelphia, at the great age of one hundred and thirty-five years.

France to the Rescue—Franklin

In the midst of the suffering through the hard winter at Valley Forge there came to the war-broken soldiers a bit of news that cheered their hearts as nothing had done since the Declaration of Independence. They yelled and shouted themselves hoarse with joy.

It was that France had recognized the independence of the United States, and had made a treaty of alliance with us. That meant immediate war between France and England. It meant that England would henceforth have two nations to fight instead of one; and it meant that American success in the end seemed now a certainty.

Why France did this is not of much importance. It could not have been because of her love for the Americans. She had met them but little except as enemies on the field of battle, in the French and Indian War. It could not have been her love of liberty, for France was not a country of liberty at that time. Perhaps it was her hatred of England, for she was still smarting under the loss of Canada and the Ohio Valley.

If a big boy abuses a little boy on the playground and another big boy comes along and takes the little boy's part, he will win the little boy's heart, whatever his motives. And so France won the American heart. We have not forgotten to this day, and we should never forget, the aid given us by this great European power during the dark days of the Revolution.

But if there is any one person to thank above all others for this French treaty, it is not a Frenchman, but an American—Benjamin Franklin. Long before the Revolution, Franklin was famous all over Europe, and he was the only American who was well known abroad. The reader, of course, knows of the early life of Franklin—the story of the whistle, of

his great desire for books, his apprenticeship in Boston to his brother as a printer, his running away to New York, where he walked the streets in search of work till he was weary and hungry; his tramping across New Jersey to Philadelphia, which became his home.

Franklin became famous for his studies in science, especially for his discovery of electricity, and for Poor Richard's Almanac, which he began publishing in the year in which Washington was born.

When the men of the Revolution wanted a special messenger to go to France to try to persuade the French king to recognize America, their eyes turned to Franklin. He went to Paris, and was received almost like a king. Everybody had heard of him before. They had read his trite sayings and heard of his inventions and discoveries. When he reached Paris the people shouted him a glad welcome, and the king received him with marked honor. Indeed, Franklin became the rage for a time in Paris. Franklin badges were worn by fashionable ladies. Franklin hats and Franklin this and that were seen in the store windows. But Franklin soon got down to business. He labored in season and out of season for more than a year to secure the recognition of the independence of America.

Victory came at last. The surrender of Burgoyne in October, 1777, led the French king to believe that the Americans would gain the final victory, and that it would be safe to enter into an alliance. He told Franklin that he was ready. The treaty was con-

cluded in February, 1778, and the news reached America and Valley Forge late in the winter.

A Valiant Frenchman

The French alliance reminds us of one Frenchman in particular whom we must not pass by unnoticed. He was a young nobleman of wealth and high station —the Marquis de Lafayette.

Sitting one day at dinner in Germany where also sat a brother of the King of England, Lafayette heard his friend tell of the war his brother was carrying on with his colonists in America. Lafayette had an inborn love of liberty, and when, by further inquiry, he found that the Americans were fighting in the glorious cause of human freedom, he resolved to go to their assistance.

He applied to the French king, Louis XVI, for permission to take part in the American war, but the request was refused. This was before the king had made the treaty with America, and he did not wish at this time to offend England.

Lafayette, however, secretly purchased and fitted out a vessel, intending to go without consent. Probably he knew that the king at heart did not object, but only pretended, in order to keep peace with England. Lafayette sent his ship to a port on the coast of Spain, and was on the way to board it when the English minister at Paris insisted that he be arrested and detained. Lafayette was thereupon arrested by the king's order and imprisoned in southern France.

From this prison our hero escaped in the guise of a workman. He blackened his face, put on false hair, and with a large board on his shoulder walked past the guards as a colored laborer. A carriage was in waiting, and ere long he was speeding for the boundary of Spain, which was not many miles away. When the keepers of the prison discovered that their prey had escaped, they sent riders on swift horses to overtake him; but they were too late, for as they came in sight of the fleeing carriage it crossed the line into Spain, and they dared not make the arrest outside of France.

Lafayette soon reached his vessel, and they put to sea. The captain did not know whither they were going, and when well out at sea Lafayette ordered him to steer for the United States. He refused, declaring that the English cruisers would capture them before they were half way across the Atlantic.

Lafayette then in a stern voice said:

"This is my vessel. I command you to steer for the American coast. If you do not I will put you in irons."

The man then obeyed, and a few weeks later they landed on the coast of South Carolina.

After boarding the *Victory* (for this was the name of his ship), Lafayette, writing a last adieu to his wife, used these noble words: "From love to me, become a good American. The welfare of America is closely bound up with the welfare of mankind."

Lafayette joined the staff of Washington, who soon came to love him almost as a son. He served

valiantly through the war, and returned with high honor to his native land, with the consciousness of having done a noble service in the holy cause of liberty.

Half a century later, when the United States had become a rich and mighty nation, and when Lafayette was an old man, he came to America again, to visit the people he had fought for in his youth.

He was welcomed with honor and splendor such as no other foreigner has ever received from the American people. Congress voted him $200,000 and a whole township of land in Florida, not as a gift, but (as they courteously put it) as part pay for his service in the Revolution.

A Trip to the South

Let us make an excursion to the South and see what they are doing there.

We left Washington and his faithful army at Valley Forge. But in the spring the British left Philadelphia and moved across New Jersey to New York. Washington followed and overtook them at Monmouth, New Jersey, where a heavy battle was fought. The British then went on to New York, and Washington lingered near to watch them.

So meager was the success of the British at the North that they decided to try their fortune in the South. An army was sent to Georgia. It soon captured the city of Savannah and overran the whole State of Georgia. A year or two later the city of

Charleston and the whole State of South Carolina fell into British hands.

The patriot army had been captured at Charleston, and it seemed that the patriot cause was dead in that section.

But it was not dead. Thousands of devoted patriots were true to the cause of liberty during these dark days, and only waited an opportunity to strike a blow for their country.

I shall relate two or three incidents to show the devotion of the Southern people to the cause of the Revolution.

There was an old gentleman named John Gaston who lived near the Catawba River, in South Carolina. He was a patriot to the core. He often sent his son fifty miles to get a newspaper so as to keep track of the war. His sons and nephews, who were as true to the cause as himself, met one night at his house to confer as to how they could best serve their country.

While talking together a messenger came running to the house and told of a fearful massacre of a band of Americans by some British cavalry near a place called Waxhaw. The young men grasped each other by the hand and vowed that they would suffer death rather than submit to the invaders.

A few miles away the British had a force of two hundred men in a strong position known as Rocky Mount. From here they sent agents to old Mr. Gaston to persuade him to take the oath of submission to the king, for they had heard that his influence

The Taking of Fort Ticonderoga, New York, 1775.

was so great that he could control the whole neighborhood. The only answer of the old man was "Never!"

Soon after this he heard that the enemy were planning a raid on his house and plantation. He called his sons and nephews together, and they sent word to the young men of the neighborhood. In a few hours there were thirty-three stalwart young Americans, clad in hunting shirts, deer-skin caps and moccasins, each with a knife in his belt and a rifle on his shoulder, ready to strike a blow in the cause of freedom.

The old man stood in his door and waved them a proud good-by as they crept noiselessly along an Indian trail to where the British were encamped. Swiftly and hard they struck, and the enemy, outnumbering them seven or eight to one, were thrown into hopeless confusion, and those who were not killed or wounded ran for their lives.

This has been called the first blow struck for the recovery of South Carolina.

The young men remained in the field fighting the enemy wherever they could. Soon after this the aged Mr. Gaston heard that the British intended to come in force to take him, dead or alive. He mounted a horse, bade his wife and grandchild good-by, and rode into the forest to a place of safety. Scarcely had he gone when the British came. Mrs. Gaston and her grandchild had hidden in a near-by thicket, where they crouched in terror till the marauders were gone. They carried off everything they could; but

Mrs. Gaston had taken with her the family Bible, and it is preserved by her descendants to this day.

A Tale of Two Preachers

In the wilderness of South Carolina, not a great many miles from Rocky Mount, there was a settlement of Scotch-Irish, a congregation who had come to America with their pastor, Rev. William Martin, but seven years before.

So devoted to their religion were they that they built a log church before many of them had built their own cabins, living in tents in the mean time. Here they would meet on Sundays—men, women, and children—taking their Bibles with them and looking up every passage to which the minister referred in his sermon.

Their sympathies were all with the Americans in the war, though few of them had gone to join the army. When they heard of the Waxhaw massacre they were horrified, but waited to hear the opinion of their good pastor before taking any action.

Sunday came, and the whole neighborhood gathered at the log meetinghouse. Everybody was stirred up over the news from Waxhaw. Men stood in little groups discussing the approaching danger. At length the Rev. Mr. Martin arrived. He was a large, powerful man, learned and eloquent, with a voice that rang far out in the forest when he preached. On this day his words seemed more eloquent than ever before.

He told how their forefathers in Scotland had

fought for their liberty; how the Scriptures approved the rising of a people against wicked rulers; how the Lutherans at the time of the Reformation had to fight for their existence.

"Talk and angry words will do no good. We must fight."

The services over, a fierce look of determination marked every face—of the women as well as the men. After a long consultation among the men they went to their homes. Here is a sample of how they broke the news to the women. One William Anderson, walking home with his wife, was silent for a long time. His wife spoke first:

"I think, William, that little Lizzie and I can finish tending the crops," and William answered:

"I am glad o' that, Nancy; I was silent, for I didna ken how to let you know it, but to-morrow morning I leave home."

In fact, all the able-bodied men of the congregation had agreed to meet next morning. That night Nancy Anderson rose soon after midnight and spent the remaining hours baking bread and biscuits and packing a bag of food for her husband to take with him. The men met at the appointed time, and enlisted in the service, many of them remaining under arms until the enemy was driven out of the State.

The other instance of a preacher and the war is more famous than the one given above. The minister was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, pastor of a large German Lutheran church at Woodstock, Virginia.

Washington knew Pastor Muhlenberg well, knew the mettle of the man, and asked him to accept a colonel's commission in the army. The offer was accepted, but for a time the matter was not made public.

Some time after this, one Sunday after Mr. Muhlenberg had preached an eloquent sermon to a large congregation, he stepped out from the pulpit and declared that there was a time for everything—a time to preach and a time to fight.

"And now is the time to fight!"

So saying he threw off his ministerial robe and stepped forth in a full colonel's uniform.

He ordered drums to be beaten for volunteers, and it was not long until he had three hundred men of his own congregation under arms and ready for the field. They were led into battle by their pastor—a good example of combining religion and patriotism.

Pastor Muhlenberg became a major-general, and served under Washington for several years. His regiment, the Eighth Virginia, known as the "German regiment," was noted for its great steadiness and courage in battle, and it often received the highest praise from the commander-in-chief.

King's Mountain

There were many battles fought in the South, but here we shall notice only one—the battle of King's Mountain—and a strange sort of battle it was.

At the beginning of the war the battle of Lexing-

ton was fought on the American side by men who had not been soldiers, though most of them became soldiers afterwards. King's Mountain was fought by men who were not enlisted soldiers either before or after the battle.

The South country had been dreadfully ravaged by the royal armies, and the patriots were greatly discouraged. But when the cause of liberty seemed dark indeed there was a sudden change.

Lord Cornwallis sent Colonel Ferguson, in the autumn of 1780, with twelve hundred men, to ravage the Carolinas and gather in Tory sympathizers, and the news of the raid spread up the mountain slopes and beyond. In that back country lived hundreds of mountaineers—bold, brave men who were accustomed to fighting Indians and killing wild animals.

When these men heard of Ferguson's raid they determined to go after him. So eager were the men to go that a few hundred of them had to be drafted to stay at home to guard the settlements.

More than a thousand of these hardy backwoodsmen seized their muskets and poured over the mountains in search of Ferguson's army. Others joined them along the way, and they were thirteen hundred strong when they reached the enemy. A motley crowd they were—pioneer farmers, mountain rangers, Indian fighters, and hunters. Each man wore a sprig of hemlock in his hat. Dressed in their hunting shirts, they were fearless and boiling with patriotism, and every man was a dead shot with a rifle.

As they passed by a farmhouse they found a man

in the cellar whom Ferguson had left there to spy on the Americans. He was dragged out and told that the only way to save his life was to turn spy on the other side. He did so, and informed the patriots of the movements of the British. When asked how they could identify Ferguson, he at first refused to tell; but, seeing his life in danger, exclaimed, "He wears a large check shirt over his uniform."

Ferguson had posted his men on a spur of King's Mountain, not far from the boundary between the Carolinas. Here the mountaineers found him on October 7, 1780, and a desperate battle was soon in progress.

The Americans surrounded the hill and attacked the enemy from all sides. Again and again they surged up the slope and were driven back. But they always came again, and at last the British were worn out and could fight no longer.

Hundreds of them lay bleeding on the ground, the victims of the sharpshooters' bullets, while the American loss was slight.

Ferguson was a man of foolish valor. He refused to give up when he knew that he was beaten. He struck down with his sword a flag of truce raised by one of his men. He then made a fatal dash through the American lines for liberty. But the patriots remembered the "large check shirt over the uniform." They had heard of his cruelty in ravaging the country, and now was their opportunity. Five rifles were leveled at the dashing Briton, and he fell pierced by five mortal wounds.

The remnant of his army then gave up and became captives. The victory of King's Mountain was complete. The men who won it hied themselves back to their crude civilization beyond the mountains. They had struck one telling blow for liberty, and never again was the patriot cause at so low an ebb as it had been before.

Soon after the victory at King's Mountain General Nathaniel Greene arrived in the South with an army, and to him the South was chiefly indebted for clearing that section of the fearful raids of the enemy. Several hard battles were fought, the last being at Eutaw Springs on September 8, 1781.

In this battle the brave young cavalry leader, Colonel William Washington, a relative of the commander-in-chief, was wounded and taken prisoner.

He was carried to Charleston and placed in a hospital. As he lay here day after day slowly recovering from his wounds, he was attracted by a beautiful young lady who came daily to the hospital and moved about like a ministering angel among the suffering men, speaking words of comfort and encouragement to all. She was Jane Elliot, a rich young woman who had given much of her property to found hospitals and aid the suffering patriots.

Colonel Washington came to admire and then to love Jane Elliot, and two years later, when the cruel war was over, they were married. Probably the brave young officer never regretted that he was wounded and captured at Eutaw Springs.

One more story of the Carolinas. There was a

widow with two sons, Robert and Andrew, aged fifteen and thirteen years. When the British raiders came through their neighborhood both the boys shouldered arms and went out to meet the enemy. Though Andrew was but thirteen, he was as tall as a man and as brave as a lion.

Both the boys were captured by the enemy. While confined in a farmhouse a British officer ordered Andrew to clean his boots. Andrew refused, saying:

"I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such."

The officer then struck him with his sword, and would have killed him, had not the boy saved his life by throwing up his hand; but he received a deep wound in the hand and another in the head. The boys were taken to Camden and thrust into a loathsome prison with many others, where they had to sleep on the damp ground.

The mother was one of the noblest of women. She had spent her strength and health serving the patriots. Now she made a long journey to Camden to seek the release of her boys. When she arrived both had taken the smallpox. She succeeded, and they started for home. Andrew walked the entire distance without hat or shoes while suffering with smallpox. Robert, too ill to walk, rode on horseback. A few days after they reached home Robert died. Andrew recovered.

Some months later the mother made another long trip to relieve some prisoners, leaving Andrew with

friends. When asked why she sacrificed so much, she answered, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Never again did Andrew see his mother. She died of a fever far from home, was buried by strange hands, and her grave was never found by her sorrowing son.

Don't forget this boy Andrew. He was a remarkable boy. We shall meet him again. Fifty years after these events he was President of the United States.

An Affair at Yorktown

Yorktown was a village on the coast of Virginia, and with a brief notice of what took place there we shall pass on from the Revolution to something else.

Cornwallis was greatly crippled by the British disaster at King's Mountain. He had lost the rich prize for which he had labored for two or three years—the control of the Carolinas. Instead of trying to win back this territory he moved northward into Virginia. Here he found our young Frenchman, Lafayette, who disputed every step of his progress. Lafayette's army was too small to give battle, but by quick movements it greatly annoyed and harassed the enemy. At one time the British commander thought he had Lafayette cornered, and he expected to capture his whole army.

"The boy cannot escape me," he declared. But the boy did escape. He had been schooled too long

under Washington to be outwitted. In August, 1781, Cornwallis occupied Yorktown.

He left Washington, after the battle of Monmouth, near New York, where he remained for nearly three years guarding the Hudson Valley, which General Clinton threatened to invade. Suddenly Washington saw a chance to make a brilliant stroke. He joined his army with an army of Frenchmen who had been sent over to help the Americans, and started for Virginia to capture Cornwallis. In order to keep Clinton in ignorance of his intentions, he guarded his secret so carefully that his own men did not know where they were going until they had almost reached the Delaware.

Cornwallis would have escaped by sea, but there was a French fleet in the bay. And he might have escaped by land, but here was Lafayette's army, now swelled to eight thousand men, lying across the peninsula. Late in August Washington arrived, and Yorktown was soon surrounded. The artillery was mounted, and day and night the boom of cannon swelled and rolled over the doomed city. The British at last saw that there was no escape, that there was nothing left but to surrender, and on October 17th, precisely four years after the surrender of General Burgoyne, a white flag, a token of surrender, was seen waving above the British works at Yorktown.

Thus ended the long War of the Revolution. America had won, and two years later a treaty of peace was made in which the British Government

acknowledged the independence of the United States. Long and loud were the shouts and rejoicings of the people, though at many a fireside there were vacant chairs, and in many a home there were broken-down men. Such was the price that our forefathers paid for the liberty we now enjoy.

CHAPTER IX

SETTLEMENT OF THE OHIO VALLEY

THE long war was over and the people felt a sense of freedom as never before. But there was a great problem still before them—the problem of self-government, the problem of forming a solid union. It was in 1787 that a convention met in Philadelphia and framed the Constitution which is still our supreme law of the land. But the account of this great event we shall leave the reader to glean from other books and turn our attention for the moment to the settlement of the West.

We have noted that the great valley of the Ohio had been in part explored by La Salle and by Christopher Gist. It had been fought over by France and England, and again by England and the colonies. Now at last it had become a permanent possession of the American people.

Soon after the close of the war there was a great movement toward the settling of this vast wilderness; but first there were thousands of the red children of the forest roaming over the hills and valleys of Ohio, and these had to be dealt with. You have doubtless read of the defeat of St. Clair and of the victory of Wayne at the battle of Fallen Timbers. But before

these events came the lonely pioneer, the hunter and Indian fighter, who paved the way for the settler. Let us follow the fortunes and misfortunes of one of these as a sample of all. The most famous of the early Indian fighters was Daniel Boone; but we shall choose one whose career though not so well known is still more exciting.

The Story of Simon Kenton

Simon Kenton was a Virginia boy, brought up on a farm with almost no education. One of the playmates of his childhood was a girl of about his own age, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. When they grew older they became engaged to be married. But the girl, while visiting Alexandria, met a man who became Simon's rival for her affections.

One night the two men met at a party. A quarrel arose between them and the Alexandrian drew a sword and threatened to kill his rival.

Kenton, though only seventeen, was a powerful youth, more than six feet tall. He was angered beyond control when the man drew a sword on him. He leaped forward, wrested the sword from his enemy's hand, threw it away, caught him round the body, whirled him in the air as though he had been a child, and dashed him to the ground head downward.

The man lay unconscious and apparently lifeless. Everyone thought that his neck was broken. It was

midnight. Simon thought of a hangman's noose or a prison cell, and he fled to the forest, and for eleven years not a word was heard of Simon Kenton.

He went to the wilds of Kentucky and Ohio, became a companion of Daniel Boone, and within a few years was one of the most daring Indian fighters in the early history of the country.

One day he saw some settlers floating down the Ohio, and, discovering that they were from his own home county in Virginia, began asking them questions about this and that family, and at length about the Kentons.

"The Kentons? Yes, we know them. They are excellent people, but they are old and poor now. Their son ran away from home many years ago and they have never been the same since. He thought he had killed a man, but the man got well. The people round there think Kenton was not to blame."

Kenton became excited as he listened to this speech. He exclaimed: "I am Simon Kenton. I thank God that my father and mother are still alive and that I am not a murderer."

Soon after this Simon made a journey to the home of his childhood to comfort and aid his aged parents. He seemed to them as one risen from the dead.

Not long, however, could he remain in so quiet a place. Nothing could satisfy his roving spirit but the wild life, the unrestrained freedom of the wilderness. We soon find him again on the banks of the Ohio.

A few only of the adventures of Simon Kenton

among the Indians can be given in this narrative. It was the time of the Revolution, and as the Indians had nearly all sided with the English the American pioneers felt justified in killing them when they could.

On one occasion Kenton and two other scouts named Clark and Montgomery went to spy on an Indian village near the Little Miami River, as the whites intended to make a raid on the village. They crept up at night and found out just what they had come to discover. They were ready to start back when the temptation to steal some horses became too strong to be resisted. They took seven or eight horses—all the village had—and set out for Kentucky. In the morning the Indians missed the horses and started afoot on the trail. For two days and nights the race kept up, the Indians only a few hours behind. When Kenton and his companions reached the Ohio they found it high and threatening, and the horses refused to enter the water. No amount of urging could avail, and the three men encamped for the night.

Next morning at daybreak they were greeted by a volley of rifle shots from the near-by thicket. The Indians were upon them. Montgomery was shot dead on the spot, Clark escaped, and Kenton was taken prisoner. Great was the joy of the savages in capturing Kenton. They knew him as a dangerous man and this was not his first offense as a horse thief.

They tied him on the back of a wild, vicious colt and drove it, without a bridle, through the forest

before them. Kenton's face was soon a mass of blood from the scratchings of the branches of trees. He was taken to Old Chillicothe, a famous Indian town. Here he received every demonstration of rage and hatred, for no one in all the Ohio Valley was better known or more hated than Kenton. They tied him to a stake intending to burn him to death. But as a kitten toys with a mouse before killing it, the Indians refrained from applying the torch and spent the night in torturing him. They pelted him with stones, lashed him with whips, and burned him with hot irons. Next morning he was unbound and made to run the gantlet.

The Indians, men, women, and children, arranged themselves in two lines each armed with a club, a tomahawk, or hatchet, and, as the pioneer ran between the lines, each one would strike at him. When Kenton reached the end of the line he fell unconscious and was carried to a cabin and thrown into a corner.

When the Indians discovered that he was not dead they decided to defer his execution, and, in a spirit of brotherly kindness, to loan him to other towns. They had not had such fun in many a day, and a good thing ought to be passed around.

Kenton was taken to the various villages and actually ran the gantlet seven times and yet escaped with his life. Three or four times he was tied to the stake to be burned, but in each instance something changed the intention of the savages. At length an Englishman requested that Kenton be given over to

him that he might be taken to the British commander at Detroit. This the Indians agreed to only on the condition that he be sent back. The Englishman promised, but did not keep his word. Kenton remained at Detroit over winter—the same winter that Washington spent at Valley Forge.

In the summer, his wounds having healed, he planned with two captive Kentuckians to escape. With great adroitness they secured three guns and some ammunition and escaped in the night. Thirty days later, after many daring adventures, they appeared at Louisville, Ky.

Again Kenton engaged in his occupation of hunting Indians. And a few days later he was again taken captive. On this occasion he gained his freedom in a curious way.

When at Detroit some years before an English officer had presented him with a lens or sunglass with which to light his pipe, and Kenton always carried it with him. Now when he was bound to the stake, and it seemed that he must surely die, a new idea occurred to him. He knew of the great superstition of the Indians and determined to make the most of it. As a last request he begged that he might smoke his pipe a few minutes before death. The request was granted, and when an Indian brought him fire to light his pipe Kenton waved him off, saying: "No, I will call upon the sun."

He then held the glass to the sun and lit the pipe. The Indians were astonished, and when their prisoner made motions to the sun and set fire to the

leaves they were beside themselves with amazement. Kenton then called the chief to come instantly and unbind his ankles. The Indian could not disobey such a man. He loosed the thongs, and while doing so Kenton burned a blister on his wrist. Kenton now hinted that he would call upon the sun to destroy them if they did not flee to the forest. A few minutes later he was alone, a free man.

We have only touched in these pages upon the remarkable career of Simon Kenton. He lived to fight through the War of 1812, and in his old age Congress granted him a pension. He became a member of the Church and died a devout Christian in 1836, at the age of eighty-one years.

The Story of Rufus Putnam

General Rufus Putnam has been called the "Father of Ohio." He was the founder of the first permanent white settlement in that State—at Marietta, in 1788.

General Putnam was a very interesting figure in our early history. He and his cousin, General Israel Putnam, served through the French and Indian War and the Revolution.

Rufus was left an orphan at an early age, and his education was sadly neglected. When an old man he wrote for his children the story of his life with his own hand. This writing still exists, and here I shall give a page or two from it, with the language and spelling exactly as he made it.

" I am the youngest Son of Elisha Putnam, who was the third Son of Edward, grandson of John Putnam, who settled at Salem in 1634—My Mother's Maiden name was Susanna Fuller, daughter of Jonathan Fuller of Danvers—

" I was born on the 9th of April 1738, at Sutton in Massachusetts in 1745 at the age of Seven Years and two months, I became an orphan by the death of my Father. From his death to September 1747 I lived with my grandfather Fuller. to this time I was keept at School as much as Children usually were at that day, and could read pritty well in the bible—

" In September 1747 I went to live with my Step Father, Capt. John Sadler (at Upton) and continued with him untill his death (in September or october 1753)

" during the six year I lived with Capt. Sadler, I never Saw the inside of a School house, except about three weeks. he was very illiterate himself, and took no Care for the education of his family, but this was not all I was a ridicule of, and otherwise abused for my attention to books, and attempting to write, and learn Arethmatic, however, amidst all those discouragements I made Some advances in writeing and Arethmatic, that is I could make Letters that could be under stood, and had gon as far in Arethmatic as to work the rule of three (without any teacher but the book)—Oh, my Children beware you neglect not the education of any under Your Care as I was neglected.—

" In March 1754 I was bound apprentice To Dan-

iel Matthews of Brookfield to the Millwights trade; by him my education was as much neglected, as by Capt. Sadler, except that he did not deny me the use of a Light for Study in the winter evenings. I turned my attention Chiefly to Arethmatic, Geograpty, and history; had I ben as much engaged in Learning to write well with Spelling, and Gramer, I might have ben much better qualified to fulfill the duties of the Succeeding Scenes of Life, which In providence I have ben called to pass through. I was zealous to obtain knowledge, but having no Course to pursue,—hence neglecting Spelling and Gramer when young I have Suffered much through life on that account."

Further on the writer states that while he was living with his stepfather he earned a few pennies now and then by watering horses for travelers, and that with them he bought ammunition. He then shot quail, sold them and with the proceeds purchased a spelling book and an arithmetic—so great was his desire to learn.

At the close of the Revolution Congress was unable to pay many of the soldiers for their services. It was suggested, therefore, that they be paid in land along the Ohio River. Rufus Putnam became greatly interested in this subject, and he was the first to offer his services in leading a band of settlers to the valley of the Beautiful River.

One night he and his friend, Benjamin Tupper, sat up all night making plans for a western settlement.

They decided to call a meeting at the tavern known as the Bunch of Grapes, in Boston. At this meeting, held in March, 1786, a new Ohio company was formed. One of the directors of this company, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, preacher, lawyer, doctor, and statesman all in one, was chosen to carry their project before Congress. This he did, and the result was the famous Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory. He also obtained a land grant for the new company in southeastern Ohio.

The following year Putnam gathered together a number of people who were willing to seek their fortunes in the West. They started for their new home in the winter so as to be ready to plant crops in the early spring. Over the snowy Alleghanies they made their way on sleds and moving wagons. For the women and children it was a dreary winter indeed, but most of the men had been in the war and were acquainted with exposure and hardship. Some of them had spent the winter at Valley Forge, some had been in the famous march to Yorktown.

Reaching a point on the Youghiogheny near Pittsburg they encamped for the remainder of the winter and the men fell to building a boat so as to make the rest of the journey by water. Soon they had a little bark forty feet long, which they named the *Mayflower*, after the more famous vessel of the Pilgrim Fathers.

On the first day of April Putnam and his little band embarked on the river. This part of the jour-

ney was delightful. The green hills and bursting buds betokened the opening of spring, and the pilgrims sang and shouted for joy as their little boat glided down the blue waves of the Ohio.

They reached the mouth of the Muskingum on April 7, 1788, and here was to be their home. Three years before, Fort Harmar had been built here and its little garrison would be a protection to the new settlement. The number of people landed from the *Mayflower* was forty-eight. The men were soon busy felling trees and building a blockhouse on one of the huge Indian mounds near the river. In this the women and children were to be sheltered until homes could be built. The men were strong and used to the woods, and in one week after they landed four acres had been cleared, and by the first of June 150 acres were planted in corn. Log cabins rose among the trees and the families were soon settled in them. The men held meetings for political purposes in a large tent which they brought from the East, and which had been captured from the British at the time of Burgoyne's surrender.

Wild game there was in abundance, and this was the chief food of the new colony.

A town was laid out east of the mouth of the Muskingum and was named Marietta, in honor of the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, in recognition of what France had done for us in the Revolution.

Seldom anywhere has a colony been so happily founded as that at Marietta. Every member enjoyed

good health and there was not a lawbreaker among them. Others came from the East, and in a few years Marietta was a prosperous village of several hundred inhabitants.

General Rufus Putnam lived to be very old—lived to see the Ohio Valley settled by hundreds of thousands of people—and to the day of his death he was one of the prominent men of the great valley, honored and loved by all. He was one of the first trustees of the Ohio University at Athens; he helped form the first constitution of Ohio; he was the founder of the first Sunday school west of the Alleghany Mountains. This last came about through a dream.

Putnam dreamed that he was standing in a large public hall when he saw near him a long procession of children. Asking a bystander what it meant, he was answered, "These are the children of the Sunday school." This was in 1817, and before the year was past Putnam had founded a Sunday school. Two others were founded within a year, and one day the three schools were joined together for a picnic, and as the children marched singing to the banks of the Muskingum, Putnam looked on and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "This is the fulfillment of my dream."

Another story related of Putnam is the following: One evening in the year 1812 some missionaries from New England, on their way to the Indian country, stopped their boat at Marietta to spend the night with a friend, William Slocomb, who lived in the town. While there they expressed a desire to

see General Putnam, of whom they had heard so much.

Mr. Slocomb went with them to his house, where they were graciously received. In the course of conversation the general asked: "Have you plenty of fresh meat for your journey?" They confessed they had none. Putnam then turned to Mr. Slocomb and said:

"Now I see through the whole mystery. I have an ox that has been fattening for a year, and for several months I have tried to sell him, but could not. I now understand the reason: The Lord has designed him for this mission family. I will have him killed and dressed by eight in the morning, and do you have barrels and salt ready at the boat for packing what cannot be used fresh." And it was done as he directed.

Putnam died in 1824 at the ripe age of eighty-six. He will ever be remembered as the founder of a commonwealth, as one of the most worthy among the nation builders.

The Romance of Western Migration

Within a few years after the founding of Marietta the fever for moving westward spread over the Atlantic States like an epidemic. Reports from those who had settled in the Ohio Valley were glowing with enthusiasm. The thin soil of New England was contrasted with the soil of Ohio, where "corn grew so tall that a man had to reach up, instead of down,

to pick an ear from the stalk," where wild game was still plentiful, and where land could be purchased for little money.

The tide of emigration was soon in motion, and farther south there was a similar movement to Kentucky, Tennessee, and the cotton fields of Alabama and Mississippi.

It must be remembered that there were no railroads, and the wagon roads in many sections were little other than the old Indian trails somewhat improved. The journey from New England was long and laborious indeed, requiring many weeks, and the majority of the movers never again saw nor expected to see their friends and kindred whom they left behind.

The canvas-covered moving wagon was the usual vehicle. A farmer, having sold all his goods which he could not take with him, would load the remainder on the wagon, leaving room for himself and his family, and start on the long journey through the wilderness. At night they would sleep in the wagon, after having eaten their supper, which was prepared over a camp fire.

The journey, however, was not so lonely as one might imagine. There were many movers. During the height of migration (the years following the War of 1812) the main roads were literally strung with movers, and there was scarcely an hour in the day that several wagons did not pass a given point. At Easton, Pa., 511 wagons bearing 3,000 people passed in one month. At Zanesville, Ohio, fifty wagons,

going farther West crossed the Muskingum in one day.

But many of the movers were too poor to afford wagons, and they walked. A man from Rhode Island and his twelve-year-old son pulled a little cart with two younger children in it, while his wife, carrying a baby, with seven other children, walked behind. In this way they tramped several hundred miles. One man is said to have pushed a wheelbarrow from the Atlantic Coast to Ohio, his wife and children trudging behind him.

Movers to points along the Ohio usually went by way of Pittsburg and from there took the easier method, the water route. As in the case of Rufus Putnam and his pilgrims in the *Mayflower*, they floated down the Ohio, in flatboats and various sorts of river craft, to the place of their destination.

Life in the Wilderness

The early settlements in many places went through two or three stages. First came the Indian hunter and trader—such men as Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton—who made no pretense of settling at any particular place.

Next came the squatter, who lived in the forest because he loved it, and because he did not enjoy the surroundings of civilized life. He may or may not have had a wife and family. Finding a place that pleased him, he would make it his temporary home. He had a few tools and household goods. He lived

chiefly by hunting and fishing, but perhaps cleared an acre or two of ground and raised a little corn and vegetables. His clothing was made of the skins of wild animals. But he had no title to the land, and when the real settlers came he gave up his home and pushed farther into the forest. Neither this class nor the first mentioned was very numerous.

The third class became the real settlers of the country—those that we have noticed in such numbers in the moving wagons. These were the men that built the commonwealths. They were not, like the trader and the squatter, trying to flee from civilization; they brought it with them and fostered it in every way.

They purchased their lands of the Government, or of some land company, paying two or three dollars an acre for it on the installment plan. Then came the long journey in the moving wagon.

The first year in the new home is a hard one. The settler begins clearing the land and building a cabin, the family still making the moving wagon their sleeping place. The cabin is built of logs notched at the ends, is about ten feet in height, with a roof of clapboards and a plank floor. There is one door and one window. The door is of rough boards, hung on leather hinges, and opposite the door is a great open fireplace, the chimney being built on the outside with lath, plastered with mortar. The windowpanes are not glass but greased paper.

The pioneer farmer clears several new acres each year. He calls his neighbors for miles around to

his "logrollings" and repays them by a similar service. Great quantities of good timber are burned because the farmer cannot use nor sell it.

As the years pass other settlers come in; a schoolhouse and church are built; a town is laid out and a railroad is constructed. In a quarter of a century the whole community is transformed and the wilderness comes to blossom as the rose.

The old settler has added hundreds of acres to his original farm; his children settle on the farm, or enter the business or professional world. He spends the evening of his days amid peace and plenty, and he gathers his grandchildren about him and tells them of the days of long ago when he made the long journey in the moving wagon, and when the wolves howled around his lonely cabin in the wilderness.

We must not think for a moment that pioneer life was all toil and hardship. The pioneers had a way of being happy without the many comforts that we enjoy. They often turned work into play. For example, the logrolling day was made a day of fun and frolic. Men and boys for miles around would gather, each with a "handspike," and as they piled the logs and set fire to them they would sing and halloo till the woods rang, and often the women and girls would gather at the same home on the same day and spend the time quilting and making the meals for the logrollers. After supper the young people would play games till far into the night. But logrolling was not the only attraction. There were the sugar-makings in the spring, the apple-parings

and corn-huskings in the fall, at which the young people would come together and spend the night in merrymaking.

Home life on the frontier was not without its attractions. A family was usually large and each member appreciated the companionship of the others. Sometimes the whole family, parents as well as children, would go to the woods and spend the day gathering nuts. They ate their dinner on the grass under some big shade tree. At evening they returned with bags and baskets filled with rich hickory nuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts and beechnuts.

During the long winter evenings the family sat around the great fireplace, the younger children sitting on the floor playing with their toys, the older ones reading, plaiting husk mats, or cracking nuts and telling stories, the father mending shoes or harness, the mother spinning flax, and the grandmother (if they were so fortunate as to have a grandmother) knitting stockings. Sometimes the stillness from without was broken by the shriek of some wild creature in the forest, and the family clung closer together and thanked the Lord for the protection of their cabin.

For two or three months in winter the children attended school, some of them having two or three miles to go to the log schoolhouse.

One of the finest and most prosperous cities of the Central West is Indianapolis. The first schoolhouse built in that city, about 1820, was of unhewn logs with a great fireplace at one side. It had one long

window, a log being removed for the opening and greased paper used instead of glass. The desks were made of heavy planks and the seats of large saplings split in halves, with wooden legs.

School-teachers were few, and some of them knew less than fifth-grade pupils know now. Sometimes the schoolhouse was vacant all winter for want of a teacher, and sometimes there were but three or four weeks of school.

The schools were not free, as now. Each pupil had to pay two or three dollars a quarter as tuition, and in this way the teacher was paid for his services. If a patron could not pay in money the teacher would sometimes accept corn or poultry or 'coon skins as tuition. Indeed, in some places on the frontier money was so scarce that other things passed as money.

In Tennessee, while that State was still a Territory, the legislature made a very curious law about money. There was very little real money in Tennessee, not enough to do business with, and a law was passed that other things be used as money. For example, a pound of sugar must pass for a shilling, and a raccoon skin or fox skin for a shilling and threepence. Two fox or 'coon skins equaled a gallon of rye whisky. One gallon of peach brandy equaled one yard of linen, or three shillings. The highest denomination was the beaver, the otter, or the deer skin, which passed for six shillings each. It was not stated what the skin of a wild cat or a bear was worth.

The governor, all public officers, and school-teachers had to be paid in this money.

The soft money was kept in large jugs and the hard money in wooden boxes, and to save opening the box to count the money every time it changed hands, the tail of each coin was left sticking out from under the lid. Sometimes a counterfeiter would fill a box with 'coon skins having otter's tails tacked on them, and thus deceive the unwary.

CHAPTER X

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND

WE have had two wars with England, the Revolution and the War of 1812, so called because it began that year. Frequently since 1812 we have had serious disputes with that country, but without coming to blows, and it is the sincerest hope of every true American and every true Briton that never again will the two nations engage in war with each other.

Perhaps there are still a few Americans who would like to see the United States give the British one good thrashing for the way they treated us in the past, and then settle down to permanent peace; but I think they are very few. It would be a crime against civilization for these two mighty English-speaking nations ever again to engage in war. Their disputes and differences should be settled by arbitration, that is, by conferring and agreeing to compromise. If all the nations would adopt such a rule war would become a thing of the past.

Impressment of Seamen

One of the chief causes of the War of 1812 was the impressment of seamen. For a long time Great

Britain was at war with France and many of her seamen deserted her ships, because of hard service and not very great love for their country. Most of them found service in American vessels, and when England needed them and called for them to come back they refused to do so.

The British Government then asked the United States to give them up that they might be forced to go back. But the United States refused to do this, because many of them wished to become, and some had become, American citizens. America always permitted and even encouraged foreigners to come to our shores to make this country their home, and to become citizens, and it would have been unfair to make an exception to these English sailors. But our Government did offer to make an agreement to exchange deserters from the navies.

England refused to agree to this, and declared that she would force the men back even if she had to take them right off our ships.

And so the impressment business began. An English warship would stop an American ship at sea and force the whole crew to march before the British officers, who would pick out this man and that man, pronounce them English deserters, and force them into their own ships.

This occurred a great many times and was kept up for many years; and the worst thing about it was that an American was often taken by mistake. Perhaps the British did not intentionally make this mistake, but they were very careless in picking out their

men, and hundreds of Americans who had never been in England were impressed into the British navy.

Our Government protested and cried out against the practice, but England seemed to think that we were too weak to defend ourselves and went right on. One old Revolutionary soldier wrote a bitter complaint to Congress, stating that his sons had been impressed into the British service and that if such was the kind of liberty he had fought for he would rather be without it.

The worst instance of impressment occurred in 1807, when the British war vessel, the *Leopard*, fired on the American vessel, the *Chesapeake*, killing three men and wounding eighteen. The captain of the *Leopard* then forced five of the *Chesapeake's* crew into his own ship, and three of them afterwards were proved to be Americans.

This outrage was denounced in every part of the Union. Many Americans were in favor of immediate war with England, but President Thomas Jefferson and Congress did not think we were ready for that yet. War is a very serious thing.

About four years after this the American people were treated to a bit of news of a very different nature. Here it is:

A British warship, cruising in American waters, was said to have impressed an American citizen named Diggio. When the people heard that such a thing had happened right on our coast they flared up in anger. It must be remembered that the Americans were getting bolder and more conscious

The Death of Captain Lawrence, on the Chesapeake, 1813.

of their power to defend themselves. The cruel business had gone on long enough. The Government officers thought so, too, and a huge war vessel, the *President*, was sent out to find the English ship and rescue Diggio.

The *President* sighted an English ship, and supposed it to be the guilty one. But it was evening, and the captain of the *President*, not being able to see the name, called through a trumpet, "What ship is that?" The answer was a shot from the stranger.

This opened the way. The *President* began firing in earnest with one broadside after another. The strange vessel returned the fire, but in fifteen minutes was silenced and disabled. It proved to be the *Little Belt*, a smaller ship than the *President*. What was the result of the battle? One boy was slightly wounded on the *President* and twelve men lay dead and twenty-one wounded on the deck of the *Little Belt*. The dishonor of the *Chesapeake* affair had been wiped out, and the American people rejoiced over the event.

This was about the end of the impressment of seamen. The war soon came, and never since that war has England attempted to impress a man from an American ship, and we venture to predict that she never will.

The Two Hulls

Hull the elder was an uncle of Hull the younger. The elder Hull was a man of sixty; the younger was forty. Each played a prominent part in the War

of 1812. One was a brigadier general, the other was captain of a warship.

General William Hull had been an officer in the Revolution, and after 1805 was governor of the Territory of Michigan. When the war came President Madison made him commander of the American forces at Detroit. He did not desire the honor, but accepted it to please the President.

Now it happened that the British commander in Canada was a man of great vigor and ability. This was General Isaac Brock. When Brock heard that Hull was at Detroit he determined to lead an army thither and attack him. On he came with an army of 1,300, nearly half of whom were Indians.

In the war of the Revolution General Hull had been a brave soldier, but now his courage began to fail. He knew that the food in the fort could not last more than a month, that the woods were full of hostile Indians, and that there was no American force within hundreds of miles to come to his aid. Perhaps he would have cared little for his own life, but there were women and children in the fort, and among them was his own daughter.

Hull sat with his back against a rampart in deep dejection. Then suddenly a cannon ball from a British battery fell in the fort and killed four men. Hull's courage was now entirely gone. He raised a white flag, and General Brock took possession of Detroit and all Michigan. We shall see a little later that England was not destined to keep Michigan and

add it to Canada, and how it was recovered by the United States.

The story of the other Hull is far more pleasing to American readers.

Captain Isaac Hull commanded the *Constitution*, one of our finest warships.

Off the Atlantic coast there were many English vessels. One of them was the *Guerrière*, a fine 38-gun frigate. A London paper had boasted that no American ship could cope with the *Guerrière*, and her own captain had challenged any one of our vessels to a duel.

Captain Hull knew about this and was quite willing to accept the challenge. One day while cruising in the Atlantic, about 800 miles east of Boston, he sighted the *Guerrière*, and each vessel recognized the other as a mortal foe, and here upon the rolling deep they prepared for a duel to the death.

The vessels swung round each other till they came within range of the heavy guns, when both opened with broadsides. For nearly an hour the deadly conflict raged. The British vessel suffered far more than the American. At last when her mainmast fell and she was a helpless wreck, her captain gave up the contest and surrendered the vessel. Seventy-nine of his men had fallen and only fourteen Americans. Captain Hull took the surviving British to his own ship as prisoners, set fire to the *Guerrière*, and sailed for Boston. This fight took place on August 19, 1812, just three days after Captain Hull's unhappy uncle had surrendered Detroit.

A few weeks later, while a great banquet was being held in Boston in honor of Captain Hull, a messenger entered the hall with a British flag in his hand, and great was the excitement of the people when they found that he was a messenger from Commodore Decatur, who sent to tell of the capture of a fine English vessel by him, in a fight similar to that between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*.

Perry's Victory on Lake Erie

One day in the autumn of 1812 a man from Erie, Pa., named Daniel Dobbins, came to the White House in Washington to speak to the President on a very important matter. His story was the following:

In the spring of the same year he and two friends, being engaged in the lake trade, made a voyage far up into the lake region and were captured by the British. As they were being brought from the north they witnessed a scene never to be forgotten—nothing less than the surrender of Detroit and all Michigan to an army of British and Indians, the Americans under General William Hull yielding without firing a gun.

A little later he and his friends had escaped and returned to Erie, whereupon the commanding officer there had sent him to relate the matter to the President and to suggest that a fleet be built to sweep the British from the lakes.

Daniel Dobbins returned to Erie a few weeks later, and the building of the fleet was begun. The com-

mander chosen for it was a young naval officer, a native of Rhode Island, who, being a son of a naval officer, had spent much of his life on the sea—Oliver Hazard Perry.

Perry soon made things move at Erie, but the task before him was a hard one. The timber for the ships was still standing in the woods; the guns, the cordage, the canvas, and other equipments had to be dragged on sleds through the deep snow for hundreds of miles from New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg. Fifty ship carpenters were brought from the East. The work was pushed day and night and by the next summer the new-born fleet was ready for service.

There was on Lake Erie a small British fleet commanded by Commodore Barclay, a brave officer who had fought under Nelson at Trafalgar. He would have destroyed Perry's ships unfinished, but for a bar in the lake where the water was too shallow for him to cross. But this he would do: he would watch until Perry finished his fleet and came out in the open lake and then attack him. He waited and waited; but one Sunday in August he accepted an invitation to spend the day with a rich Canadian, and was absent two or three days. During that time Perry, with Herculean effort, succeeded in crossing the bar, swung out into the lake and stood ready to meet the enemy.

When Barclay found out what had happened he seemed to have changed his mind; he fled westward, and it took Perry a month to find him. But he did

find him—on September 10, 1813—and then was fought the famous battle of Lake Erie.

The battle began at noon, and before sunset of that day the British had no fleet on Lake Erie.

At first it seemed that the English would win. Perry in his flagship, the *Lawrence*, had to fight four of the enemy's vessels at the same time. They were all much crippled; but the noble *Lawrence* was entirely disabled. Of her crew of 103 men, 83 lay dead or wounded on the deck. Her rigging was shot to pieces. Perry fired the last gun with his own hand, and then, with his young brother, but twelve years old, and a few sailors, escaped in an open boat to the next largest vessel, the *Niagara*. This ship was uninjured, while most of the British ships were already badly crippled, and Perry sailed among them attacking them right and left with great fury.

About three o'clock the British raised the white flag and surrendered, and the battle of Lake Erie was over.

Before the smoke of battle had cleared away Perry sat down and wrote the famous dispatch to General William Henry Harrison, who was then commanding in northern Ohio.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

This battle did great things for America. It gave us the control of the lakes and opened the way for the recovery of Michigan, which soon followed; it greatly encouraged the people and awakened in them a determination to continue the war until the last

Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.

foe was driven off, and it did one thing more; it made Oliver Hazard Perry a national hero and gave him an immortal name in American history.

A Famous Victory

The war continued until the close of the year 1814, about two and a half years in all. As we have noticed, Michigan was recovered through Perry's victory on Lake Erie.

At Queenstown Heights, on the Niagara River, a hard battle was fought in which the American general, Winfield Scott, was taken prisoner and the brave British commander, General Brock, was killed. The British captured and partly burned the American capital, but were repulsed before Baltimore.

When the war had dragged on for more than two years and neither side was gaining any great advantage, both desired peace, and commissioners were sent by each country to Ghent, Belgium, to arrange a treaty.

Why the British should have sent a great fleet with 20,000 men to the Gulf of Mexico at the same time that they sent men to Ghent to make peace is not easy to understand; but that is just what they did. How this army succeeded, or rather how it failed, we shall see.

The British army was commanded by General Pakenham, a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo.

The people of New Orleans were in a flutter of

excitement and fear when they learned that Pakenham was in the gulf and was hastening toward their city. Few were the soldiers of the city, and not a man there to command an army. But the news soon spread that General Jackson had come, and there was a quick change in the people.

Jackson—you will remember him as the boy Andrew who was captured in time of the Revolution, and who walked forty miles while suffering with the smallpox—Jackson was a man of prodigious energy. He soon had the city in a condition for defense. A small army of about 3,500 men were soon gathered, and it was time, for the British were coming.

On the morning of January 8th the great battle of New Orleans was fought. Jackson had thrown up an embankment a mile long and his men fought from behind it.

At break of day the scarlet line of the British was seen advancing, and the Americans held their fire until the enemy was within range of the cannon. Then burst forth the terrific roar of artillery and the enemy was mowed down like grass before the reaper's scythe. But the gaps were filled with living men, and on they came again and still again.

When the British came within musket range the infantry opened, and the whole American breastwork was a line of fire.

General Pakenham, seeing his men waver, rode to the front and, waving his hat in the air, cried: "For shame, remember that you are British soldiers."

His right arm was shattered by a musket ball, but he kept on cheering his men. Next moment he was pierced through the body by two bullets, and at the same time his horse was killed by a bursting shell. Rider and horse fell together. The falling commander was caught by loving hands and borne to the rear, and a few minutes later he was dead.

The British soon fled. The battle was over and the city was saved. Seldom has an army received so fearful a defeat as the English received on that day. Their loss was about 2,600 while the American loss was next to nothing—about twenty-one men.

A few days after the battle the British (what was left of them) went back to their ships and sailed away and were seen no more on the shores of Louisiana. The city of New Orleans rejoiced exceedingly over the great victory. The people erected a triumphal arch in the public square and received Jackson and his army with great enthusiasm.

Among the many incidents of the battle one of the most touching was that of the little bugler. A boy of fourteen years, on the British side, was a bugler, that is, one who blows a bugle during the battle to cheer the soldiers. This boy climbed a tree and sat among the branches throughout the battle blowing his horn. The ground around the tree was torn with cannon balls and bullets; the branches were shot off near him, but the lad was unhurt. After the battle he was taken to the American camp, where he was shown every kindness, some throwing their arms around the gallant little soldier.

A strange thing occurred after the battle. As the Americans were walking over the ground offering aid to the wounded, several hundred British soldiers rose up unhurt from among the dead and wounded. They explained that when they saw that they had no hope of winning they dropped down, pretending to be dead, and thus saved their lives.

The one regrettable thing about the battle of New Orleans was that it was unnecessary, and all the bloodshed might have been prevented. The treaty of peace was signed in Belgium three weeks before the battle took place. But there was no Atlantic cable and no telegraph, and several weeks must pass before the news of the peace could be known in America. The British, however, could blame only themselves for this drastic defeat. They should not have sent an army to America at a time when peace negotiations were going on.

The War of 1812 was over, and the American people felt no little pride in the fact that they had at least held their own for two and a half years against one of the greatest nations of the earth. Never after this did Great Britain attempt to impress American seamen. Never after this was it a reproach to be an American, for America henceforth was respected by all nations.

CHAPTER XI

IMPROVEMENT IN TRANSPORTATION

ONE of the greatest of man's civilizing forces is the means of travel and transportation. What would it mean to us if there were no railroads connecting the Atlantic States with the vast valley of the Mississippi and the far-off Pacific Coast? How could we get along without steam navigation on river, lake, and ocean, to say nothing of the bicycle, the automobile, and the electric car?

Such was the condition one hundred years ago. And it is a strange fact that there was almost no improvement in the means of transportation for two thousand years before the year 1800. All our wonderful progress has come in the past hundred years.

The First Road Makers

In colonial days the country roads were usually along the lines of the Indian trails, and the Indians had in many cases followed the paths made by the buffaloes. The buffalo was therefore our first road maker.

When the white man came he drove out the buffaloes and the Indians and adopted their beaten

paths as his roads. Many of our country roads to-day were first buffalo paths, then Indian trails, through the forests. The white man had an ax, a tool that neither the Indian nor the buffalo had used. With this he widened the road, first for the horse-back rider and then for the wagon.

Now imagine that you are carried back to the time of the French and Indian War, or before, and you wish to travel from New York to Boston. You get into an old-time stagecoach, with a number of other passengers. Your trunk is fastened on top of the coach. The seats are probably without backs. The horses are so jaded and worn that you feel that you ought to get out and help them pull their load. The harness is made of twisted rope.

At three o'clock in the morning a bugle blast from the driver's horn warns you that he is ready to start. The road is rough with stumps of trees and bowlders. Now and then the coach sticks in a quagmire and you must get out and help lift it.

After eighteen hours of such hardship you are put down at an inn or tavern. The fare here is not what you would find at a third-rate hotel of to-day. It is doubtful if you will have a separate room in which to spend the night. The room is probably a large one with half a dozen beds, and you take your chance among the rest. Five or six days are required for the journey between the two cities.

The coming of the stagecoach was quite an event in the villages through which it passed. The people of the towns and country had little to divert them

from the monotonous life of the forest, and men, women, and children would gather to see the stage come in, to hear the latest news, and to get a glimpse of the strangers who were passing through.

As the years passed the roads were made better, and at length turnpikes were constructed, at first between the big cities, and later across the Alleghanies to the Ohio Valley. The Cumberland Road, often called the National Pike, from Washington to Vandalia, Illinois, cost millions of dollars, and was more than thirty years in building. It was completed in 1838. There are now hundreds of miles of turnpikes in various parts of the country, but a vast number of country roads are still very much in need of improvement.

Coming of the Steamboat

The great routes of transportation before the Revolution were the rivers and bays. But for these the people would have seen little of each other and would have seemed far apart indeed. However, with only sails and oars the progress was slow, and to take a cargo up a river was next to impossible.

For thousands of years sails and oars alone had been used, but the nineteenth century was to bring a wonderful change. The steam engine had been invented for thirty or forty years, but not until 1807 was it successfully used in water navigation. In that year Robert Fulton succeeded with the *Clermont* on the Hudson River. It was a clumsy vessel indeed,

compared with the splendid river steamers of our day; but the people thought it wonderful.

When Fulton was ready to launch the *Clermont* thousands of people gathered on the shore to witness the strange spectacle, most of them believing that the effort would end in failure. The boat, one hundred and thirty feet in length, moved out into the river and ran against the current at the rate of four miles an hour. In thirty-four hours it was at Albany, one hundred and fifty miles up the river. The *Clermont* was described as a "monster moving on the waters defying wind and tide, breathing flames and smoke." It was said that on some of the vessels met by the *Clermont* the crews were so scared that they shrank from the sight and called on Providence to protect them from the monster that vomited fire and smoke.

The success of the steamboat was now assured, but it was not till after the War of 1812 that they began to multiply rapidly. By 1820 there were many steamers in Eastern waters—on the Hudson, the Delaware, the Ohio, and the Mississippi.

When the colonists came to America from Europe they were usually two or three months on the sea. No one then dreamed of the magnificent "ocean greyhounds" that now speed through the waves at twenty miles an hour and cross the Atlantic in five days.

The size of ocean vessels has changed even more than the speed. Columbus first crossed the Atlantic in the *Santa Maria*, a ship of about ninety tons;

the *Welcome* that brought William Penn was about the same size. Compare them with the *Lusitania*, recently built in Glasgow, with a displacement of forty-five thousand tons and a speed that enables her to cross the Atlantic in less than five days.

Artificial Rivers

Wonderful were the advantages of navigation by steam. Along the seacoast and the rivers it greatly reduced freight and passenger rates and cheapened all kinds of products of the farm and factory. But great numbers of the people did not live on or near the seacoast or the rivers. How could these get the direct benefit of water navigation? In one way only —by making artificial streams, or canals.

The first canal in the United States was the Dismal Swamp Canal, in Virginia and North Carolina. It was completed while Washington was President. But the real era of canal building did not begin till after the War of 1812.

The most famous and important of all canals in this country is the Erie Canal. It connects the Hudson River and Lake Erie, and is 363 miles long. It was sometimes called " Clinton's Big Ditch," because Governor Clinton, of New York, had done so much toward constructing it.

It required the labor of thousands of men for eight years to finish the great work. The waters of Lake Erie were turned into it, and in October, 1825, it was thrown open with a great celebration.

A tandem fleet of five boats traversed the whole course from Buffalo. There being no telegraph or railroad, the news that the fleet had started was carried in a singular way. There was a line of cannon placed a few miles apart, from Buffalo to New York City. The first of these was fired, and as soon as the sound reached the next it was fired, and so on through the whole course. In an hour and a half the news had reached New York City.

On the fleet there were two eagles, a bear, two fawns, two Indian boys, and other things typical of the country before the coming of the white man. The procession was greeted along the route at every town with shouts and music and firing of guns. When it reached New York, Governor Clinton poured two kegs of water, brought from Lake Erie, into the bay and declared that our Mediterranean Seas were henceforth in communication with the Atlantic Ocean.

Great was the advantage of the Erie Canal. It raised the value of land all along the route, but cheapened almost everything else. Hundreds of canal boats were soon in service, carrying furniture, tools, and salt westward, and returning with loads of lumber, grain, and furs. The price of transportation fell to one tenth of what it had been before. The whole Lake Region was benefited by the Erie Canal. Farmers in Ohio and Indiana could buy furniture and tools for half what they had cost before, and they found a far better market for their produce.

Other States were seized with the canal craze, on account of the great success of the Erie. Pennsylvania built a canal from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, except for a short distance across the mountains. Ohio joined the waters of Lake Erie and the Ohio River by a canal from Cleveland to Portsmouth. Other States were equally affected by the craze; but while this was at its height another impulse seized the people. They found a method of transportation far superior to the canal.

The Railroad

Nature had thrown a great mountain barrier between the Eastern seaboard and the broad river valley of the West. If the country was to hold together something must be done to overcome this obstruction to trade. To transport heavy goods across the mountains in wagons was too expensive; to send them East by way of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the gulf and the ocean was costly and perilous; to build canals across the mountains was next to impossible. The answer to the problem came in the building of railroads.

A hundred years ago a journey from Philadelphia to Columbus, Ohio, meant several weeks of hardship in a lumbering stagecoach. Now the journey can be made in a luxurious sleeper in twelve hours, with the comforts of home.

The first great railroad of the country, the Baltimore and Ohio, was begun on July 4, 1828. In

Pennsylvania, in New York, in South Carolina, and other States railroads were soon under construction. But the work was slow, and in 1830 there were but thirty-six miles in the whole country. Five years later, however, there were several hundred miles of railroad.

At first the motive power was not the steam engine, but horses and even sails. In Pennsylvania the State built the railroad, and anyone who had a car could use it by paying toll. The road from Philadelphia to Columbia, for example, consisted of but one track, and there were turnouts or switches, so that two cars going in opposite directions could pass. But it often happened that they met between the turnouts, and then there was a dispute and sometimes a fist fight to decide which driver would back his load to the switch and let the other pass. There was also another source of trouble. A steam engine would overtake a horse car going in the same direction. Sometimes the driver of the car would refuse to turn out at the next switch to let the engine pass.

When it was seen that steam engines and horse cars could not conveniently be used on the same road, a long dispute ensued as to which should be abandoned, and it was finally decided that the horse car must be given up. It was later decided that not the State, but private companies, should own the railroads, and nearly all the railroads in the United States are now owned by companies.

After 1840 railroad building was pushed rapidly.

In 1853 New York was connected by rail with Chicago, and two years later with St. Louis. In 1869 the first transcontinental railroad was finished, and since then one can travel by this means from ocean to ocean—from Boston to San Francisco.

CHAPTER XII

ODDS AND ENDS

THIS chapter will be devoted to a notice of several characters and events of the first half of the nineteenth century that are important but probably not very well known to the average reader.

Albert Gallatin

The majority of Americans of this generation know but little of the life of Albert Gallatin, and yet he was a very prominent man for a long period in American history. He was no doubt the most distinguished European-born citizen in the history of the country.

Albert Gallatin was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1761. His people were somewhat prominent and possessed some wealth, but both his parents died before he was nine years old. He was then put in a boarding school, and here he remained till he was eighteen. At this time the War of the Revolution was going on in America. Albert's grandmother was a friend to the Landgrave of Hesse, who was furnishing soldiers—the Hessians—to the English king for the American war. She was anxious that her

grandson should win military honors, as some of his ancestors had done, and applied to the Landgrave for a commission for him as an officer in one of the regiments to be sent to America.

When Albert was informed of this he declared, "I will never serve a tyrant," and his grandmother gave him a sharp cuff on the ear.

Albert was of a romantic turn. He had heard much of America—of the vast unexplored wilderness—and he decided to come to the United States not to engage in the war, but to see, to explore, to enjoy the wild life, and probably to make the new land his home.

With a young companion as ardent as himself he set out and reached Boston in the spring of 1780. The first winter they spent among the pines on the frontier of Maine, where they tracked the moose and explored the streams and lakes to their hearts' content.

One day they came to an inn, and the landlord, seeing that they were foreigners, asked:

"From France, eh?"

"No," answered Gallatin, "we are not from France."

"From Germany?"

"No."

"From Spain?"

"No, not from Spain."

"Well, then, where on earth are you from, or what are you?" asked the landlord.

"I am a Swiss," answered Gallatin.

"A Swiss, a Swiss," said the landlord, "who are the Swiss, one of the lost tribes of Israel?"

The next year young Gallatin taught French in Harvard College, and a year later we find him on his way to the West. He had heard of the rich lands of the Ohio Valley, and thither he bent his steps. On the way he spent some months at Richmond, Va., and here he made many friends, among whom were Patrick Henry, governor of the State, and John Marshall, afterwards chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

On coming of age Gallatin received a sum of money from his father's estate, and when he reached the Ohio he purchased several thousand acres of land along that river in Virginia and Pennsylvania. On a hill where the view of mountain and valley was magnificent he built a house and called the place Friendship Hill. But what is a home without a mistress? Gallatin knew what he was about. He went back to Richmond and married a beautiful girl and took her to his forest home on Friendship Hill.

Here amid the beauties that nature had so lavishly thrown around them the young couple began life and everything seemed to promise happiness for long years.

But their joy was of short duration. Within a few months death stole the lovely bride and the young husband was left disconsolate and alone. So great was his sense of loneliness that he thought of returning to the home of his childhood in Switzerland. But at length he came to be interested in poli-

tics and in this he found his true vocation. He was elected to the Pennsylvania legislature and at once took the lead in that body.

But there was one act of his life that he always regretted. He took part in the Whisky Insurrection of western Pennsylvania. This he afterwards acknowledged to be a "political sin" of which he repented. At the same time it was Gallatin who counseled that the people yield and obey the laws instead of rising in open rebellion.

In December, 1795, Gallatin became a member of Congress, in the Lower House, where he served several terms. He was without exception the ablest member of the House, and its leader as long as he served in it.

When Jefferson became President he chose Gallatin secretary of the treasury, and he made a happy choice, for there was no man in the country more fitted for this responsible position in the Cabinet. For fourteen years Mr. Gallatin filled this office, and he then resigned only because President Madison wanted him to go to Ghent, Belgium, as a commissioner to arrange peace at the close of the War of 1812. The writing of the treaty was almost wholly the work of Gallatin.

When James Monroe became President, in 1817, he asked Gallatin to enter his Cabinet and again become secretary of the treasury, but Gallatin declined. He was then chosen as our minister to France, where he served for some years, and later he was minister to England.

As Gallatin grew old he desired above all things to quit public life. He retired to his home at Friendship Hill, but was soon asked by the President to become again minister to France. He declined, and later he refused to become a member of the Panama Congress of 1826. After he had passed his eighty-second year he was invited to become secretary of the treasury, but of course declined.

He lived to be eighty-eight, and spent his last years studying the language and habits of the Indians, a subject that was always of great interest to him. His faithful wife (for he had married a second time) passed away in 1848, and the next year, at the home of his son-in-law on Long Island, Albert Gallatin breathed his last, after a long life of great usefulness and honor.

Dolly Madison

There was, in the early years of the Revolution, a wealthy Quaker named John Payne who lived in Virginia and held slaves. But he disliked slavery and decided to set his slaves free and move to Philadelphia. He had a daughter named Dolly, a beautiful girl, who was yet a child when they reached the Quaker city.

Dolly was a favorite everywhere. She was not only beautiful, she was most vivacious, witty, and entertaining. As she approached womanhood she won the heart of a rich young man named John Todd, and they were engaged to be married. But

by and by Dolly's father lost his fortune and found himself a poor man. This misfortune did not seem to change Dolly's spirit, but the next time she saw John Todd she told him that she had changed her mind and had decided never to marry.

Now John was a sagacious fellow and he thought he knew where the trouble lay. He told Dolly that her loss of fortune did not affect him in the least, that she was just the same to him as if she had a million, and so forth. John won the day—and the girl, too. They were soon married.

Now came three years of happy married life and the birth of two little boys. Then came a dreadful calamity.

Philadelphia had an awful scourge of yellow fever, and thousands were swept into the grave. Among the victims were John Todd and one of his baby boys. The bereaved wife lay at death's door for days, but recovered.

Time passed and the poisonous disease disappeared. The heart of youth cannot be wounded beyond repair. Dolly recovered her spirits, her wit, her joyous nature.

James Madison was a member of Congress of national fame. He was a middle-aged bachelor from Virginia. Congress at that time met in Philadelphia. One night Mr. Madison saw Dolly, now a rich widow of twenty-two. He was so charmed that he asked a mutual friend, Aaron Burr, to seek for him an introduction. She had heard a great deal of Mr. Madison, and did not object to meeting him. The

next evening was set. Then she wrote to a friend as follows:

DEAR FRIEND: Thou must come to me this evening; Aaron Burr says that the great little Madison has asked to be brought to me this evening.

Mr. Madison came, and the vivacious widow took his heart by storm. A few months later they were married and the bride became Dolly Madison—the name by which she is known in history.

During the eight years of the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson he was a widower and Mrs. Dolly Madison was looked upon as the first lady of the land, as her husband was secretary of state.

Mr. Madison himself was then elected President, and his charming wife graced the White House as few women have ever done. Foreign diplomats, visitors from abroad, government officials and everybody admired and honored this lovable woman.

Let us notice one incident of her White House experience. It was in the time of the war—in August, 1814. A British army had landed near Washington and was approaching the city and there was no sufficient American army to protect it. President Madison with some officers went out to Bladensburg, and there before night, on August 24th, a battle was fought.

At noon Mrs. Madison wrote her sister:

I have been turning my spyglass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I cannot see them.

At three o'clock she wrote:

Three o'clock—will you believe it, my sister? We have had a battle near Bladensburg, and here I am still within sound of the cannon. Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us. Two messengers covered with dust came to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him.

At a later hour, however, Mrs. Madison did fly, and did not know until next day that her husband was safe. She had carefully packed in wagons the most valuable articles in the White House. When the men were ready to start she informed them that there was one thing more that must be taken—the large picture of General Washington, made by a famous artist. The men declared that the British were coming and there was no time to unscrew the large frame from the wall. But Mrs. Madison declared that they must save the picture, and she ordered that the frame be broken and the canvas taken out and rolled. This was done, and that fine picture of the Father of his Country still exists—thanks to Dolly Madison.

She fled to the country and spent the night with friends. That night the British burned the White House and other public buildings, and from that time to the close of the administration the President and his wife had to live in a rented house.

When Mr. Madison ceased to be President he retired to his plantation in Virginia. Here he grew old, and for years before his death he was an invalid, scarcely able to leave his house. His wife had been accustomed from girlhood to gay society, but now

she gave up all that and devoted her whole time and energy to caring for her decrepit husband, and it was her buoyant, joyous nature that soothed him as nothing else could have done.

He died in 1836, the last of the framers of the Constitution. Mrs. Madison was twenty-one years younger than her husband, and she lived many years after his death. After spending some months in arranging his papers she moved to Washington, where she spent the remainder of her life among loving friends.

But there was one deep sorrow that weighed on her life. Her only child, the boy who had escaped the yellow fever when his father and little brother had died, gave his aged mother no comfort. He was a worthless spendthrift, and followed evil ways. When he should have been her greatest comfort he was the one burden on her soul that nothing but death could remove.

One night as she sat listening to a friend reading from the Gospel of St. John she sank in her chair, a victim of apoplexy. For two days she lingered, and waking now and then she would hold out her arms to embrace the loving friends that stood around, and thus in death she was the same fond, loving friend that she had always been.

A Visitor from France

In a former chapter we noticed the coming of the brave young Frenchman, Lafayette, to aid the Americans in their long struggle for liberty. Almost fifty

years had passed since then, and now he was an aged man with silver hair and wrinkled brow; but his heart was ever young and his love of liberty never grew cold.

Many were the experiences of Lafayette during those fifty years. France had passed through a revolution far more bloody than ours, and he was always found on the side of human liberty. Five years he spent in an Austrian prison because of his principles, and he had lost his fortune.

He accepted the invitation of President Monroe to visit the people for whom he had fought in his youth, and landed in New York in August, 1824.

He was received with the boom of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the people. Great festivals were held in his honor in the cities of the East—New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. But the rising West was not satisfied that he spend his whole time in the East; the people in all the States urged that he pay them a visit, and he did so. From Washington he passed through Virginia, paid a visit to the aged ex-President, Thomas Jefferson, and proceeded through Georgia to New Orleans.

In every city and village he was given a welcome by the people, and especially by the school children, who marched in lines carrying flowers and banners.

He went up the Mississippi in a steamboat, the *Mechanic*, and met with a serious accident. The *Mechanic* struck a snag in the river and sank within a few minutes. The passengers escaped drowning, but lost all their baggage. Lafayette lost his car-

riage and many valuable papers. He passed up the Ohio River to Pittsburg and from there across the country to Lake Erie. He then returned to New York by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River. In one hundred days he had visited seventeen States, having traveled five thousand miles.

The one thing that pleased the famous French general above all things was to meet the old soldiers of the Revolution. There were not many of them left, but here and there he found one, tottering with age. In New York he had a long talk with Colonel Willet, a veteran in his eighty-fifth year. The two had borne arms together on the battle field, and had often slept in the same tent when in camp. What a joy it was to meet again and talk over those days of long ago!

Lafayette spent several months in Washington, and Henry Clay, the Speaker of the House, introduced to him all the members of Congress, and Congress, as we have seen before, voted him a large sum of money.

He visited the tomb of Washington at Mt. Vernon, and was the guest of honor at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.

It was fifty years to the day after the famous battle of Bunker Hill (June 17, 1825) that this corner stone was laid. Never had Boston experienced such a gala day. The coming of the dawn was greeted with the roar of cannon. The people gathered in uncounted thousands, and when the procession moved through the streets, with the distinguished French-

man as the honored guest, the people who lined the streets cheered with great enthusiasm.

When they reached the place where the monument was to be reared the first ceremony was to introduce the few survivors of the famous battle to the honored guest, after which he laid the corner stone with his own hands. He was then asked to take a seat reserved for him under a pavilion, but he refused, saying:

"No, I belong there among the survivors of the Revolution and there I must sit."

The oration was given by America's greatest orator, Daniel Webster, and this was one of the greatest orations of his life.

A few months later Lafayette sailed for his native land in a Government vessel, the *Brandywine*, which was named after the battle in which he had been wounded, in 1777. No other foreigner has ever been received with such a welcome in this country as that which was given to Lafayette.

A Bloodless Duel

In the early years of our Republic the practice of fighting duels was widespread. A man who felt himself insulted by another would send a challenge to the other to meet him on the "field of honor," as they called it. Duelling was not confined to the ruffians and rowdies; it was engaged in by nearly every class. Often a duel ended with no harm to either side; but sometimes it ended in a tragedy.

The great American statesman, Alexander Hamilton, was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States. Stephen Decatur, a famous naval officer, was slain in the same way by a fellow officer. But the duel here to be described turned out happily, no one being hurt. It was between two leading statesmen—Henry Clay and John Randolph.

Henry Clay is well known; John Randolph was a member of Congress from Virginia. He served at least twenty-five years and was known as the wittiest man ever in Congress. He and Henry Clay fought a duel, and both came out whole. Here is how it occurred.

It was in 1826. John Quincy Adams was President of the United States, and Henry Clay was Secretary of State. They had arranged to send delegates to the Panama Congress, which was held that year. But many members of our Congress were very much opposed to this, and some of them said sharp things about it. Randolph was one of these, and he made a speech in the Senate in which he referred to Adams and Clay as "the Puritan and the blackleg."

Clay was very angry when he heard this and he sent Randolph a challenge to a duel. Randolph did not want to fight Clay, least of all to wound or kill him. In fact, he rather liked him. True, he had called him a blackleg in a speech, but Randolph often used such terms in a reckless way and did not expect them to be taken too seriously. As a gen-

tleman was not expected to refuse a challenge, Mr. Randolph accepted.

Each man chose a "second," that is, a friend to make all arrangements. Now these seconds did not wish to see either Clay or Randolph hurt, so they dallied with the subject for one reason or another, thinking that Mr. Clay would cool down and no duel be fought. A whole week passed in this way, but Clay made no sign of relenting. Then the seconds devised a plan by which they hoped to make the duelists miss each other. The signal to shoot was this: "One, two, three, fire, stop." Neither was to fire his pistol before he heard the word "fire," nor after he heard the word "stop." The seconds decided to count so fast that there would hardly be time to fire, or at least no time to take careful aim.

The company, including Senator Benton, the famous Missourian, drove across the Potomac to the Virginia side, on April 8, 1826. Randolph had said to Benton that he would fire his pistol in the air and not at Mr. Clay, but he changed his mind. They met in a dense wood and stood ten paces apart. The signal was given, and the scheme worked well. The count was so fast that the duelists had little time to take aim. Both fired and both missed.

They then reloaded to try again. While they were doing this Randolph said aside to Senator Benton that he would not fire at Clay again, that he would not kill him for all the wealth of the United States. The signal was given again; Clay fired and the bullet passed through Randolph's coat. Ran-

dolph then shot his pistol into the air, threw it to the ground and said: "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay." He then walked toward Clay with extended hand. This was too much. Clay's anger was gone in an instant. He threw his pistol to the ground and went to meet Randolph, who said with mock seriousness:

"Mr. Clay, you owe me a new coat."

"I'm glad the debt is no greater," said Clay, and the two men engaged in a hearty, old-fashioned handshake.

Inauguration of "Old Hickory"

Again we meet with the one whom we saw as a boy in the Revolution walking forty miles while suffering with the smallpox. We met him also at the battle of New Orleans, in January, 1815. Now for the third time here he is—Andrew Jackson, often called "Old Hickory."

He came to be called by this nickname in this way: One time during the War of 1812 he was leading an army home after a campaign, a distance of several hundred miles. It was a body of infantry, that is, foot soldiers. The general himself had three good horses, but he loaned these to sick men who could not walk and himself walked with the rest. As they were plodding along some one said, "The general is tough," and another answered, "As tough as hickory." From this he came to be called "Old Hickory," and the name clung to him through life.

Andrew Jackson was often called the people's President. He was the first (but not the last) of our

Presidents to rise from the ranks of the common people. All who came before him were from well-known or wealthy families. Washington was one of the richest landowners in America; John Adams was a famous lawyer and a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Jefferson's father owned thousands of acres of land in Virginia, and Madison and Monroe were from families of the same class. But Jackson rose from the ranks of the poor and unknown.

After a hot contest in 1828 Jackson defeated John Quincy Adams and was elected President of the United States. A few weeks later his beloved wife died. His age was then sixty-one, but his friends declared that he aged twenty years in a night because of her death, so great was his attachment to her, and it was said that from this time, as long as he lived, he never went to bed at night without looking at her picture.

Soon after her funeral he started on his long, laborious journey from Nashville, Tenn., to Washington. He went by way of the Cumberland and Ohio Rivers to Pittsburg by steamboat, and at every town and every landing the people shouted him a royal welcome. He reached the capital city some weeks before the 4th of March, and when that day came the city was crowded with vast throngs of people who had come to see the people's man made President. One eyewitness wrote that it seemed that half the nation had rushed at once into the capital.

March 4th was one of the clearest, balmiest days

in the spring. Jackson walked to the capital, and when he appeared before the multitude, "the peal of shouting," says the writer above quoted, "that arose rent the air, and seemed to shake the very ground."

When the chief justice, John Marshall, administered the oath of office Jackson bowed his head and the crowd grew reverently silent. The ceremony over, the new President rode on horseback to the White House, the crowd following in all kinds of vehicles, and thousands on foot, walking, running helter-skelter and shouting themselves hoarse. At the White House they were treated to orange punch —barrels and tubs full of it.

So dense was the crowd that at one time Jackson was pinned against the wall and could not move. He was rescued by a number of his friends, who caught hands and pressed the people back. The rabble had full sway. They stood on the costly sofas and the damask-satin-covered chairs with their muddy boots, and accidentally broke a fine chandelier.

What did Jackson say to all this? Did he get angry? He had a very decided temper, as we well know, but it did not appear on that day. He simply said, "Let the boys have a good time once in four years," and probably he never said anything that gives more insight into the cause of his great popularity.

A Captain of the Black Hawk War

In the first place, the Black Hawk War was a very small, insignificant affair, and scarcely deserves to be mentioned in American history.

In the second place, the captain here referred to was not much of a captain after all. He never had any military training worth mentioning before this war, nor during this war, nor afterwards. He never was in a battle, never had a gun fired at him, and never shot at an enemy. It is true that blood was drawn on this midsummer campaign against the Indians in 1832; blood was drawn on this very captain we are writing about, as he himself afterwards asserted on the floor of Congress, but not by the enemy; it was drawn by mosquitoes.

Why all this about a war that was hardly a war at all, and about this officer who was hardly an officer at all?

Well, here is the reason: When a man becomes great and famous we like to look back to his boyhood and see what he was then. The fame of this man came to fill the world, and it still does. He was probably the most notable world figure of the nineteenth century. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

At this time Lincoln was a young man of twenty-three. He had lived in three States—Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois. He was a man of many occupations: a farmer, a rail splitter, a postmaster, a storekeeper, a surveyor, a river boatman, and now a soldier.

When Black Hawk, chief of the Sac Indians, broke a treaty with the whites and moved his tribe across the Mississippi into Illinois, the governor of that State called for volunteers. The young men began to enlist, and one of the first was Abraham Lincoln. In his own neighborhood there was a considerable number of volunteers, but they had no officer to lead them, and they decided to make one. They chose as their captain the most popular one among them—Abraham Lincoln.

He knew no more than the rest of them about military tactics, but with a natural self-confidence that later carried him through a far greater war he assumed the command, collected his men, and they started on foot for the seat of war. One day as they were marching along, two abreast, they came to a fence with a turnstile which would admit of only one passing through at a time. Now the commander did not know what words a military officer uses to make his men break ranks. So he shouted: "This company is dissolved for two minutes; it will form in line again on the other side of the fence."

For many days this company marched on. At length it joined the main army, some 2,500 men. But no enemy was to be found. The Indians were wise enough to keep out of the way. Perhaps they had heard of the gallant company from Illinois, with the tall, black-haired captain who was ready for any emergency, even to marching his men single file through a turnstile. Many of the volunteers grew restless and wanted to go home, and several hundred

of them were discharged. Among those who volunteered to remain was Captain Lincoln.

Among the officers in this war was another future President, Zachary Taylor. And there was a gallant young cavalry officer from Mississippi who had married a daughter of Zachary Taylor. In his bright uniform he sat gracefully on his horse. Whether he noticed the tall, awkward-looking improvised captain from Illinois I cannot say. They may have seen each other, but probably did not meet or converse. And they never met afterwards, but the time came when they heard and knew a very great deal about each other. The name of the young cavalry officer was Jefferson Davis.

We shall not pretend to give a history of this little war. Our purpose is simply to give an episode in the life of Lincoln which is not widely known. The army made a detour into Wisconsin and there were a few slight battles, but Captain Lincoln did not happen to be present at any of them. He therefore never experienced the exhilaration, the fear, or whatever it may be, of a soldier under fire.

The war continued but three months. Black Hawk promised to be good—to keep on his own side of the river, and kept his promise. Some time after this Black Hawk made a tour of the East and visited the great cities of the Atlantic slope. When he saw what a vast power the United States was he knew that it would be utter folly for the scattered Indian tribes to make war on such a mighty people.

Years later when Abraham Lincoln was serving

in Congress he made a humorous speech about his experience in the Black Hawk War. Here are a few words from it:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away—I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

A Carriage Drive in England

It is not my purpose to say much about this carriage drive, but rather to use it to introduce two prominent American citizens—Martin Van Buren and Washington Irving. Mr. Van Buren had been a United States senator and later was elected governor of New York. He resigned the governorship to enter the Cabinet of President Jackson as secretary of state. After he had served in the Cabinet for about two years a position opened to him that he thought he would like better. The American minister to England resigned and Van Buren was appointed to fill the place. President Jackson was always very friendly to Van Buren and granted him every favor that was in his power.

He made this appointment in the summer of 1831, when Congress was not in session. The Senate must pass judgment on such appointments, but if they are made when that body is not in session the one appointed may accept the office and serve till the next

session of Congress, when the Senate must vote on the appointment.

Mr. Van Buren did not wait for the December meeting of Congress. He accepted the mission and sailed for London, arriving there in September. On reaching the English metropolis he met Washington Irving, the famous American author, whose books he had often read and of whom he had heard a great deal. Irving had been abroad for many years. He had recently come from Spain, where he had finished his "Life of Columbus" and "Conquest of Granada." He now met Mr. Van Buren, and the two became fast friends. He introduced the new minister to the high social life of London. No other American knew the great city so well or was so popular among all classes in England.

Washington Irving was born in New York in April, 1783, a few months before General Washington disbanded his army there, and was one of the first to receive his name. At the age of twenty-six he became famous by publishing his humorous "Knickerbocker History of New York," and he was the first American writer to gain a reputation in Europe.

Irving was at the height of his career at the time he met Van Buren in London. After the two men had spent some weeks in London society they decided on a carriage drive to various famous places. Van Buren knew almost nothing of English rural life except what he had learned from Irving's writings. He had read "The Sketch Book" and

"Bracebridge Hall," and now it was the joy of his life to visit the scenes therein described with the very author who had described them. They visited Oxford and Stratford, the birthplace of Shakespeare; Kenilworth and Warwick Castle and Newstead Abbey and many other places famed in song and story. At Stratford they stopped at a little inn called the Red Horse and found there the same obliging little landlady who had been described by Irving in his "Sketch Book." I wonder if there is any boy or girl reading this book who has not read the "Sketch Book" or "Bracebridge Hall?"

After this delightful drive the two friends returned to London and again entered the social life of the great city. But one day in February, 1832, Mr. Van Buren received a bit of news from America which astonished him. He heard that the United States Senate had refused to confirm his appointment as minister to England. He had made enemies in the Senate and they now thought to end his public career at a stroke; but such things often turn out differently from what is intended. The American people thought the Senate had dealt too harshly with Van Buren, that it only showed a spiteful feeling in rejecting his appointment to London, and they pronounced their verdict later. We all know the rest of the story. Van Buren, after a tour on the Continent, returned to America, and before that year—1832—had closed he was elected Vice-President, and four years later, President of the United States.

Irving also returned to his native land and made his home near Sleepy Hollow on the Hudson. Here he grew old, dying in 1859, and here he was buried.

A Sad Ending to an Excursion Party

Martin Van Buren, as we have noticed, succeeded Jackson as President of the United States; but he was defeated in 1840 by the candidate of the Whig party, William Henry Harrison. The Whigs were greatly elated over their victory, but their joy was short. Mr. Harrison died exactly a month after his inauguration. John Tyler, who had been elected Vice-President, now became President. But we must get to our story.

It was February 28, 1844. There was a new Government vessel, the *Princeton,* lying in the Potomac below the capital. The captain was Commodore Stockton and he was very proud of his ship. He invited about a hundred people to take an excursion with him down the river and among the guests were President Tyler, the members of his Cabinet and their families, and several senators and representatives.

A gay company it was, shouting and laughing as they steamed down the river. There was a great gun on board, called the Peacemaker, throwing a 225-pound shell, and this gun was fired several times as the vessel glided through the water. There were on board Mr. Gardiner, of Virginia, and his daughter, to whom President Tyler (now a widower) was

engaged to be married; also the aged Mrs. Dolly Madison, whom all America delighted to honor.

As they were returning up the river, toward evening, and after they had partaken of a repast, the guests were invited to come on deck and witness one more salute to be fired from the Peacemaker. All came hurrying up and a crowd was soon gathered about the huge cannon. There was a long stretch of the river below and the people looked to see the ball skim the surface of the water. All was ready; the match was applied. There was a deafening roar. The gun had burst and nearly a dozen people lay dead and many more wounded on the deck. All on the left side of the gun were killed or maimed, as it had exploded on that side. Those on the right and in the rear were knocked senseless, but recovered.

President Tyler had been called away a moment before the explosion and thus he escaped; but Mr. Gardiner, the father of his betrothed, was among the dead. Two members of the Cabinet, Mr. Upshur, secretary of state, and Mr. Gilmer, secretary of the navy, were killed. Senator Benton, who had stood behind the gun, was unconscious for some time, but was not seriously injured.

Morse and the Telegraph

One of the most astonishing inventions of modern times is the electric telegraph, and the name of Samuel F. B. Morse will ever be connected with it. A

hundred years ago it required a month or more for news to cross the Atlantic Ocean; now it requires but a moment. The overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo occurred on June 18, 1815, and the fact was not known in America till late in July or the first of August. The crowning of King Edward VII took place on August 9, 1902, and the fact was printed in American newspapers within the same hour. All this from the telegraph.

Professor Morse was born in Massachusetts, in 1791. After graduating at Yale in 1810 he went to England to study art. He became famous as an artist and was elected Professor of the Art of Design in the University of the City of New York. He also became interested in electricity, and the idea of the telegraph came to him while crossing the Atlantic in 1832. Two or three years later he had telegraph wires in a room in the university and the results were conclusive proof that the invention was successful. Morse then applied for a patent and also applied to Congress for a grant of money to build an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore; but nothing was done for him at the time. He then went to Europe and tried to interest foreign governments, but had no success. Morse was now reduced almost to his last dollar and again he came to Congress for assistance. He had been granted the privilege to set up a line in the lower rooms of the Capitol and the members of Congress could hardly believe their senses when they were enabled to converse with one another from the different rooms.

And yet when a bill came up to grant the inventor $30,000 there was much opposition, and many were the shafts of ridicule aimed at him. One member moved that an appropriation be made to construct a railroad to the moon. Another declared that all magnetic telegraphs were miserable chimeras, fit for nothing.

During this debate Morse stood leaning against the railing in great agitation. To a friend he said, placing his hand on his head: "I have an awful headache—I have spent seven years and all I had perfecting this invention. If the bill fails I am ruined—I have not money enough to pay my board bill."

The bill was laid over till the last day of the session and there were more than a hundred other bills to be considered that day. Morse gave up hope and went to his room. Next morning, deeply depressed in spirits, he was about to start for New York when he heard that the bill to grant him $30,000 to establish a telegraph line to Baltimore had passed Congress about midnight. We can only imagine the feelings of Professor Morse at this great news. His fortune was made. Now he could show the world what he had done.

This was in 1843. The line to Baltimore was finished by the next year. When ready for use Professor Morse asked Miss Ellsworth, a young daughter of the commissioner of patents, to name the first sentence to be transmitted. She chose a sentence from the Bible, "What hath God wrought!" and who could suggest a more appropriate one? No hu-

man invention seems more the work of the Divine Hand than the telegraph.

At the time when the line was finished the Democratic convention was in session in Baltimore and the first practical message ever sent by telegraph was the news that James K. Polk had been nominated for the Presidency.

Everybody was soon convinced that the telegraph was a thing of immeasurable usefulness. Morse became the hero of the hour. He had done the world a service that can never be forgotten and his name is placed among the immortals. He lived to be old —lived to see his invention in use in every civilized land, to see the Old and New Worlds connected by cable laid on the bottom of the sea. He lived to enjoy the unbounded gratitude of his countrymen and to receive special honors from almost every monarch in Europe.

The Creole Affair

The *Creole* was a slave ship, plying between Norfolk, Va., and New Orleans. She left Norfolk in November, 1841, with 135 slaves on board. One of them was a mulatto named Madison Washington. He had some time before run away from his master in Virginia, had crossed the Northern States by means of the "Underground Railroad" and taken up his abode in Canada, where the laws of England made him free.

But Washington was very unhappy in Canada because he had left his wife in slavery. At length he

determined to find his way back to Virginia, to rescue his wife and take her with him to Canada. It was a dangerous thing to attempt, for if he were caught he would certainly be sold to some trader and taken to the far South, from which he could never hope to return. This was usually the punishment for a slave who attempted to escape or to aid in the escape of others. Washington knew this, but he was so disconsolate without his life companion that he dared to make the long journey to attempt her rescue.

His worst fears were realized. He was recognized and seized and sold to the far South.

The brig *Creole* was about to start with its human cargo on a long voyage to New Orleans. Madison was one of the slaves on board when the vessel left Norfolk. In deepest dejection he brooded over his bitter fate and thought he would rather die than wear his life out on one of the great plantations, under the lash of the overseer, and never see his friends again. Then in desperation he conceived a plot to conspire with some of his fellow slaves to kill the masters of the vessel, to seize it and steer for the coast of Africa.

They had been some days at sea and were nearing the Bahama Islands. Washington had eighteen of the slaves in his plot and one night, armed with knives and handspikes, the nineteen rose in mutiny, rushed to the cabin where the officers, their wives and children were asleep, and began their murderous work. One of the slave owners was killed and the

captain of the brig was severely wounded, but most of them escaped with little or no injury.

The blacks soon had control of the vessel, and they told the wounded captain that they would spare him, his wife, and his children, if he would steer for Liberia, on the coast of Africa. He agreed to do whatever they asked, but convinced them that there was not enough food and water on board to take them halfway across the ocean. He was then ordered to steer for a British port in the West Indies. He did so, and a day or two later they landed at the town of Nassau.

Here they were in the hands of British authorities and on British soil, and a law of England was that any slave who sets foot on British soil is from that moment free. All but the nineteen mutineers were therefore given their freedom, but the nineteen were held for further consideration. The American authorities demanded that they be sent to the United States to be tried for murder and mutiny, but the British officials refused to give them up until they could get orders from London. This required some time, and meantime Daniel Webster, who was then secretary of state, wrote to London demanding that the men be given up.

The British Government considered the matter and decided that, as no treaty between the two nations covered this ground, and that, as a slave had a right to kill his master to obtain his own freedom, the men should not be given up. Whereupon the nineteen mutineers were also given their liberty.

CHAPTER XIII

TEXAS AND OREGON

THE United States had grown greatly in extent of territory since the close of the Revolution. The greatest single increase came through the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. What was then known as Louisiana was many times larger than the State that is now known by that name. It comprised all the States on the west bank of the Mississippi and a few others.

Next to Louisiana our great accessions of territory (not counting Alaska) were California, which we shall treat in our next chapter, and Texas and Oregon, the subject of this chapter.

Revolution in Texas

The first white settlers in Texas were Spanish Catholic missionaries, who built missions there about two hundred years ago. Texas was then a part of Mexico and Mexico belonged to Spain. In 1824 Mexico set up a republic and won its independence from Spain. Texas was one of its northern provinces. It was then almost uninhabited, except by Indian tribes.

The Mexican Government was anxious to have Texas settled and it offered large grants of land almost for nothing. One of the first to secure a land grant was Moses Austin, an American citizen. But he died before he could carry out his project of planting a colony in Texas. Thereupon his son, Stephen F. Austin, carried out the purpose of his father. He soon had a flourishing colony in the valley of the Brazos River, and the echoes of the settlers' ax were heard in the forest where they had never been heard before. Stephen F. Austin was a great-hearted, kindly man. It is said that every child in the colony would run to him and climb on his knee as readily as on its father's. He has been called the Father of Texas. The capital of the State bears his name.

Austin's colony was founded in 1821, and after that other settlers came rapidly, a great many of them from the United States. This alarmed Mexico; she feared too many Americans would create a sentiment in favor of seceding from her and joining the United States, and the fear was well founded.

In the early thirties there was open war between Mexico and Texas. There were two reasons for this. First, because Mexico put Texas under military government; second, because Mexico, having freed her slaves, wanted Texas to do so too; but many of the Texans were from our slave States and they refused to do this.

For several years bands of lawless men of each party traversed the lonely wilderness for hundreds

of miles and when they met they fought. Many were their bloody encounters. By 1835 the Texans were in open revolt and the next year they declared their independence and set up the Republic of Texas. Of the sixty men who signed the Declaration of Independence fifty-three had been born in the United States.

Two notable figures now come upon the scene. One is Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, a notorious character who called himself the "Napoleon of the West." The other man was Sam Houston, who became the first President of the Republic of Texas.

In the spring of 1836 there were two events that are still famous in the history of Texas. One was the massacre of the Alamo; the other was the battle of San Jacinto, and they were very different in their results.

The Alamo was a stone fort near San Antonio that had been built for a mission nearly a hundred years before. One morning in the spring of 1836 the people of the village were surprised by the approach of an army of Mexicans several thousand strong, led by Santa Anna himself, the Napoleon of the West. There was a small army of Texans, not 200 men, who stationed themselves in the Alamo determined to fight to the last. Among them was David Crockett, known as "Davie" Crockett.

Let us turn aside for a moment to notice this remarkable man. He was born in a wretched cabin in Tennessee. His father was a miserable drunkard and was cruel to his family. When Davie was but

twelve years old his father hired him to a Dutchman to help drive a herd of cattle 400 miles on foot and the little fellow was to make his way back alone as best he could. How he obtained food and crossed rivers I do not know, but a few months later he reached his father's cabin safe and sound. Long before he was of age he left home, plunged deeper into the wilderness and became a famous hunter. He had many a thrilling adventure. During the War of 1812 he served in the Indian campaigns under General Jackson and was one of the most daring soldiers in the army.

Davie Crockett was a good story teller, was very witty and full of original sayings. He could not read or write, but he was very popular and his friends induced him to be a candidate for the legislature. He consented and enjoyed the excitement of the campaign. He said, "When I goes electioneering, I goes fixed for the purpose. I've got a deer-leather suit of clothes with two big pockets. I puts a bottle of whisky in one and a twist of tobacker in the other and starts out." He was elected to the legislature and after serving for a time announced himself for Congress. He was elected to Congress three times, serving six years in all.

In Congress Davie Crockett attracted much attention. He knew nothing about lawmaking, but his original wit and his wild, uncultured ways of the frontier attracted attention and made him many friends. One day when a speaker in the House strayed from his subject Crockett exclaimed that he

was "barking up the wrong tree," an expression that we sometimes hear to this day.

President John Quincy Adams invited Crockett among many others to a formal dinner and here is in part Crockett's description of his experience:

"I went to dinner and walked all around the long table looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat beside a fat goose and helped myself to as much of it as I wanted. I hadn't took more'n three bites when I looked away and when I looked back, my plate was gone, goose and all. I seed a man walkin' off with it. I said, Hello, Mister, bring back my goose. After that whenever I looked away, I held on to my plate with my left hand. When we was all done a man came along with a great glass thing. It was stuck full of little glass cups with something in them that looked good. I says, Mister, bring that thing here—let's taste what you got. I found they was mighty sweet and so I took six of them."

The newspaper stories about how Crockett acted in Washington were too much even for the backwoodsmen who had elected him, and when he stood for a fourth election, he was defeated by a man who had more training in good manners. This was galling to Crockett. He left Tennessee and went to Texas, and we find him at the Alamo. This brings us back to our story.

When Santa Anna surrounded the Alamo with his army and decided to take it by storm—that is, by one grand assault—there were but 188 men in it. They

fought like demons and slew hundreds of Mexicans, but the odds were too great. At length every Texan but six was slain. These six were taken alive, and among them was Davie Crockett. They were brought before Santa Anna, and he, with a wave of the hand, said, "Kill them, every one of them."

At this Crockett sprang like a tiger at the throat of Santa Anna, but a dozen swords were thrust into him and he fell dead without a groan. The other five were also dispatched and not a man was left of the brave defenders of the Alamo.

"Remember the Alamo"

At this point we must notice another Texan, still more remarkable than Crockett—General Samuel Houston. He was born in Virginia, but his parents moved to the wilds of Tennessee where the boy grew to manhood. Their home was near a tribe of the Cherokee Indians and Sam learned to love them almost better than his own race. Many a day he spent chasing the deer with the Cherokees, or playing their games with them. Like Davie Crockett, he served in the war against the Creeks under Jackson, and was in the famous battle of the Horseshoe. Here he was wounded by an arrow which stuck in his thigh. He asked a comrade to pull it out, but the man, after trying, declared that he could not. "Draw it out or I will strike you with my sword," cried Houston. The man did so, tearing the flesh with the barb. General Jackson then ordered Hous-

ton to the rear, but he refused to go. He rushed to the front, to the thickest of the fight, where, later in the day, he was struck down by two bullets in the shoulder. He was carried from the field and for many weeks his life was despaired of.

At the age of twenty-five Houston went to Nashville to study law. In 1823 he was elected to Congress, and after serving two terms, he was elected Governor of Tennessee.

While governor the old inclinations of his boyhood gained control of him. He resigned the office and fled to the Cherokee Indians. For several years he lived with the Cherokees, wearing their garb and entering into all their ways of life. In 1832 he left them and went to Texas. This was really the beginning of his career. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence of Texas, and was then chosen commander of her armies. He won the battle that gave Texas her freedom, became the first President of the Republic of Texas and, after her admission into our Union, was one of the first to be sent to the United States Senate from the new State. Here he served for many years and when he retired in his old age to his adopted State, he was again elected governor. Then came the Civil War. Governor Houston was opposed to the secession of the State, but Texas seceded in spite of him. He was then deposed from his office and he retired to his home in Walker County, where he died in the same month that witnessed the fall of Vicksburg and the battle of Gettysburg—July, 1863.

"Remember the Alamo" was the cry of the Texans after they heard of that brutal massacre. Houston had a small army, probably a few more than seven hundred men. Santa Anna's numbered at least eighteen hundred. But a few weeks after the Alamo the two armies came together and the most important battle ever fought in Texas was the result—the battle of San Jacinto.

It was the morning of April 21. Santa Anna had led his army across the Buffalo Bayou near its junction with the San Jacinto River and here he came face to face with the army of Houston. The Texans had but two small pieces of artillery called the "Twin Sisters." A volley from these caused Santa Anna to fall back out of sight to form in battle line. Houston now sent Deaf Smith, a celebrated Texas spy, with two or three others to destroy a bridge over the bayou over which the Mexicans had come. This done, the Mexicans had no means of escape in case of defeat. Houston then led his men in three columns silently toward the enemy. When within seventy yards the Texans shouted their battle cry, "Remember the Alamo!" and made an impetuous dash toward the unprepared Mexicans. The latter were soon in utter confusion. They started to run to cross the bridge, but found it burned to ashes. Many then leaped into the bayou and were drowned. Many were taken captive, some scattered and hid in the prairie.

Among the last was Santa Anna himself and next morning he was found lying in the grass with a blan-

ket over his head, like an ostrich that hides its head in the sand. When taken to General Houston he said:

"I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, a prisoner of war at your disposal. You can afford to be generous; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West."

General Houston at first intended to put his captive to death on account of his treatment of the Texans at the Alamo; but it was decided that the Mexican President could have his freedom on the condition that he would do three things—restore all captured property, order all Mexican troops from the soil of Texas, and promise never again to take up arms against its people. Santa Anna did this and Texas was free. The Republic of Texas was established as an independent nation and was recognized by the United States and several European countries. General Sam Houston became its first President.

Texas Joins the Sisterhood

During the next nine years Texas was an independent republic, though the war with Mexico dragged on in an irregular way. Santa Anna could not, or at least did not, fully keep his promise. Meantime there was a great deal of planning and intriguing going on both in Texas and in the United States with the view of making Texas one of the States of our Union. It would be needless to give here the history of this intriguing.

A great many people of the North opposed the annexation of Texas, because it was sure to become a slave State and they were not in favor of increasing the number of slave States. But President Tyler was very much in favor of annexation, as also was his secretary of state, Mr. Upshur. But while the plans were maturing Mr. Upshur was killed, as we have noticed, by the bursting of the great gun on the *Princeton*. The next secretary of state was a man of world-wide fame—John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. He was also greatly in favor of annexation and in April, 1844, a secret treaty of annexation was made with Texas. This was laid before the Senate, but that body rejected it, and the Texas question was left over and became the chief issue in the presidential campaign of 1844.

In that campaign James K. Polk of Tennessee was nominated for President by the Democrats, who favored annexation; and Henry Clay by the Whigs, who opposed it. Mr. Clay might have been elected had it not been for his "Alabama Letter." In the midst of the campaign, when his party was talking against annexation, Clay wrote a letter to a friend in Alabama saying that he was not specially opposed to annexing Texas and that if the matter could be taken out of politics he would be glad to see Texas come into the Union. This letter, which was printed in the newspapers, was not in agreement with Whig doctrine and it cost Mr. Clay many votes and perhaps the Presidency itself.

The campaign of 1844 was an exciting one. It

was the last fight for the great office by Henry Clay, the gallant "Harry of the West," the "Mill boy of the slashes." And he lost this time as he had lost before. Polk was elected President and Texas, the "Lone Star State," became a member of the Union within the following year.

Texas is by far the largest State in the Union, a grand domain, an empire in extent. But the troubles did not cease with annexation. There was a boundary dispute with Mexico that brought on war before it was settled. This we shall notice in our next chapter.

Oregon in the Early Days

In 1845 the term Oregon had a much more extensive meaning than now. It included what is now the great States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a large part of southwestern Canada.

From time immemorial this vast country had been occupied only by Indian tribes. But the time was now come when it was to become the home of civilized man. In 1792 Captain Robert Gray, in the ship *Columbia*, first discovered the mouth of the great river of the Northwest, sailed up it for thirty miles and gave it the name of his ship, the *Columbia*.

When Thomas Jefferson became President he sent out the Lewis and Clark expedition to cross the continent to the Pacific Northwest. With about thirty men they started on their tour in the spring of 1804 and after a year and a half of travel through the

unbroken wilderness, reached the Pacific Coast. Here they spent a winter in log cabins of their own building, after which they returned to the United States.

Both the United States and England claimed the great Oregon country. The claim of the United States was based chiefly on the Lewis and Clark expedition and the earlier discovery of the Columbia by Captain Gray. But this was not enough. There must be actual occupation of the country in order to hold it. And this began with the fur trader. Mr. Lewis in his published journal had shown what great opportunities there were for the fur trade in the Northwest. One of the first to respond was John Jacob Astor, a merchant prince of New York who was known in every seaport of the world. He sent out a party who founded a town at the mouth of the Columbia and named it Astoria. Soon after this a company of men went up the Columbia to found another trading post and at the place where the Snake River flows into it they found a stake driven into the ground and bound around it was a paper with this statement: "Know hereby that this country is claimed by Great Britain." This reminds us of the plates buried along the Ohio by the French before the French and Indian War, as we have noticed in a preceding chapter.

When the War of 1812 came the Hudson Bay Company, a great English fur-trading company, got possession of Astoria and for some years the whole Columbia Valley was under British control. But

the final ownership of the country was not yet determined. Accordingly, a "joint occupation" was arranged between the United States and England in 1818. By this, Americans or Englishmen could settle or trade in Oregon as they liked. This plan was continued for many years, but the time came when the ownership of the country must be settled.

After the fur trader, the next class of white men to go to Oregon were the missionaries. A pretty story is related about the beginnings of mission work in Oregon. Four Indians were sent by one of the Oregon tribes to far-away St. Louis to see General Clark whom they remembered as having visited their country (in the Lewis and Clark expedition) to ask for "the white man's book of heaven," as they called the Bible. They had heard of the Bible and the white man's religion from the fur traders. Two of these Indians died in St. Louis and one of the remaining two died on the way back.

This pathetic story was published in many religious papers and it soon began to bear fruit. The various churches began to send missionaries. The best known of these is Marcus Whitman, who, after spending some time in Oregon, returned to the East for the purpose of awakening a greater interest in the work. He went back again with a number of helpers and ere long there were several flourishing Indian missions in Oregon. The Indians were taught religion and also to read and write, to till the soil and to raise stock.

The older Indians as well as the children were

gathered in classes and taught small portions of the Bible that had been translated into their language and printed on a little printing press.

The next class to go to Oregon was the permanent settlers. Great interest in that distant land had been spreading for some time and in 1838 an emigration society was formed in Massachusetts. Meetings were held in towns and cities to enlist settlers and many were found ready to go. In 1843 what was known as "The great migration" took place.

In one company that left Missouri there were a thousand people who drove before them five thousand animals. At night they turned the animals loose to graze and made a circular inclosure with the wagons. In this circle they pitched their tents and built fires. After supper they retired to the tents and wagons for the night, a few men remaining on guard all night. At four in the morning the sharp crack of a rifle announced that sleeping time was over. In a few minutes all were up preparing breakfast and sixty men would start out to drive in the horses and cattle, some of which had strayed perhaps two miles.

Soon the day's journey was begun and, but for a short rest at noon, they jogged along till the shades of evening brought them again to the camp fire. It took more than a hundred days for this company to reach their new home on the Pacific Coast.

The saddest tragedy in the history of Oregon remains to be told. There is no nobler figure in the early history of that country than Marcus Whitman,

the missionary. He was also a physician and in 1847 when the measles broke out among the children he attended them, white and Indian children alike, with the same self-sacrifice that he had always shown. The white children recovered rapidly while many of the Indian children died. This led the Indians to believe that Whitman was a sorcerer and was causing their children to die. They conspired to kill him. One day they seized him, his faithful wife and seven other persons and put them to death with horrible tortures. These superstitious red men did not know that they were murdering their best friend. The tribe that committed the deed was made to suffer severely at the hands of the white settlers.

"Fifty-four Forty or Fight"

Oregon extended as far northward as the line of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north latitude, to the boundary of Alaska, which belonged to Russia. Several times the Americans offered to settle the boundary line at forty-nine degrees, the same as the northern boundary of the Louisiana Purchase. But England refused and insisted on the Columbia River as the boundary.

The years passed and the country began to fill up with settlers, as we have noticed. The settlers were nearly all Americans and they cried loudly for the protection of their Government.

Such was the condition at the opening of the presidential compaign of 1844. Now it was thought that

as the country was filling up with Americans and as England had refused to accept the line of forty-nine, she should not have any of the Oregon country and that the United States should claim it all. The Democrats, who had nominated Mr. Polk, thereupon made a campaign cry, "Fifty-four forty or fight," which meant that we should fight England unless she left to us all of Oregon, to fifty-four forty.

Mr. Polk was elected, but whether that campaign cry had much to do with the result or not is not known. At any rate, when Polk became President he gave up the hope of making the line fifty-four forty because England refused to yield. Nothing less than a war would have secured the whole country for either nation, and neither England nor the United States wished to go to war on account of Oregon. Indeed, America had good reasons for not going into a war with England at that time, for a war was brewing on the south, with Mexico.

Accordingly, the two nations agreed to divide the Oregon country at forty-nine, each taking about half. Our portion, since divided into three great states—Oregon, Washington, and Idaho—is a region of wonderful possibilities. It is divided north and south by the Cascade Mountains, with such grand peaks as Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams; and east and west by the majestic Columbia River. For fruit and grain raising and for timber this great region is difficult to parallel.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEXICAN WAR AND CALIFORNIA

THE American people love peace better than war and it is seldom that we engage in war. The only foreign war we had between that with England in 1812 and our war with Spain in 1898 was the Mexican War, which began in the spring of 1846 and continued for a little more than a year. The war came on account of a boundary dispute between Texas and Mexico. The Americans won all the battles and Texas gained her point in making her southern boundary the Rio Grande River.

But the chief result of the war was the acquiring of California from Mexico by the United States. California, like Oregon, had a larger meaning than it has now. It included the present State of that name and also Arizona, Nevada and parts of Utah and New Mexico. The events of the Mexican War cluster about the names of two men—Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott—and we shall treat it by giving a short biography of each.

Zachary Taylor

One of the heroes of the Mexican War, afterwards President of the United States, was Zachary Tay-

Mexican News.

lor. He was born in Virginia in 1784. His father, who had been a soldier in the Revolution, moved with his family to Kentucky when the boy was but one year old. This was in the early days when nearly all of Kentucky was a dense wilderness and the farm on which Mr. Taylor settled had to be cleared of timbers before it could be used for raising crops. It was in Jefferson County near the Ohio River and here the boy Zachary grew to manhood, laboring on the farm in summer or hunting wild game in the forest and attending school sometimes a month or two in winter. To this outdoor life he attributed his splendid robust health when he became a man.

There was a famous Indian hunter along the Ohio named Lewis Wetzel, who could load his gun while running. He was known far and near among the Indians as a man who could shoot while his gun was empty. One day not a great way from where the Taylors lived Wetzel was pursued by four Indians and he shot them all, one at a time, loading his gun while running. It was said that a number of young pioneers, including Zachary Taylor, then engaged Wetzel to teach them to load a gun while running.

When Zachary Taylor was twenty-four years old he left the farm and entered the army. He was sent to New Orleans where he took the yellow fever but recovered with long and careful nursing. He served through the War of 1812 and attracted wide attention for defending a fort on the Wabash River in Indiana against an Indian attack. Taylor had

fewer than fifty men and the Indians, several hundred in number, stormed his little wooden fort for seven hours, but were driven off.

Many were the adventures of General Taylor during the long years he spent with the army, but we cannot recount them here. We must hasten on to the Mexican War.

When this war was seen to be coming Taylor was sent to southern Texas with a small army, and after winning two trifling battles here and capturing Matamoros at the mouth of the Rio Grande, he moved up that great river to Monterey. Monterey was one of the strongest fortified cities in Mexico. The citadel and the bishop's palace and many of the stone houses were manned with troops. It was September, 1846, when General Taylor opened his batteries on the city, though he knew it would require a bloody siege to capture it.

A large majority of Taylor's men were volunteers, men of other occupations, who had never been in battle. The first hour of the first battle must be a fearful time for any man.

One man, afterwards describing his thrilling experience at Monterey, declared that when first the bullets came whizzing around him his impulse was to run away as fast as he could, but seeing that no others were running he stood still almost paralyzed with fear. Then a man was shot down by his side. He sprang to his comrade's assistance, but seeing that the man was killed and beyond the reach of aid, his next impulse was to avenge his death. All fear

left him in an instant. He seized his musket, rushed to the front and fought like a veteran.

General Taylor was a man of common habits. He refused to wear the uniform and lived among his men faring as they fared. He was rugged and powerful, kind-hearted and humane, but fearless in battle. He often rode along the fighting lines where the bullets whizzed around like hail. He was nicknamed "Rough and Ready." His war horse was a splendid gray called "Old Whitey." At Monterey as he was riding along the line some one shouted, "Silence! here comes old Zach, hurrah for old Zach! Three cheers for old Rough and Ready," and three tremendous cheers rent the air.

Monterey was soon taken and Zachary Taylor was soon known throughout the United States as one of the great heroes of modern times.

Here let us relate an incident of a young man not yet known to the world, a young man who was to play a great part in a greater war—U. S. Grant. A regiment was near the heart of the city fighting desperately when it was discovered that they were running short of powder. The officer in command wished some one to go back and report the fact to General Taylor, but so dangerous was the task that he did not command any one to go. He called for a volunteer and Grant volunteered. On one side of the street through which he must pass were hundreds of Mexicans with muskets. Grant evaded them by hanging to one side of his horse. He threw one arm over the horse's neck and with one foot on

the cantle of the saddle he swung his body down on the horse's side while the horse ran at its highest speed. The daring young soldier performed his task and came out without a scratch.

Not long after the capture of Monterey General Taylor heard news from Washington that made him very unhappy. He was informed that he must give up two thirds of his army to General Winfield Scott, who was to lead an army into Mexico by way of Vera Cruz. Taylor yielded to his superiors like a true patriot; but it was a bitter medicine to take. Here he was left in the heart of a hostile country with only a fraction of his former army; but strange to say, his greatest victory was yet before him.

Now again we meet Santa Anna, the one we met ten years ago at the Alamo and San Jacinto. He was again President of Mexico and when he heard that Taylor was left in such a weakened condition, he collected an army of 20,000 Mexicans and went against him. The two armies met at Buena Vista, among the mountains. Taylor's army was only one fifth as large as the Mexican army.

As the Mexican thousands were defiling around the base of the mountain, their bayonets gleaming in the sun, a horseman was seen galloping from their ranks bearing a white flag. He rode up to General Taylor and handed him a letter. It was a summons from Santa Anna to surrender his little army and save it from being cut to pieces and annihilated. The answer was in substance, "General Taylor never surrenders." This was on Washington's birthday,

1847. Next day the battle of Buena Vista was fought.

Nobly and valiantly the little army fought from morning till night. At times it seemed that they would be overwhelmed by the Mexican legions, but in the end they won the day and held their ground. The Mexicans decamped during the night, leaving their dead and wounded.

For some hours in the afternoon General Taylor occupied a commanding height in view of both armies. With his right leg thrown over the pommel of the saddle he sat on Old Whitey and watched every movement, his face changing between hope and fear as the fortunes of his army seemed to waver between defeat and victory. When he saw that the day was won tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. This was Taylor's last battle of the war. But his fortune was made and within two years the American people called him to the highest office within their power to bestow.

Zachary Taylor was President but sixteen months when death claimed him, and as the funeral procession, with its nodding plumes and mournful music, passed through the streets of Washington, Old Whitey was led behind the bier bearing an empty saddle.

Winfield Scott

Like Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott was born in Virginia and was two years his junior. As a youth he studied law, but later decided to be a soldier.

We have seen Scott in the War of 1812, and shall here relate one other incident of that conflict.

It was at the battle of Queenstown Heights where the American army was defeated. General Scott wished to surrender his force. They were crouched under a cliff near the Niagara River. Scott sent several men, one after another, with a flag of truce to the British commander, but all were shot or captured by the Indians. He then determined to go himself. Tying a white handkerchief to his sword, he took two men and crept up among the crags. Presently two big Indians, after firing several shots at them, ran and sprang upon them. Scott tried to explain to them the protection of a flag of truce, but they refused to understand and drew their knives. At that moment a British officer rushed forward and prevented a tragedy.

Scott was taken to a village as a prisoner of war and confined in an inn. In a little while a message came to the sentinel that some one at the outer door wanted to see the "Tall American." Scott was a tall man and it was known that the message was for him. He went to the door and there stood the same two Indians that had tried to assassinate him while under the crags carrying a flag of truce. One of the Indians, a huge chief, asked the "Tall American" how many wounds he had received when under the crags, holding up his fingers to show how many times they had shot at him. He seized Scott by the arm to turn him around to look for shot marks. Scott was very indignant at such liberty and threw

the savage off with great force, saying, "Off, you villain! You fired like a squaw!"

The Indians then drew their weapons and cried, "We kill you now." This is what they had come to do. Scott saw his peril, and seeing some prisoners' swords stacked near by, he seized one and held it ready to thrust. He knew he could kill one of the Indians, but the other would then doubtless kill him. The Indians hesitated, all three standing in the most tragic attitude with upraised weapons, when a British officer came by. Understanding the situation at a glance, he cried, "The guards!" and seizing one Indian by the arm, pointed his pistol at the other. The Indians then turned on him, and Scott, determined to save the officer's life as well as his own, was about to thrust his sword when the guards, who had heard the call, rushed up with fixed bayonets. The Indians were taken away and Scott was molested no more. He was taken to Nova Scotia as a prisoner, but was later exchanged and did splendid service again before the close of the war.

We must now hasten on to the Mexican War. Nearly forty years Scott had been in the army when this war broke out. His rank was higher than that of Taylor, and after Taylor had taken Monterey Scott came down and took a large part of his army, as we have noticed. He gathered an army of 12,000 and sailed for Vera Cruz.

Reaching the harbor early in March, 1847, he began to bombard the city. For two weeks the roar of artillery day and night, the screaming of shells

through the air and their bursting on the streets of the city, made a scene of terrific grandeur. On March 29th the invading army marched through the streets and the American flag waved over the public buildings of Vera Cruz.

The next thing was to march overland to the City of Mexico, the ancient city of the Montezumas, to march over the winding roads among the towering mountains by the same route taken by Cortez on a similar errand three hundred years before. But before Scott reached the summit of the mountains, he met the enemy and fought a terrific battle. Santa Anna, after his defeat by Taylor at Buena Vista, had gathered his broken army and now stood in the way to dispute the march of General Scott. The two armies met under the shadow of a lofty hill called Cerro Gordo.

Now occurred one of the great battles of the war—the battle of Cerro Gordo. The result was, as usual, an American victory. Santa Anna lost nearly half his army, most of whom were made captives. Santa Anna himself was almost captured. He started to flee in his carriage, but it was overturned, and he escaped astride a mule, leaving in the carriage his wooden leg, for he had lost a leg in battle some years before.

Scott swept on up the mountains, capturing every town in the way, and in midsummer reached the summit of the Cordilleras, 8,000 feet above the sea. Then began the descent toward the City of Mexico. In August several hard battles were fought, and in

September the ancient city of the Montezumas yielded to the conquerors from the North. The war was over and Mexico lay prostrate before the armies of the United States.

The Golden State

One of the greatest of our forty-six States is California, called the Golden State. At the time of this war it was an almost uninhabited region and belonged to Mexico. Oregon, as we have seen, had been partly settled before our second war with England—at a time when California was as little known as central Africa. But the time came when California, in a race with Oregon, won first honors, and never since then has Oregon overtaken her southern sister.

In 1846 California was a wild region covered by gigantic forests, with a lonely settlement here and there. The two most prominent men in California were John C. Fremont and John A. Sutter. Fremont was destined to become far more prominent in the future. Ten years later he became the candidate of a great political party for President of the United States. Now he was an explorer of the far West. He had led a small band of sixty men (with 200 horses) over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast.

Sutter was a Swiss by birth, and had been in the continental wars of Europe. Receiving from the Mexican Government a large tract of land in California, he built a fort on it and called it by his own

name—Sutter's Fort. He had several hundred men in his employ, many being Indians, and owned thousands of head of sheep and cattle. When Fremont came to the Sacramento Valley he was entertained at Sutter's Fort. He later decided to make a tour of the North, to traverse the dense wilderness to Oregon.

Fremont and his party set out from California to Oregon in the spring of 1846. After many days' traveling they reached the shore of Great Klamath Lake, and here in the region of gigantic forests and snow-clad mountains they had an experience that none of them ever forgot. They saw two white men approaching them on horseback. The men proved to be agents of the United States Government and had traveled thousands of miles to bear dispatches to Fremont and letters from his family, whom he had not seen for a year.

That night as Fremont remained awake to re-read his letters, while his men all lay asleep around their camp fires, he heard a strange commotion among their horses near by. He went to them, but the animals grew quiet and he went back, finished his reading and fell asleep. An hour or two later one of the party, Kit Carson, the famous explorer and mountain climber, was awakened by a gurgling sound and a groan. It was the groan of a man receiving a tomahawk in his brain. There was no mistake. The Indians were upon them, how many they never knew. The men were all awake in an instant. They sprang to their feet and seized their weapons. The fight

was short and bloody. Several of the Indians were killed, the rest driven off. Three or four of the white men were killed.

A few days later Kit Carson was saved from death by the voluntary act of a horse. It was Fremont's noble charger named El Toro del Sacramento. An Indian sprang from the bushes but ten feet away and drew his bow on Carson, who leveled his gun and pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire. Fremont was at hand with his horse. He touched the animal and it seemed to understand. It sprang upon the savage and bore him to the ground, and the hatchet of a Delaware Indian, who belonged to Fremont's party, did the rest.

Before Fremont had gone far into Oregon he was urged to return to California to protect the American settlers there, as the Mexicans had grown hostile. He turned back and in a month all northern California was under his control. Southern California was also soon under American control. From New Mexico came General Stephen W. Kearny, sent by the United States to carry the flag to California, and from the sea came Commodore Stockton in a war vessel. The whole land, from the crest of the Rockies to the waves of the Pacific, with little fighting or bloodshed, fell into the hands of the United States.

The secret object of the war was to secure the California country for the United States, and this object was now gained. We are all proud of California, grand, fertile, beautiful land of perpetual spring that

it is; but few Americans are proud of the way in which we secured it.

A few months after Scott entered the Mexican capital with his army, a treaty of peace was made between the two countries. Mexico received the sum of $15,000,000 and the United States received the whole California country. This was afterwards divided into several States and Territories.

But the history of California had only begun. Mexico discovered too late that the land she had ceded was a land of gold. In the employ of John A. Sutter was a man named James W. Marshall. One day as they were digging a mill race on a branch of the American River, near the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Marshall found little shining particles in the water that proved to be gold. The news soon spread and men in all walks of life left their occupations and hastened to the gold fields. Ships from every country were headed for the Pacific Coast. From the eastern States some came by way of Panama and the sea; others crossed the plains and the Rocky Mountains to the land of gold.

Thousands of men were soon searching the valleys and the mountains for the hidden treasure. Some gained fortunes, others met only disappointment, and returned home broken in health, or found a lonely grave in the wilderness. California grew in population as no other country had done, and within two years it entered the Union as a State.

CHAPTER XV

A BATCH OF BIOGRAPHIES

A GREAT writer had said that history is nothing more than an aggregation of biographies, and there is much truth in the saying. No one can understand history without a knowledge of the chief figures in public life, their motives and achievements. The lives of the greatest characters in our history—such as Washington, Franklin, Webster and Lincoln—are well known to every reader, or may easily be procured from any library. But there are many who may not have played a leading part in the great movements of history, but whose careers were none the less important and interesting. It is not so easy for the reader to procure biographies of this class. We, therefore, devote this chapter to a notice of a few of them, beginning with two notable foreigners.

Jenny Lind

One of the memorable incidents of the year 1850 was the coming to America of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," or the "Queen of Song," as she was often called.

Jenny Lind was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in

1820. Her parents were very poor. In fact her father was not very industrious and her mother was obliged to earn most of the living by teaching.

Jenny was a lovable child, with sparkling blue eyes and yellow wavy hair, though she was not considered beautiful. She was a singer almost from infancy, and when at play she sang with the gayety of a bird. Long afterwards she said of her childhood: "I sang with every step I took and with every jump my feet made." She had a pet cat with a blue ribbon around its neck, and she sang to the cat hour after hour.

One day as she sat singing to her cat a lady from the Royal Opera House was passing by and heard the sweet, birdlike voice from the widow of their humble cottage. She was struck with the marvelous sweetness of the child-voice, the most wonderful she had ever heard. She made the acquaintance of the family, and said to Mrs. Lind that her daughter should by all means be educated for the stage.

Mrs. Lind, however, had a prejudice against the stage and would not give her consent. But it was afterwards arranged that Jenny be educated at the expense of the Government. After several years of hard study and severe training, she made her *début* at the Royal Opera, at Stockholm, as a public singer. It was March 7, 1838, and all her life thereafter she held this date in sacred memory. She was timid and by no means sure of success when she went before the great audience that assembled to hear her; but after the first note all fear was gone. She knew her

power. Years afterwards she said: "I got up that morning one creature; I went to bed another creature. I had found my power." The people were wild with enthusiasm over her wonderful voice, and her fame soon spread to foreign lands. In the great cities of Europe, Berlin, Vienna, London, she was called to sing and the crowds that gathered blocked the streets for many squares. No greater reception could have been given a queen.

Not only was Jenny Lind the greatest singer of her age; she was also a woman of the noblest and purest type. It was said that she had the manners of a princess, the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel. She earned vast sums of money and gave much more than half of it to the poor. She was a devout Lutheran, and her religion was deep as life itself. She declared that she took more pleasure in giving her money to the needy than in receiving the applause of the multitudes. Mendelssohn, the great composer, declared that he had never met in his life so noble, so true and real an art nature as Jenny Lind. Hans Christian Andersen, the famous fable writer, said that through Jenny Lind he first became sensible to the holiness of art.

The fame of this great singer spread to America and Mr. P. T. Barnum secured her services for a tour of the United States. Barnum was noted for his humbugs, but in this instance he did a true service for the American people. Vast crowds of people lined the streets of New York city to greet the wonderful singer when she first landed. The tickets for

the first concert were sold at auction, and some of them brought more than $600. Jenny's share of the first concert amounted to $10,000, and she gave every dollar of it to the charities of the city.

As she proceeded from city to city the people gathered in uncounted thousands to see her pass along the streets and her concert halls were always packed. In Rochester, N. Y., there were some who bought standing room in a building across the street from the concert hall. It was said that any one who heard the voice of Jenny Lind continued to hear it ring in his ears to the end of his life. There was a pathetic something in her voice that moved an audience to tears—not tears of sadness, but of emotion.

The great kindness of heart of Jenny Lind and her deep religious nature were as remarkable as her singing. In America she not only gave a great stimulus to the study of music, she also left a chain of charities wherever she went. She loved to help the poor whenever she could. Many are the stories of her kindness. Here are a few:

In Boston a working girl came to the ticket office, threw down three dollars and said, "There goes half a month's savings, but I must hear Jenny Lind." The ticket agent told Jenny of the incident and she asked if he would know the girl again when he saw her. He answered that he would, and she said, "Please, then, give her this twenty-dollar bill for me."

At Bath, England, she saw an aged woman at the door of an almshouse and spoke to her, as she often

did to the unfortunate. The woman said, "I have lived a long time in the world, and I desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"And would it really make you happy?" asked the stranger.

"Aye, that it would, but poor folks such as us can't go to the playhouse, and I shall never see her."

"Don't be so sure of that. Let us go into the house." As they entered and sat down Jenny sang one of her sweetest songs. The old lady was moved to tears and her visitor said, "Now you have heard Jenny Lind," and took her departure.

In one city she heard of a young man who had intended to attend her concert, but fell sick and could not do so. She made a long journey through the city to find him. She found him lying on a couch and his wife sitting by. She introduced herself and told them her errand. She had come to sing for them—and did so.

Jenny Lind's share of her earnings in America reached about $175,000, most of which she gave away. The American school children presented her with a beautiful patchwork quilt. This she admired very much and declared that she wished to have it buried with her. She spent the last years of her life in England, singing only now and then, always for charity, spending most of her time in religious work among the poor and wretched. Her beautiful life came to a close in 1887, and the patchwork quilt, which she had kept nearly forty years, was buried with her, as she had requested.

Louis Kossuth

Another foreigner visited our shores in 1851 and attracted almost as much attention as Jenny Lind—Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. Kossuth was born in 1802 and was of noble descent. While still a young man he became widely known as an unselfish and fearless advocate of reform in politics.

Hungary was oppressed by the Austrian Government and Kossuth denounced the oppression with overpowering eloquence. He was thrown into prison by the tyrants who ruled over his country because he was a lover of liberty and had the courage to say so. For three years he languished in prison and on his release he again took up the cause of his people.

The year 1848 was a notable year in Europe. There were revolutions (risings of the people for change of government) in various countries and among them was Hungary. The people of that country determined to throw off the Austrian yoke, and one of the leaders of this movement was Louis Kossuth. He was then a member of the Hungarian Diet, or Congress. He declared with burning eloquence that his people must strike for independence and they did. Kossuth was made dictator with absolute power. He soon had a large army in the field—too large to be overcome by the Austrians. It seemed that Hungary was about to win its entire independence, and this would have made Kossuth a Washing-

ton in history. But at this point Austria called on Russia for aid and the Czar sent a great army against the Hungarians.

Thus ended the hopes of Hungarian independence. Kossuth fled from his native land and took refuge in Turkey. The Austrian Government demanded that the Sultan of Turkey should give up Kossuth. The object was to bring him back and put him to death for treason and rebellion.

Strange it seems to us that a man who gives his life to the holy cause of liberty should be the object of persecution in any country. When Austria and Russia demanded that this noble man be given over to the hands of his deadly enemies, England and the United States became interested and encouraged the Sultan not to yield. President Fillmore then invited Kossuth to visit America and sent a Government vessel to bring him. Austria did not like such a proceeding, of course, but the American people did not care whether Austria liked it or not.

Kossuth first went to England, where he was received with the highest honor by all classes of society. He then crossed the Atlantic and reached the United States in December, 1851. No other foreigner, except Lafayette and Jenny Lind, had ever received such an ovation as that given to Kossuth. People recalled the dark days of our own Revolution, when our fathers had fought in the glorious cause of liberty and won, while Kossuth had failed. The heart of the nation went out to him. The streets of the cities were thronged with multitudes wherever he went.

Kossuth hats and Kossuth overcoats became the fashionable craze.

In New York a great street parade was preceded by a mass meeting at Castle Garden and followed by an immense banquet, presided over by William Cullen Bryant, the poet. Kossuth visited many cities and in each he addressed large crowds of people. He was a man of wonderful eloquence, and he spoke the English language as fluently as his own.

But in the end his visit was a disappointment. His great object was to enlist the aid of our Government in defending down-trodden Hungary. This would have been against our policy, as laid down in Washington's proclamation of neutrality. Our course had always been to take no part in the wars and broils of Europe which did not concern our interests, and we could not make an exception in the case of Hungary. Kossuth had a long talk about the matter with Henry Clay and other leading statesmen, but received little encouragement.

After spending several months in America, the great Hungarian returned to Europe, but not to his own land. He made his home in Turin, in northern Italy. Here he spent the evening of his life, studying and writing on the subject of human government, the undying flame of liberty ever burning in his soul. He died in 1894 at the great age of ninety-two years. The world has not forgotten him, and it never will.

The career of this grand old man was by no means a failure. He was an example to the world of a

high-born patriot to whom liberty was dearer than life itself. And further, it was largely through his efforts and principles that Hungary later secured a larger degree of liberty than she enjoyed at the time of his exile.

Lewis Cass

Though not very well known to the ordinary reader of to-day, Lewis Cass was in his day one of the most prominent men in America. Like many of our leading men he was a descendant of ancestors who came to New England early in our colonial period. His father served under Washington and was in nearly all the battles fought on northern soil. He married and settled in Exeter, N. H., in 1781, and the following year Lewis was born.

In after years Lewis said to his friends that he literally saw the United States born. It will be remembered that the framers of the Constitution decided that it should go into operation if nine States ratified it, and New Hampshire was the ninth State to do so.

"It was in the summer of 1788," said Cass, "that New Hampshire ratified the Constitution, and the day was one of great rejoicing by the people. My mother held me in her arms at a window from which I saw the bonfires in the streets and heard the shouts of the people."

In the early nineties Mr. Cass left his little family for a time to serve in the Indian wars in Ohio, under General Anthony Wayne. Here he, like many an-

other, became fascinated with the attractions of the frontier; he went back to New Hampshire and moved with his family to Ohio. Lewis was a lad of seventeen when he came to Marietta and joined the colony that had been founded by Rufus Putnam. Here he soon began the study of law.

The family moved up the Muskingum and located on a farm near Zanesville. Lewis also came to that city, then a little frontier village, with streets lined with stumps and underbrush, and began the practice of his profession. He was the first lawyer to be admitted to the bar in the newly formed State of Ohio. The frontier lawyer in those days had no easy time. Frequently Lewis Cass traveled on horseback or on foot through the forest to some distant county seat to try a case. He also spent much of his time on his father's farm. One day a friend from the East came to see him and found him pounding corn in a hollow stump near his father's door. In the absence of a mill the pioneer would reduce his corn to meal in this way.

Lewis Cass was elected to the State legislature while still a very young man, and an occasion soon arose by which he attracted national attention. It was at this time that Aaron Burr was hatching his plot along the Ohio River to sever the Union, as was believed, and to set up a new nation in the West. And it was Cass who drew up a resolution in the legislature, which was passed, to seize Burr's boats at the mouth of the Muskingum. This was done by the State militia, and President Thomas Jefferson

acknowledged that it was the first blow struck against Burr's conspiracy.

President Jefferson did not forget the part played by young Cass in the legislature and soon afterwards appointed him a United States marshal.

A few years later came the War of 1812. Early in the spring of that year Ohio raised three regiments of soldiers and Lewis Cass was made a general and put in command of one of them. He was sent North with his regiment to join General Hull, who was in command of Detroit. A few days before this a little vessel, steaming up the Detroit River to bring provisions to Hull, was captured by the British, who occupied Fort Malden on the east bank of the river. It was decided to send a man from Detroit to the British fort to ask for the release of the prisoners who had been captured with the American vessel.

General Cass was chosen for the task. He crossed the river and approached the British fort bearing a flag of truce. Met by the guards, he was asked what was his errand. He told them and they blindfolded him and led him within the fort to the commanding officer. A custom of warfare is to blindfold a man who goes on an errand within the enemy's lines, so that he cannot carry any important information back to his people.

Cass was not successful in securing the release of the prisoners, and soon after his return to Detroit the American army crossed the river to attack Fort Malden. Cass and the other young officers were very eager for the attack, but Hull seemed afraid, and

after hovering about for a few days, led his army back to Detroit. Cass was filled with disgust at such action, and this was increased tenfold when, a short time afterwards, Hull surrendered Detroit and all Michigan to the British, without striking a blow. Cass declared that he would never hand over his sword to a British officer and broke it across a stone.

When the people of Ohio and Kentucky heard of the disgraceful surrender they were furious, and the young men volunteered in such numbers that they could not all be accepted in the army. The result was that the British could hold Michigan but little more than a year, when it came again in the possession of the United States. General Cass was then appointed Governor of Michigan, and he held the position for eighteen years.

A more vigorous governor than General Cass proved to be could not be found. Many of the settlers were French and their methods of farming were so crude that they were on the point of starvation half the time and Congress had to appropriate money to aid them. Cass did all in his power to induce more American settlers to come to Michigan; but in some way the people of the East had come to believe that Michigan was a barren, uninhabitable country, and few would venture to remove thither. This false impression kept Michigan back for many years, but when the people discovered the truth, that southern Michigan was one of the finest farming regions in the United States, they settled there in large numbers and in 1837 Michigan became a State of the Union.

While Governor of the Territory Cass had to deal with Indian tribes on all sides. He made many treaties with them and usually kept them in a friendly spirit. He made many long journeys through the wilderness to learn about the country and to make himself acquainted with the wants of the natives. He was borne across lake and stream in Indian canoes, and often he spent the night in their wigwams and ate of their scanty meals. On one of these trips he went far into the Northwest, almost to the source of the Mississippi. On this tour he had an exciting experience.

Near the head of Lake Michigan Cass wished to make a treaty with an Indian tribe; but the tribe was hostile and claimed allegiance to England. In a long parley with the chiefs Cass told them that they were on American soil and that he intended to place a garrison there. The chiefs were angry. They withdrew and after a short consultation came out of their tents and raised a British flag in an open place in view of Cass and his party. This meant defiance, and an attack was imminent. Cass now did a bold thing. He walked unarmed right to the British flag, hauled it down and trampled on it. The Indians were so amazed at so brave an act by a man whose party numbered scarcely one tenth of their own that they could not attack him. In fact they signed the treaty just as he dictated it. For years afterwards the members of Cass's party told of this deed as the bravest they had ever witnessed.

But we must hurry on. So honest and so able

had the governorship of Cass been that he was called higher. In 1831 he became secretary of war in the Cabinet of President Jackson. Here he served with much ability for five years. But his health began to decline. He had spent many years in the active, wild life of the Michigan forests and now he found the confining office work in Washington irksome. Twice he offered to resign from the Cabinet, but the President refused to let him go. But in 1836 he determined to leave the Cabinet and President Jackson offered to make him minister to France. This offer he accepted, and in the autumn of that year he arrived in Paris. Here he remained for several years and became an intimate friend of the French king. While in Paris Cass wrote a very interesting book entitled "France, its King, Court, and Government."

When General Cass returned to the United States, in 1842, he was received with much popular applause in Boston, New York and other cities. He had become one of the most popular leaders in the nation and was widely spoken of for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1844. But Mr. Polk of Tennessee was nominated and Cass entered the United States Senate. In that body he became a leader from the start, and before the next four years had passed he was looked upon as the leading Democrat of the country.

In 1848 he was nominated for the Presidency, but owing to the great popularity of old "Rough and Ready" Zachary Taylor, Cass was defeated. He

continued in the Senate nearly ten years longer, when he was called in 1857 to enter the Cabinet of President Buchanan. This was his last public service, after which he retired to Detroit to spend the evening of his life, where he had spent so many years of his young manhood. He was a stanch friend of the Union during the Civil War and rejoiced at its close that the country was not divided. He died in 1866 at the age of eighty-four years.

Four years after Cass's defeat for President in 1848 he had again been urged for the nomination, but was defeated in convention by a man from his native State of New Hampshire, to whom next we turn our attention.

Franklin Pierce

Some of our Presidents will fill but an obscure place in history as compared with the more prominent ones. We do not always elect our greatest statesmen to the great office; but then it must be remembered that no ordinary man could be elected at all, or even nominated by a great party.

Franklin Pierce was one of our less prominent Presidents who has not left a great name in history. He was the son of a soldier of the Revolution and was born in New Hampshire in 1804. His father rose to prominence and was twice elected Governor of the State.

The boy Franklin received his first lessons in patriotism sitting at the family hearthstone listening

to his father and his Revolutionary comrades talk over the joys and sorrows of a soldier's life—the march and the camp fire, the bugle call to battle, and at last the home-coming after the long war was over and independence had been won.

Franklin's mother was a Christian woman of the highest character, and she instilled into her boy a spirit of gentleness, courtesy, and manliness that characterized him through life. In 1820 he entered Bowdoin College, and as a student he was always winning and popular and stood high in his class. Among his fellow students were Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry W. Longfellow. After graduating he applied himself to the study of law, and soon after being admitted to the bar he was sent to the State legislature. Here he served a few years, when, at the age of twenty-nine, he was elected to Congress, and after serving four years in the House, he was elected to the United States Senate.

Pierce entered the Senate at the beginning of the Presidential term of Martin Van Buren, March 4, 1837. He was then only thirty-three, the youngest man in the Senate. The great leaders in the Senate at that time were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Thomas H. Benton, and James Buchanan. Among such men the young senator from New Hampshire could not expect to make much of a figure. Pierce never became a great leader, but he was a hard worker, a fluent speaker, and always courteous to an opponent. He was a faithful adherent of the Democratic Party.

Mr. Pierce did not remain many years in the Senate. He resigned owing to the failing health of his wife. Soon after this he declined a nomination for governor of New Hampshire, and when Mr. Polk became President, in 1845, he offered Mr. Pierce a place in his Cabinet; this offer was also declined.

But when the Mexican War broke out Pierce heeded the call of his country. He had heard much about warfare, as we have seen, when a boy, listening to his father and the neighbors talking about the Revolution. Now he volunteered and the President soon appointed him a general. He set out for Mexico in May, 1847, to join General Scott. But Scott had already captured Vera Cruz and fought the battle of Cerro Gordo, and was now far on his mountain journey toward the City of Mexico.

With an army of 2,400 men General Pierce landed on the Mexican coast and began his march up the steep and rugged mountains. The weather was so hot that they could not endure the tropical sun at midday. They would begin their march at daybreak and after several hours' marching they would stop for five or six hours in the middle of the day, then resume their journey in the evening. Several times the army was fired on by Mexican mountain rangers, and at one time a musket ball passed through the rim of General Pierce's hat.

General Scott knew that Pierce was coming with reënforcements and waited for him at the town of Puebla. Here Pierce joined him on August 7, and Scott decided to advance on the City of Mexico.

The next item on the programme proved to be a sharp battle at Contreras, in which General Pierce almost lost his life. The irrepressible Santa Anna whom we have met in Texas, at Buena Vista, and at Cerro Gordo, now confronted the Americans with an army. As Pierce was riding at the head of his troops over a rough place in the face of the enemy's fire, his horse fell among the rocks and almost crushed its rider. He was severely hurt and stunned. An officer ran to his assistance, and as he was carrying the general to the shelter of a rock, a shell buried itself at their feet and exploded, covering them with stones and sand. The general's horse had broken its leg and had to be killed. But an hour later, when he was partially recovered from the shock, he was assisted in mounting another horse and a few minutes later he was again in the hottest of the battle, where he remained to the end of the day.

That night Pierce slept on an ammunition wagon while his men lay down on the wet ground, soaked by a dashing rain. At one o'clock in the morning he received orders from General Scott to put his brigade in a new position and be ready to reopen the battle at daybreak. There was no more sleep that night for Pierce and his army, and the fight was renewed with great vigor in the morning. While the battle was raging Pierce met General Scott, who, seeing that he was still suffering greatly from his fall, said to him,

"Pierce, my dear fellow, you are badly injured. You are not fit to be in the saddle."

"Yes, General, in a case like this I am," answered Pierce.

Scott looked at him for a moment and said, "General Pierce, you are rash. I fear we shall lose you. It is my duty to order you back to Florida."

But Pierce pleaded so earnestly to be permitted to remain that his chief consented. Again he rode into the battle, but before night he was found lying by a ditch almost unconscious from pain and fatigue. Some soldiers started to carry him to a place of safety, but he said faintly,

"No, let me lie here where I can see all."

This was at the battle of Cherubusco, one of the bloodiest of the war. The Americans won and the war was soon over. General Pierce slowly recovered and a few months later we find him again with his wife and child among the peaceful hills of New Hampshire.

A few years later—in 1852—these two soldier-friends, Winfield Scott and Franklin Pierce, became opposing candidates for the Presidency of the United States. Scott was nominated by the Whigs and Pierce by the Democrats. Pierce was a very popular man. He had made friends on every side and he was elected by a very large majority.

A few days before the inauguration, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce met with a great sorrow. Their only child, a bright and lovable boy of ten years, was killed in a railroad accident, right before their eyes, while they themselves narrowly escaped the same fate.

As President, Franklin Pierce soon began to lose

his popularity. One cause was that he made too many promises which he could not fulfill. Another was that on the great slavery question that agitated the country he seemed to sympathize with the South. The people of the North lost confidence in him, and the South, seeing that his popularity was on the wane, was not at all enthusiastic for his renomination. The Democrats believed that, in order to win the election of 1856, it would be necessary for them to carry Pennsylvania, and they felt that there was but one man in the party, himself a Pennsylvanian, who could win in that State. That man was

James Buchanan

Another of our Presidents who cannot be placed in the highest rank was James Buchanan. For more than forty years Mr. Buchanan had been in public life when he was nominated for the highest office in the land, in 1856. He was born in a cabin in 1791 near Mercersburg, Pa., on the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, in a "romantic spot where the towering summits rose grandly all around."

James's father was Scotch-Irish, he had come to America after the Revolution, had married a farmer's daughter and settled in this lonely spot. When James was eight years old the family moved to the town of Mercersburg, where James was placed in school. He was a bright boy and learned rapidly. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Dickinson College, at Carlisle. At college he showed unusual tal-

ent and had no superior in application to his studies. In 1809 he was graduated with the highest honors of his class. Three years later he became a lawyer and settled in Lancaster. Here he rose in his profession and soon became one of the leading lawyers in Pennsylvania.

In 1820 James Buchanan was elected to Congress from his district and was reëlected regularly until he had served ten years. In Congress he was faithful and industrious, but never spectacular. When General Jackson became President he appointed Mr. Buchanan Minister to Russia, where he remained four years and returned to the United States.

Almost immediately after his return he was elected to the United States Senate.

As a debater in the Senate he was always to be found on the side of President Jackson. He was a strong debater, but was not a great national leader, as compared with Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun.

When James K. Polk became President, in 1845, he chose Mr. Buchanan for the foremost place in his Cabinet, that of secretary of state. In this office Buchanan served during the whole of Polk's administration.

The secretary of state had control, under the direction of the President, of all foreign relations, and during these four years there were several great questions to be settled. One of these was the making of the treaty with Mexico at the close of the war, and another was the settling of the Oregon boundary with

England. Buchanan managed these matters with much ability and to the satisfaction of everyone.

When Franklin Pierce became President he appointed Mr. Buchanan Minister to England and for the next four years he made his home in London. Here he enjoyed life and was very popular in the high political and social circles of the British metropolis.

But with all the high positions filled by James Buchanan up to this time, he was to enjoy still higher honors. When his party was ready to choose a candidate for President in 1856, it turned spontaneously to Buchanan.

The fierce conflicts of the preceding four years had weakened every other leading Democrat; but Buchanan, being absent from the country, had not suffered from this cause and his popularity was not diminished. He was nominated by the convention and the newly founded Republican party nominated John C. Fremont for President.

Buchanan won in the election and the next four years he spent in the White House in Washington. He was a bachelor, and the mistress of the White House during the four years was his accomplished niece, his adopted daughter, Harriet Lane. While he was Minister to England she was always with him and by her wit and beauty she attracted much attention. Queen Victoria showed special preference to Miss Lane. In Paris and other cities where she went with her uncle she was called the girl queen. Oxford University bestowed on Mr. Buchanan the

degree of Doctor of Laws (and on the poet Tennyson the same day), and when Miss Lane entered the hall the whole student body rose and cheered.

In the White House Harriet Lane came near reaching the social height attained by the famous Dolly Madison. Warships, societies, articles of apparel and ornament were given her name. It has been said, and is probably true, that no other young woman in the country had ever received equal honor with Harriet Lane. While she was mistress of the White House the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII of England, visited this country and was entertained by the President and his accomplished niece. And he spoke highly of the charming grace of his popular hostess.

But notwithstanding all this, the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan was not very successful. The great slavery subject, including the troubles in "Bleeding Kansas," kept the country in a turmoil, and President Buchanan, though a Northern man, generally gave his sympathies to the slave holders. When the Southern States began to secede from the Union, Buchanan was in a dilemma. He quibbled and hesitated not knowing what to do, and thus he lost the respect of both sides. But when the war broke out, after his term of office was over, he was heartily in favor of saving the Union at any cost.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

The most popular book ever written in America was written by a woman. The woman was Harriet

Beecher Stowe and the book was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was born in Litchfield, Ct., in 1811. Her father was the famous preacher, Lyman Beecher, and her brother was the more famous Henry Ward Beecher.

When Harriet was but four years old a great sorrow, the death of her mother, came into her young life. In after years she fondly recounted the few little incidents about her mother which she remembered. Among other things she remembered was the funeral—the weeping friends in mourning, the subdued conversation, the uncontrollable grief of her father, the black hearse with its nodding plumes that bore the loved one away to her last resting place. Little Henry Ward was too young to understand, and he continued his innocent, frolicking play in ignorant joy.

Mrs. Beecher left several sons, and her wish that all of them enter the ministry was carried out. And they all testified in later life that all through their childhood and youth they were strengthened against the temptations of evil by the sacred memory of their departed mother.

Soon after her mother's death Harriet was taken by an aunt to her home for a long stay. They traveled all day in a wagon and arrived after dark at a little white farmhouse. This was to be her home for many months. Here she listened every evening to the broken voice of her good, white-haired grandmother reading from her Bible and prayer book; here, with the coming of spring, she strolled over

the grassy fields and sand hills, as happy as the birds which she imitated in their songs of gladness.

At length Harriet was taken back to her home at Litchfield, and two years after her mother's death she had a stepmother, whom she described in later years as a sweet, lovable woman, a true mother in every respect. Harriet was sent to the academy in Litchfield as soon as she was old enough to be admitted, and at the age of twelve she wrote an essay, which was read at a public exhibition. The subject was certainly an unusual one for a child: "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved from the Light of Nature?" Her father, who was present at the reading, could scarcely believe that his little daughter had written it.

Sometimes, in the golden October days, Harriet accompanied her father and brothers on long excursions to the woods to gather nuts, and sometimes to a fishing lake where she was often as successful as they and on her return home displayed her string of fish in triumph to everyone she saw.

Of books Harriet had few in girlhood. Her father was a Puritan of the strict kind, and his library contained little aside from learned works on theology. Harriet one day found an old copy of "The Arabian Nights," a treasure that gave her many a day of entertainment.

Sir Walter Scott was at this time writing his novels, but few of the Puritans approved of reading novels of any kind, and at first Sir Walter was barred from the Beecher home. But one day Dr. Beecher said to his children:

"You may read Scott's novels, if you like. I have always disapproved of novels as trash, but in these there are real genius and culture. Yes, you may read them."

And they did read them. In one summer the Beecher children went through "Ivanhoe" seven times.

Lord Byron was a prominent British poet at this time. Harriet one day came in possession of "The Corsair," one of his poems, and for many hours she entertained herself with it. Dr. Beecher was also a great admirer of Byron's genius, and when the word came that Byron had died in Greece, the family was deeply moved. "Oh, I'm sorry Byron is dead! I did hope he would live to do something for Christ," said Dr. Beecher. He also expressed deep regret that he could not have seen the poet while he lived and presented to him his views of religious truth. This deep religious conviction, coupled with admiration for genius, pervaded the whole Beecher family.

When Harriet was about fourteen she was sent to Hartford to school. She began the study of Latin and within a year she translated some of the poems of Ovid into English verse. The work was considered very creditable and was read publicly at the final exhibition. She also wrote a drama at this time which showed great maturity of mind for one of her age. She was at this period intensely anxious to become a poet.

For some years Harriet was quite unhappy. She

looked within and brooded over herself. She was naturally gay and joyous, but the morbid feature of the Puritanic religion took a deep hold on her, and her fear that she was incapable of being sufficiently sorrowful for her sins gave her great uneasiness. But by the time she was twenty she had a new awakening. Her eyes were opened to new light. She resolved that she would not sit in a corner and brood; she would go into society; she would spend her energy in being kind to others; she would force herself to forget the unpleasant things of the past and remember only the good. Henceforth she was happy and cheerful.

After fifteen years' service in Litchfield, her father was called to a prominent church in Boston. Here he remained but six years, when he was called to Cincinnati, Ohio, to become president of Lane Seminary, just founded in that city. Harriet went also to Cincinnati with the family intending to teach school. They went by stage to Wheeling, where they took a river boat to their new place of abode. They moved into a house on Walnut Hills, now one of the fine residence sections of the city. Of the house in which they lived Harriet wrote to a friend in Connecticut: "The house we are at present inhabiting is the most inconvenient, ill-arranged, good for nothing and altogether to be execrated affair that was ever put together." About her little four-year-old brother Jamie, she humorously writes:

"Speaking of the temptation of cities, I have much solicitude on Jamie's account lest he should form

improper intimacies, for yesterday we saw him parading by the house with his arm over the neck of a great hog, apparently on the most amicable terms; and the other day he actually got on the back of one and rode some distance."

Harriet was soon busy teaching in the Queen City, but it was not long until she found her true occupation. The *Western Magazine* offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best story; she entered the contest and won easily. From this time she wrote many short stories and sketches. One of her dearest friends in Cincinnati was Mrs. Eliza Stowe, a bright young woman of about her own age and wife of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe and with her and her learned husband Harriet spent many a happy hour.

In 1834, after two years in her new home, Harriet Beecher made a trip to New England to see her brother Henry Ward graduate at Amherst College. When she returned to the West she found Professor Stowe in the deepest sorrow. His young wife had died. Harriet extended to him her genuine sympathy and it seemed to relieve his loneliness to talk with her, the bosom friend of his departed wife. Their friendship grew and two years later they were married. Thus Harriet Beecher took the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the name by which she became known throughout the world. Soon after his marriage Professor Stowe was chosen by the Ohio legislature to go to Europe to study the school systems abroad for the benefit of the public schools of Ohio. He answered the summons, and, not able to

take his young wife with him, they were separated for a time.

It was about this time that Mrs. Stowe began seriously to study the slavery question. Just across the Ohio from Cincinnati was Kentucky, a slave State, and she had been a guest on a large estate where she saw many phases of slave life. One of the students of Lane Seminary had lectured in the South against slavery and had made some converts. Among them was James G. Birney, who freed his slaves, moved to Cincinnati and started an anti-slavery paper. The sympathizers with slavery in Cincinnati were very numerous, and they incited a mob which broke into Mr. Birney's printing office and destroyed his press. Mrs. Stowe had received runaway slaves into her own home; she had heard the woeful cry of an oppressed race, and all these things had sunk deeply into her soul.

Now came a change in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Stowe. Several children had been born to them and their salary was too small to make ends meet. For seventeen years Professor Stowe had served Lane Seminary, then came a call to a professorship from Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., from which he had graduated. He accepted and moved East.

It was soon after reaching Brunswick that the great life work of Mrs. Stowe began—the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Amid many household cares the story shaped itself in her mind and was written in weekly installments and first published as a serial in the *National Era* of Washington. It

came out in book form in March, 1852. Within a few days ten thousand copies were sold and more than three hundred thousand within a year.

Soon after the book was published Mrs. Stowe was in Brooklyn, at the home of her brother, Henry Ward Beecher. Jenny Lind was again singing in New York. Hearing of Mrs. Stowe's presence, she sent her an autograph note, enclosing tickets to her concert. Mrs. Stowe answered in a note of thanks and a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She attended the concert and afterwards wrote of the great Swedish singer: "We have heard Jenny Lind, and the affair was a bewildering dream of sweetness and beauty. . . . She had the artless grace of a little child, the poetic effect of a wood nymph. . . . She is a noble creature."

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we have a picture of slave life, of an institution of the past, that can be found nowhere else. Who can read of the pathetic life and death of Uncle Tom and of little Eva, of the brutal Legree, of the philosophic indolence of St. Clair, of the irrepressible Topsy—who can read these characters as Mrs. Stowe sketched them and ever forget the picture?

The book sold rapidly in England and public meetings were held in many English towns and addresses adopted and sent to the author. The book was translated into every modern European language and was sold by the hundred thousands. Mrs. Stowe wrote many other books, but none to compare with this in popularity. She made several trips to Europe and

was received with high honors in every class of society. She rejoiced to see the downfall of slavery and received many congratulations for the part she had played in bringing freedom to a downtrodden race.

Mrs. Stowe lived to a serene old age, dying in 1896 at the age of eighty-five years. Her last years were spent in Hartford, Ct., and in Florida where also she maintained a home.

Salmon Portland Chase

One of the strong characters during the Civil War and the years just preceding was Salmon P. Chase, who was born in New Hampshire in 1808. When the boy was but nine years old his father died, leaving a widow and ten children, some of whom were grown. The younger children, among them Salmon, were kept in school.

Salmon had an uncle, Philander Chase, who was a bishop in the Episcopal Church. He was located in Ohio, and after going to England to raise funds, he founded Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio. In 1820 he took little Salmon, now a boy of twelve years, to this new State on the frontier. At Worthington, near Columbus, the bishop had a school and Salmon spent two years here doing farm work and attending school.

At the end of this time Bishop Chase was elected president of Cincinnati College and he took his nephew with him to Cincinnati where he entered the college as a student. A year later, however, the

bishop resigned his office and Salmon returned to his home in New Hampshire. He then entered Dartmouth College, which was near his birthplace, and was graduated in 1826.

After his graduation Chase went to Washington City to start a private school, a "select classical school," but when he came to open it there was but one pupil.

Chase was discouraged and, as he had an uncle, another brother of his father, in the United States Senate, he applied to him for a government clerkship. The uncle advised him never to enter the government service and offered him fifty cents to buy a spade—a hint probably that he had better work on a farm than to become a government clerk.

But the youth made no use of the spade. He succeeded in his school project and for three years he taught successfully in the capital city, living in the family of William Wirt, attorney-general of the United States. Those early years in Washington were useful to young Chase, as he learned much of national affairs and met many public men, though he little dreamed that many of his later years would be spent in high official life in that city.

Chase had a laudable ambition to be somebody of importance in the world, but at times he seemed to despair of the future. We find in his diary the following:

"I am almost twenty-two, and have, as yet, attained but the threshold of knowledge. I have formed but few settled opinions, and have examined

but few subjects. . . . The end of the year has come around and finds me almost in the very spot I was at its commencement. I have learned little and have forgotten much, and, really, to conclude the future from the past, I almost despair of making any figure in the world."

Having read law for a time Chase was admitted to the bar and decided to go West and grow up with the country. He chose Cincinnati as his adopted home, where he had spent a year as a student while a boy. He was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1830, and opened a law office in the Queen City. Then, like many a young lawyer, he sat down to wait for clients. After a long wait one came and gave him fifty cents for writing a deed. But the next one that came borrowed the fifty cents and Chase never saw it again.

Mr. Chase, however, became one of the leading lawyers of the city within four or five years after he first opened his office. He made a fortunate hit by publishing in three volumes " The Laws of Ohio." Of course such a work could not have brought him much money; but it did something better, it made its author known to every judge and every prominent lawyer in the State and to a great many jurists outside the State.

In 1834 Mr. Chase married a lovely girl named Catherine Jane Garniss, but a year and a half later she died, leaving him a little daughter. He was greatly devoted to the child, but she died at the age of four and the fond father was left disconsolate.

Chase was a man of such a strong, positive nature that he could not keep from taking sides on the slavery question. As we noticed in the case of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Cincinnati was on the border of slave land and scarcely any of its people could hold a neutral ground on this great subject. Lane Seminary, of which Dr. Beecher was president, became a hotbed of slavery discussion, and in 1834 the trustees decided that the students should not discuss the question. But many of them refused to obey and left the seminary.

Many of the students were downright abolitionists and they made frequent excursions into Kentucky to preach their doctrines and make converts. And frequently they succeeded. One of the men converted was a Mr. John Van Zandt, a Kentucky farmer, who set his slaves free, crossed the river into Ohio, and bought a farm. Later he harbored fugitive slaves in his house and for this he was arrested and thrown into prison. Where was there a lawyer with courage enough to defend Van Zandt in an unpopular cause? One was found in Salmon P. Chase.

Mr. Chase had been leaning toward the anti-slavery cause for some years. He had made enemies and lost business; but he knew no fear. He now took up the Van Zandt case, and after making his plea, as he was leaving the court room one of the judges remarked:

"There goes a young man who has ruined himself to-day," and perhaps everyone present believed the same thing.

He lost the case and carried it to the Supreme Court, where he lost again. Perhaps the justice of the higher court had the same opinion as the Cincinnati judge had expressed. No one dreamed that Mr. Chase himself would fill the place of Chief Justice of the United States, but so it turned out.

Another instance in which Chase became interested was the case of a young slave woman named Matilda, whose owner was a Missouri planter. She was so light in color that she could easily pass for a white woman. One day as she and her master were going down the Ohio by boat the vessel stopped at Cincinnati, and Matilda slipped away and was soon lost in the streets of the city. She found employment in the house of Mr. Birney, whose printing press had been destroyed by the mob. Here she remained for nearly a year, when she was found by an agent of her owner. Mr. Chase was engaged to defend her in the trial, but he lost the case and Matilda was taken back into slavery. Soon after this she was "sold down the river," that is, to the far South, and she was probably never again heard of by those who had known her before.

Mr. Birney was then arrested for harboring a fugitive, which was against the law, and Mr. Chase was engaged to defend him. He lost in the lower court, but won in the supreme court of Ohio.

In many such cases Chase became interested. He was the most prominent anti-slavery worker in Ohio. He received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country asking his advice—from runaway slaves or

from masters who wished to set their slaves free. He became known as the "attorney-general of the fugitive slaves." But his side was the unpopular one and he lost many of his best friends and a great deal of practice that he might have had.

Our chapter is becoming too long and we must close by giving simply an outline of Chase's later life. In 1849 he was elected to the United States Senate and then really began his great career. He was one of the leaders of that body from the start. In 1856 he became Governor of Ohio, and after four years in this position he reëntered the Senate. This was the time of the beginning of the Civil War and President Lincoln asked Chase to enter his Cabinet as secretary of the treasury. He was one of the great financiers of our history.

In 1864 Chase left the Cabinet and soon afterwards Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a position which he held till his death in 1873.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DECADE BEFORE THE WAR

IT is not our purpose in this book to enter deeply into questions of politics and of government. But some notice of the events just preceding the great Civil War will be necessary to an understanding of the war itself.

The events of this period were of a stirring nature, but they are not well known to the average American citizen, perhaps for the reason that the war itself which followed overshadowed and eclipsed the years that had preceded. A lofty hill may look small if it stands near a mountain.

The one great subject of this period was slavery. It absorbed the people's attention everywhere. It was heard from the pulpit and the rostrum and in the legislative halls. The newspapers and magazines were full of the subject and books were written on it.

We were the last of the great nations to do away with slavery. A hundred years before this time almost all the countries of Europe had slaves, but all had set them free; so had Mexico and the countries of South America. Slavery still existed in the southern United States, and on account of it there was an unceasing quarrel between that section and the North.

The South wished to extend slave territory, but the North believed slavery to be wrong and opposed its extension. So came the quarrel, and later the war—the greatest civil war in history.

Lopez and Walker

In August, 1851, a vessel named the *Pampero,* launched out from the harbor of New Orleans into the Gulf of Mexico on a strange mission. It was a time of peace throughout the Western Hemisphere, but the *Pampero* carried 500 armed men. Their commander was a man past fifty, with a strange glare in his eye, and with a notable record behind him.

It was Narisco Lopez. He was a native of Venezuela and had fought in the war between that country and Spain. Next we find him in Spain fighting in the Carlist War. That being over, he spent a few years in Cuba; but a quiet life did not suit the adventurous Lopez. He began to plot for a revolution in Cuba, an uprising against Spain. The Cubans did not readily respond and Lopez came to the Southern States and planned an expedition to Cuba.

Many of the slaveholders were eager for more slave States, and what a fine, big one Cuba would make. Lopez made them believe that the Cubans would rise against Spain, if they had a bold leader, and would gladly join the United States. From the slaveholders he collected money for this expedition.

It is true that Lopez had tried this same thing

the year before, on a smaller scale, and had not been successful; but he felt sure of success now. Secretly they prepared so that the Government officials would not detect them, and in August, 1851, they swung out into the gulf and spread their sails for Cuba.

In a day or two they landed on the island; but the natives did not rise up to welcome them. They moved toward the interior, and were soon attacked by a Spanish army. The Cuban people joined with the Spaniards and Lopez and nearly all his army were captured. Most of them, including Colonel Crittenden, son of a famous United States senator, were put to death. Lopez himself, on the first day of September, was garroted (choked to death with the garrote, an iron collar) in the public square in Havana in the presence of thousands of people.

William Walker was another filibuster, more visionary, perhaps, than Lopez, and he engaged in the same kind of business with the same result. He was an American adventurer, born in Tennessee. He was a kind of Jack of all trades, a restless spirit who had one great passion—the extension of slave territory.

With a small band of kindred spirits he sailed from California in 1855 for Nicaragua. In a short time he gained control of the country, having put its president to death. He then proclaimed laws establishing slavery, though slavery had been abolished in that country for thirty-two years.

Walker held the government for two years, but gradually lost power. At length he was captured

by an American war vessel and carried to New York for trial; but he was acquitted and was soon on his way back to Central America. This time he was overpowered on the coast of Honduras and fell into the hands of the commander of a British war vessel. He was then handed over to the natives, who made short work of him. He was shot to death. His expedition, like those of Lopez, resulted in nothing, except that it stirred up the slavery question and brought his own death. Thus ended the filibustering expeditions.

The Passing of Two Great Men

Two of the ablest statesmen in American history were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Their names are often linked together. Both entered public life when young men and each served his country till the coming of old age. Both were leaders of the same great party—the Whig party. They were usually, but not always, friendly to each other. Clay was a great party leader; Webster was a great lawyer and orator. Both passed away the same year—1852.

Henry Clay was a party leader of great popularity and the founder of the Whig party. He was a candidate for President three times, but each time missed the great prize. He was secretary of state in Monroe's Cabinet and served in the House and Senate for many years.

Seldom indeed in our history has a public man

had such a faithful, lifelong following as Henry Clay, and the fact that he never became President does not detract from his fame.

When the Whig convention met in Baltimore in the early summer of 1852 the great founder of the party lay dying in Washington. Scarcely a week after the convention had adjourned the news was flashed over the land that Henry Clay had passed to the great beyond. He had reached the age of seventy-five and his strength had been failing for some years, yet the news of his death came as a shock to his hosts of friends, who were loath to give up their beloved leader.

Sad and slow was the funeral procession which moved to the mournful music through the streets of Washington, and thousands were the mourners. After being taken through the various cities of the East, where great multitudes viewed the remains, the body was carried across the Alleghanies and laid to rest in Kentucky, which had been Clay's adopted State since his early manhood.

Daniel Webster was a few years younger than Clay. The two men were very unlike. Webster was not a party leader, nor did he win a large following. He was a splendid orator and a profound lawyer and the people admired and praised him, but they did not love him as they loved Clay.

Webster, too, aspired to the presidency of the United States, but never received the nomination of his party. He was deeply disappointed when the Whig convention of 1852 nominated Scott instead of

himself. His feelings were deeply wounded as he thought his party had not treated him as he deserved: but in July, some time after the convention, he visited Boston and the great reception given him by the people soothed his feelings.

He lived at Marshfield, a little town on the coast south of Boston, and here he spent most of the summer of 1852 as his health was failing steadily. In May he had been thrown from his carriage and was many weeks recovering from the shock; besides, a fatal disease was preying on his life. In September he failed rapidly, and he and his friends knew that recovery was impossible.

Day after day he lay on his bed by the open window listening to the deep roar of the sea and watching the ceaseless rolling of the crested waves. His nights were sleepless and restless. During his last days he talked freely with his friends about his approaching departure. He declared that he had a profound belief in the truth of the Christian religion.

One beautiful Indian summer day in October, as the setting sun's golden rays were dancing upon the water, the dying statesman gazed for the last time through the open window. Long he looked and then turning to his friend he said "I shall die to-night," and ere the coming of the morning his life went out with the ebbing of the tide.

Webster had requested that there be no public demonstrations at his funeral, and his request was observed. By the farmers of the neighborhood his

body was carried to the little cemetery near his home, and there by the sounding sea, which he had always loved so well, it was laid to its final rest.

The Underground Railroad

Most of this chapter must be devoted to features of the slavery question, for it was this that kept the people in a turmoil during the whole period we are treating.

In 1850 the Fugitive Slave law was passed, by which a runaway slave could be caught in any of the free States and taken back to his master. The worst feature of this law was that any bystander was obliged to help catch a fleeing negro if called on to do so. A great many people felt that they ought to aid the slave in escaping, but the law commanded them to aid the pursuer. And thousands decided to obey conscience and not the law of their country. Hence came the Underground Railroad.

It was not a real railroad, under or above ground. It was merely a system of helping slaves who were trying to escape from bondage. The slave hunters so often lost all trace of the fugitives that they declared there must be an underground railroad somewhere.

When a slave ran away to try to gain his freedom, he usually aimed to get to Canada, because there the laws of England made him free. A great many succeeded, but very few would have done so had they not been helped along the way by "con-

ductors," or "station agents" of the Underground Railroad. These were farmers or others who fed and sheltered the fleeing blacks in their homes or sometimes in a haymow or coal mine. Certain towns and farmhouses were called stations. The negroes often traveled at night and remained hidden away at one of the stations during the day. In this way hundreds of them gained their freedom. But sometimes they were caught and then their lot was made harder than before.

But it must be remembered that a great many of the slaves did not wish to be free. Many were kindly treated by their masters and preferred to stay with them. Others were too ignorant to know what freedom was.

Nevertheless many did want to be free, and most people in the North believed that if a man were held in bondage for no crime, he ought to have his freedom if he wished it—and they were willing to aid him if they could.

There were many lines of the so-called Underground Railroad through the free States. A few examples of slave catching, or attempted slave catching, will be interesting.

There was a slave woman, almost white, who had escaped and made her home in Philadelphia. Her name was Harriet Tubman. She would make an excursion to Virginia, or Maryland, gather a company of blacks and pilot them to Philadelphia. Sometimes she would accompany them to Canada. This woman is said to have made seventeen trips to the

slave States and rescued scores of her race. She would carry babies in baskets and keep them quiet with drugs. Harriet Tubman came to be called the "Moses of her people." During the Civil War she was employed in the Northern armies as a scout and spy.

A good example to illustrate the working of the Underground Road was the case of Tom and Jenny, in northeastern Ohio. Tom and Jenny were a colored man and his wife who had escaped from slavery. They traveled on foot toward Canada, leisurely, as they thought all danger of recapture was past and because they had two children so young that they had to be carried most of the way. After spending a night at the little town of Bloomfield they started on the following morning.

Next day two horsemen stopped at the tavern of the same town and while at supper they asked the waitress if any colored folks had passed that way. "Yes," was her answer, "a man and his wife and two children." The men seemed greatly pleased, and after inquiring the direction in which the fugitives had gone, they decided to remain at the tavern overnight, as they were sure of an easy catch next day. The girl now saw that the men were slave hunters and became alarmed for the colored people whom she had innocently betrayed. She hurried to Mr. Harris, the tavern keeper, and told the whole story.

Harris was not long deciding what to do. He secretly secured two strong horses and a covered wagon.

Then he found two strong men, John Weed and Jim Green, and told them what he wanted. "Hide them in the wagon and bring them back to Bloomfield, and we will decide what to do then," said Harris. The two slave hunters went to bed while John Weed and Jim Green started north at a good round pace and drove all night.

Next morning the slave hunters had to have their horses shod, and Mr. Barnes, the blacksmith, had more bad luck while shoeing those horses than he had ever had before. He broke some nails and drove others amiss. One shoe was too small and had to be taken off; he mislaid this and that, and in fact he spent most of the forenoon shoeing the horses. Probably he had received a wink from Harris.

That night the two slave hunters stopped at a little town, at the same tavern with Jim Green and John Weed. In a barn near by were the blacks and next morning they saw through the cracks their pursuers saddle their horses and canter away to the North. But their prey had found the Underground Railroad and disappeared. Green and Weed brought their load back to Bloomfield. The men of the town then came together with saws and axes and went to the middle of a deep forest owned by Mr. Harris. Here they built a cabin half a mile from any road and here the colored family was safely lodged. They were fed by the people of Bloomfield, and in this cabin they remained till the next spring, when they proceeded on their way to Canada.

One more example will show the great hardships

endured sometimes by a slave to obtain his freedom. The case is that of a young negro named Henry Brown, of Richmond, Va. He devised a novel plan to get to a free State and it came near proving fatal to him. He stowed himself in a wooden box, which was then sent by express to Philadelphia. His position was very much cramped, but he believed that he could endure it till he reached his destination. With a few biscuits and a bladder of water, he had a friend nail up the box securely and start it on its way.

A telegram was then sent to the underground agents at Philadelphia, "Your case of goods is shipped and will arrive to-morrow morning." The box was marked "This side up with care."

But the expressmen were not always careful to observe this, and part of the time Brown had to rest on his head.

The journey required twenty-six hours. Arriving in Philadelphia, the box was soon taken to a private room by those who had watched for it. They tapped on the box and heard a faint voice from within, "All right, sir."

Quickly the box was opened with saw and hammer and Henry Brown was taken out, stiff and half dead. But having revived in a short time, he said that he had decided, if he came through alive, the first thing he would do would be to sing the fortieth Psalm. All about him grew solemnly silent and he sang, beginning with the words, "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my

cry." Henry Brown was henceforth known to his friends as Henry Box Brown.

Dred Scott and John Brown

In the later fifties these two names—Dred Scott and John Brown—were on every tongue and were familiar to every section of the United States—all on account of the slavery agitation.

Dred Scott was a slave, the property of Dr. Emerson of Missouri, an army surgeon. The doctor took Dred with him to Illinois and afterwards to the territory that became Minnesota, as he happened to be stationed at these places by order of the Government. Dred had, with his master's consent, married a woman of his own race, who was also a slave of Dr. Emerson. The Scotts had two children.

After the doctor had returned to Missouri, Dred brought suit in the courts for his freedom and that of his family, on the ground that he had been held in bondage on free soil, contrary to law. After going through the lower courts in Missouri, the case was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States—and hence we have the famous "Dred Scott Decision."

Chief Justice Taney pronounced the decision (though his colleagues did not all agree with him) that Dred was still a slave and that a negro had no right to sue in the courts.

This decision caused great agitation all over the North. Many believed that if the slaveholders were

thus permitted to retain their human property on free soil, it would not be long until all the free States would become slave States. They were doubtless needlessly alarmed.

Dred Scott was given his freedom after the court had decided against him; but the excitement over the decision was not allayed and in the end it did the cause of slavery harm, as it awakened more and more opposition to it in the North.

Now a few words about John Brown. When a boy of thirteen John Brown accompanied his father while hauling supplies for the army in Ohio and Kentucky, in the War of 1812.

For some days Mr. Brown and the boy stayed at the home of a rich Kentucky planter, who had a slave, a bright colored boy about John's age. While John was treated with great kindness the slave boy was scolded and cuffed without cause. This difference in their treatment made a deep impression on John Brown. Why should this boy, who happened to be black and to be born in slavery, be so treated? And why such a hopeless life of bondage before him? At this time a mortal life-long hatred of slavery stuck deep into the soul of John Brown.

As he grew to manhood he vowed over and again that he would give his life to fighting this institution which he despised. As the years passed he had a family of his own, and, in imitation of the father of Hannibal, the ancient Carthagenian general, he had his sons take an oath that they, too, would spend their lives fighting slavery.

When his sons were grown and he was past middle age serious trouble between the free State and slavery people broke out in Kansas and Brown went thither to battle for freedom. But it was a little later, in 1859, that Brown did the one thing that made him famous.

With a company of about twenty, several of whom were his sons, he swooped down one night on Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and captured the Government arsenal, after overpowering the guards. Many shots were fired and several were killed on each side, two being Brown's sons. When the news of the attack was learned at Washington, Government troops were sent and Brown, with his followers who remained alive, was overpowered and placed under arrest.

Brown's intention was to seize the arms and ammunition of the arsenal, escape to the mountains, and to call upon the slaves to follow him and secure their freedom by force. A practical man of well-balanced judgment would have known that such an attempt could not succeed.

Brown was tried for murder in the courts of Virginia, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. He spent the time till his execution in the greatest serenity of mind, rejoicing that he was permitted to die in a good cause. When on his way to the scaffold he had two or three silver quarters in his pocket and these he handed to negroes, and it is said that he stopped to kiss a negro baby in its mother's arms.

The Last Moments of John Brown.

John Brown has been denounced as a villain and praised as a hero. He was neither. He was a misguided fanatic, and probably the truth is that on this one subject of slavery he was insane.

Closing this chapter with a more pleasing subject, we shall proceed to the stirring times of the Civil War.

The First Atlantic Cable

One day, in the year 1854, a wealthy retired merchant, while sitting in his office in New York in deep study, was thrilled by a thought which he afterwards compared to an electric shock.

The man was Cyrus W. Field and the thought that came to him was that a cable telegraph line under the Atlantic Ocean might be constructed. Mr. Field afterwards found that he was not the first to conceive the idea of a submarine cable, but he was the first to put it into practice. He was not a dreamer who thinks and never acts. He set about with great diligence to form a company and raise money to try the experiment.

Mr. Field was a public-spirited citizen, always ready to do anything in his power for the public good. He reflected what an advantage to civilization it would be if Morse's great invention could be used between countries on opposite sides of the ocean. He soon had a company formed and a large sum of money raised. He then went to England and laid his project before the Queen, the Government, and the wealthy men of London. His success was greater

than he had expected. The British Government offered to furnish money and vessels for laying the cable, and the United States also passed an act to aid Mr. Field.

It was decided that the cable be laid from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to the coast of Ireland, where the Atlantic is only about 1700 miles wide. The ends were to be connected by land telegraph with New York and London.

A submarine cable is made by inclosing several strands of fine copper wire in a covering of gutta percha. Around this is a layer of tarred jute and then the whole is inclosed in a shield of galvanized iron wires. The water never penetrates to the inner copper wires, which carry the electric current.

Mr. Field ordered the cable made. When finished it was placed in two ships, the *Niagara*, an American vessel, and the *Agamemnon*, a British vessel. The *Niagara* was to use up its cable first and then, in mid-ocean, the part carried by the *Agamemnon* was to be spliced to it. On the *Niagara* were Mr. Field and Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph.

Slowly the vessels moved out from the coast of Ireland, the cable unrolling from a large cylinder and dropping to the bottom of the sea. Great was the anxiety of Mr. Field, who had scarcely slept for several days, in anticipation of success to his project. The feeling of the whole company, said the eye witness, was one of solemnity and awe. Everyone seemed to feel that a great event in the world's history was about to take place.

One hundred miles and everything was going swimmingly. Another hundred and still another they sailed from Ireland, without incident. But before they had gone another fifty miles the cable parted and the end fell to the bottom of the ocean. This was in August, 1857.

The disappointment was keen to all who had been interested in the great project. Many believed that this failure was final and that a trans-Atlantic cable was but a dream. Not so with Mr. Field. He knew no such word as fail. The summer was well-nigh spent and no further attempt could be made that season. But scarcely had Mr. Field landed when he set to work to repair the damage, with a view of trying again the next year.

Again he tried and failed, and still again; but Mr. Field would not give up. He was convinced that success was certain if they only had pluck enough to stick to it.

It was decided that this time the two ships pay out the cable at the same time, while sailing in opposite directions. Accordingly, they began in the middle of the ocean, spliced their cable, and one sailed east and the other west.

At last, the effort was crowned with success. The *Niagara* reached the coast of Newfoundland and the *Agamemnon* the coast of Ireland on the same day—the 4th of August, 1858—and almost the same hour. The great work was done and it seemed successful in every respect. President Buchanan and Queen Victoria exchanged messages of congratulation. Cy-

rus W. Field was hailed in all circles as the great hero of the age.

For nearly four weeks the cable worked well. Some 730 messages, about 10,000 words, were flashed under the sea between the two hemispheres. Then suddenly the cable ceased to work, and not another message was sent for eight years.

Here indeed was a supreme test of the metal of Mr. Field. But he was equal to it. More than a million dollars had been literally sunk in the depths of the Atlantic's waves. Could Mr. Field again interest the public and raise the necessary funds. He felt surer of success than at first, because he had learned by his failures. But soon came the Civil War and there was little opportunity to interest the American public. Mr. Field thereupon went to London and again he found the British Government eager to aid him.

The next attempt was made in the summer of 1865. One vessel only was employed—the *Great Eastern*, the largest vessel afloat at that time. For 1200 miles it paid out the cable from the Irish coast, when again it snapped and sank to the bottom. Field now became desperately determined, and the next year the *Great Eastern* was again plowing through the Atlantic's billows rolling off a new cable at the rate of 118 miles a day.

Success at last! For some days before the *Great Eastern* was due at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, the shore was lined with hundreds of people, watching every speck that loomed above the watery horizon.

At length the huge vessel hove in sight—on July 27, 1866—and before night of that day, Cyrus W. Field sent to New York and Washington the following message: " We arrived here at nine o'clock this morning. All well. Thank God, the cable is laid, and is in perfect working order."

Not long after this the *Great Eastern* returned to mid-ocean, where the cable of the year before had been broken, and with grappling hooks succeeded in finding the end of it. This was spliced and completed to Newfoundland. Thus before the end of the year 1866 two Atlantic cables were in working order and both have been in operation from that day to the present.

The completion of this great work marks an epoch in history. This vast improvement in the transmission of news would have come some time, to be sure, but the world might have been many years longer without it, but for the untiring efforts, the indomitable determination of one of America's most distinguished citizens, Cyrus W. Field.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GREAT WAR

A CIVIL war is one between the different parts of, or classes of people in, the same country. It is like a family quarrel, and is the most deplorable of all wars, for neighbor often fights against neighbor, brother against brother, father against son. In France there were nine civil wars in a period of thirty-six years, beginning in 1562.

The greatest of all civil wars was that in the United States, between the North and the South, beginning in 1861. For many years the North and South had been growing apart, chiefly, almost solely, on account of slavery. Fifteen of the Southern States had slaves; all the Northern States were free. The South wished to extend slavery into the territories, and thus secure more slave States. The people of the North opposed this, because they believed slavery to be an evil to society as a whole and a wrong to the individual slave. Thus the two great sections of the country grew further and further apart; the bonds of sympathy between them were severed one by one until they seemed more like enemies than friends.

Then came the election of Lincoln to the presi-

The Battle of Gettysburg.

dency in 1860, followed by the secession from the Union of several States in the South. For years secession had been threatened, and now for the first time it was carried out in deep earnest. The cause or pretext for this move was that the newly elected President and his party were unfriendly to slavery and opposed to its extension into the Territories.

When Lincoln was inaugurated, March 4, 1861, seven States had left the Union and had set up a government of their own, which they called "The Confederate States of America."

In the North, feeling was very much divided. Some thought the South was only trying to play a game of bluff, and would soon come back into the Union of its own accord. A great many of the people thought it would be better to have the Union permanently divided than to engage in civil war. Among these was Horace Greeley, the great New York editor, who said, "Let the Southern sisters depart in peace." But a majority of the Northern people were unwilling to see the Union broken up, even if it had to be preserved by war.

Such was the condition of affairs when Abraham Lincoln stood on the eastern steps of the Capitol before a vast crowd of people, to deliver his inaugural address. It was not known what position he would take on the great question before the country. With this one man rested the secret and on him lay the duty of deciding whether there would be war or disunion. Seldom in history had such responsibility rested on one man.

Lincoln's address was not defiant, but it was positive, and no one could mistake its meaning. He told the people of the South that the ills they were flying from had no real existence, as he had no thought of disturbing their institution of slavery. He told them that they had no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Union, while he should have a most solemn one to protect it. This meant war if the South would not give up its purpose of destroying the Union.

Soon came the firing on Fort Sumter, and the great war was begun. It continued just four years, and on the fourth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, April 14, 1865, the day on which the beloved President was shot, there was a celebration at the historic fort, and Major Anderson raised over the ruined walls the same flag that he had been forced to haul down four years before.

The War in a Nutshell

The military operations of the Civil War may be divided for convenience into three periods. It is needless for the ordinary reader to study the details of battles and of the movements of armies, but a knowledge of the general campaigns and their purposes is useful, and is not difficult to acquire and to remember.

One who reads the history of the war without system or knowledge of the object of the various campaigns will soon find his knowledge hopelessly mixed in his mind. On the other hand, if one has

a fixed outline or system in mind, with its meaning, all his subsequent reading on the subject will contribute to his intelligent knowledge of it. His mind will gather up additional items and stow them in their proper places. Without pretending to give here a history of the war, we shall attempt to furnish the outline.

First Period.—This may be said to extend from the firing on Fort Sumter in April to the close of the year 1861.

There were simultaneous movements in two States a thousand miles apart—Virginia and Missouri. In each there was a serious battle in midsummer—Bull Run and Wilson's Creek—and a minor engagement in the autumn at Ball's Bluff. All resulted in Confederate victories.

A side movement of the period consisted of several successful naval expeditions down the Atlantic coast, the only Union victories of the year except those of McClellan in western Virginia.

This period is characterized by unreadiness on both sides and an absence of definite plans, by Union defeats, by great public excitement, and by bugle calls for men and the marshaling of great armies.

Second Period.—The second period extends from the beginning of 1862 to July 4, 1863. This year and a half was characterized by great battles, by war on a gigantic scale, by a gradual rise of the fortunes of the North, ending with the highly important simultaneous Union victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

There were two seats of war—Virginia and the Mississippi Valley—and there was a twofold object of the North—to capture Richmond and to open the Mississippi. But the armies east and west did not work in concert for want of a competent commander in chief.

The Army of the Potomac, under its successive commanders—McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade—failed wholly to reach its goal, met with many disasters, but won notable victories at Antietam and Gettysburg.

The Army of the West was more steadily successful. Beginning with a great victory at Fort Donelson, February, 1862, it opened the Mississippi to Vicksburg by one of the greatest flank movements in the history of warfare, covering a year and five months, and, being supported from below by Farragut, it gained control of the whole course of the river.

The side movements of this period were numerous and some of them of great magnitude, such as that of Buell and Bragg in Kentucky, the Pea Ridge campaign in Arkansas, Sherman's expedition up the Red River, Morgan's raid in Indiana and Ohio, and the like.

Third Period.—This extends from the 4th of July, 1863, to the end of the war. It is characterized by the fact that the Northern armies east and west were under the control of one competent commander in chief, resulting in the great final double movement which ended the war.

Preliminary to this movement came the extensive operations around Chattanooga, preceded by the tremendous battle of Chickamauga. After this General Grant became commander in chief of all the armies east and west. He then planned the great double movement. Himself taking command of the Army of the East, Grant chose the strongest of his corps commanders, W. T. Sherman, to command in the West.

Grant's immediate goal was to capture Lee's army and Richmond; Sherman's was to cut the Confederacy into two parts by a grand sweep to the coast, thence to move northward through the Carolinas, and eventually to join Grant in Virginia.

It was believed that if either of these movements were successful the Confederacy must collapse and the war come to an end. Both were successful. Sherman had traversed about three fourths of his proposed route when Lee surrendered to Grant and Richmond fell. Johnston then surrendered to Sherman and the war was over.

Lincoln in the War

The greatest figure in the war was President Lincoln. No other can be mentioned in the same class. It is true that he had reached the highest office in the gift of the people before the war began, but it was his management of the war that gave him his abiding fame and places his name with that of Washington as one of the two greatest figures in American history.

The recent celebration of the centenary of Lincoln's birth has been pronounced the most sincere and universal ever given any man in the history of the world.

Since Lincoln's death his fame has been rising, and probably a hundred years hence it will be greater than it is now. Lincoln had many critics and enemies during the war, and indeed very few recognized the full stature of his ability. But the more you examine into his words and actions the greater he seems. Let us briefly examine what may be considered the three greatest acts of his life.

First among these was his management of the Trent affair. Captain Wilkes, in October, 1861, hailed the British steamer, the *Trent,* in West Indian waters, and forcibly took from her decks Mason and Slidell, who had been sent to Europe in the interest of the Confederacy by President Jefferson Davis. Wilkes brought the two men to the United States, and the people in all parts of the country applauded and rejoiced at the clever capture. Congress joined in the general rejoicing, and extended Captain Wilkes a vote of thanks. The Cabinet was also jubilant, but not Lincoln. He was serious and noncommittal.

Meantime, England flew into a rage. She declared that Wilkes had no right to stop one of her vessels at sea; she demanded the release of the two prisoners, and began to collect her fleet and mobilize her armies.

The American people—a great majority of them

—said: "Let her come on; it is cowardly to back down and yield to her demands." Even the secretary of state, Seward, declared that we could defeat England and the South together.

Lincoln did not see the matter in that light. He knew that if we declared war against England at that time, that country would join the South, would break the blockade, and would pour her armies and munitions of war into the South. And, amid the rejoicing of the people, Lincoln removed all danger of another war by quietly acceding to the British demand and releasing the prisoners. Was it cowardice? Not at all. The act was that of a cool-headed, far-sighted statesman, who, in acting for millions of people, felt a sense of responsibility that an ordinary citizen cannot feel. This act of Lincoln was one of the most masterly strokes of statesmanship produced by the nineteenth century.

Another notable achievement of the great war President is found in his dealing with the border States. There were fifteen slave States, but only eleven of them seceded from the Union. The remaining four were called border States. They were Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware. Had these seceded, it is doubtful if the Union could have been saved. Lincoln knew this, and from the first he set about it with great skill to prevent their secession.

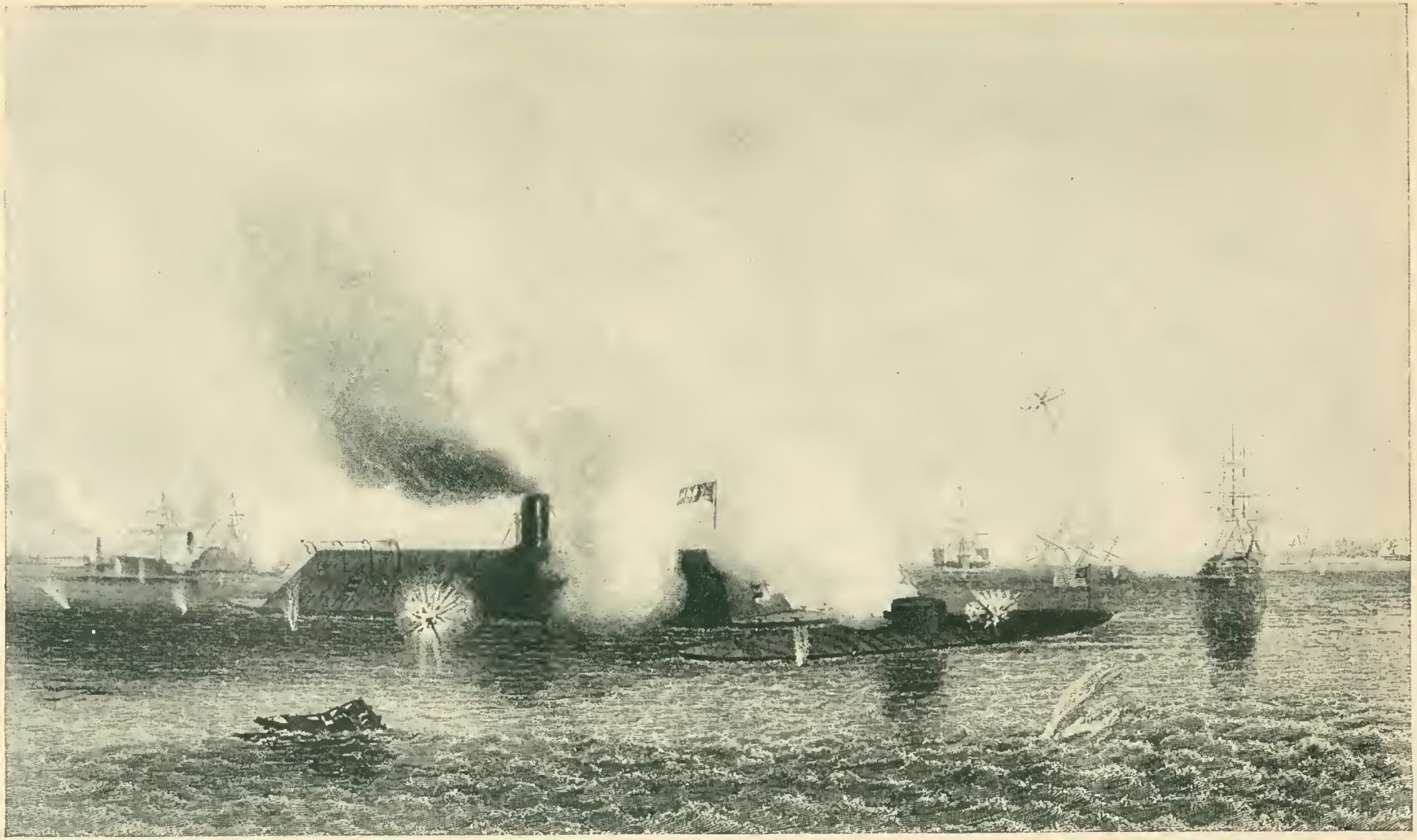
When the Kentucky Legislature called upon him to regard that State as neutral and requested him to keep the armies off its soil, he quietly answered

that he would do as they desired in as far as it was convenient to do so. It was a strange request for a member of the Union to make, and a rash President would have answered defiantly and probably have driven the State into the Confederacy.

Again, when many were clamoring for emancipation of the slaves and denouncing Lincoln for being so slow, he waited and let them rail as they chose. He knew that the border States, all being slave States, might yet be driven out of the Union if he should be hasty in striking at slavery. He often met with the members of Congress from the border States and urged them to abolish slavery of their own accord, promising them that he would recommend that the Government pay the slaveholders for their slaves. In various other ways Lincoln kept the good will of the border States, and no doubt it was chiefly due to him that they did not secede.

A third great act of Lincoln's life was his issuing the Emancipation Proclamation—at the right time. It is true that the idea was not original with him. Thousands of people thought of it at the same time, and many urged him to act long before he acted. Had he been hasty he would have offended the border States. He let his critics abuse him and waited. When he felt that the border States were reasonably sure to remain in the Union, when he saw that public opinion was ready to support him, he issued the great document.

The proclamation did not free the slaves nor cause the South to lay down its arms, and Lincoln knew



The Monitor and the Merrimac, 1862.

that it would not. The Declaration of Independence did not bring independence. It simply decided what the people were fighting for, and it took several more years of warfare to really get what they wanted.

So with the Emancipation Proclamation. It put the war on a new basis. Before it was issued, the war was fought for one purpose only—to save the Union. After this it was fought for two purposes —to save the Union and to free the slaves. If the war had closed before January 1, 1863, when the proclamation was to go into effect, slavery would have continued in the South. That result would have been unfortunate, for slavery would probably have caused trouble in the future, as it had in the past. It was a glorious thing for the future of the country that disunion and slavery were crushed together. And the credit for bringing about these two momentous victories is due chiefly to the consummate skill of Abraham Lincoln.

Siege of Vicksburg

As stated before, we shall make no attempt to give a detailed history of the war, but here let us make an exception and take a look at one of the scores of military operations, choosing the siege of Vicksburg as our subject.

Vicksburg, some four hundred miles above New Orleans, is beautifully situated in a bend of the Mississippi, on a bluff about two hundred feet above the river. Early in the war it was fortified by the

Confederates, and along the side of the hill overlooking the river were placed tier upon tier of bristling cannon. It was considered very important to the Confederates to retain control of the lower Mississippi, that they might continue to draw men and supplies from Arkansas and Texas for the armies of the East.

Vicksburg was indeed a veritable Gibraltar of the South, a sentinel watching day and night the rolling tide of the mighty river. As long as the South could hold this great fortress the States of the Southwest would not be cut off from their sisters of the East, but with the fall of Vicksburg into the hands of the North, the lower course of the river could not long be held.

At the opening of the war there was a great rising of the men of the Northwest, not only to save the Union but also to save the river. Should the South succeed in the war, this great artery of trade, their own beloved river, would flow for a thousand miles through a foreign land. The thought of this they could not endure, and they determined to prevent it by force of arms. And it was known at the North that to capture Vicksburg was to capture the Mississippi. Thus we see how important to both sides was this powerful stronghold.

From the beginning one great object of the Union army in the West was to open the Mississippi. To this end General Grant collected an army at Cairo, Ill., moved up the Tennessee River, and captured Fort Donelson in February, 1862. In April was

fought the terrific two-day battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh.

The object of the campaign seemed yet far away, and for more than a year after Shiloh no great victory marked the progress of the Union arms. In the early spring of 1863 General Grant determined to bend his energies toward the capture of Vicksburg. Many attempts were made to get near, and at last, about the middle of May, the Union army coiled itself like an anaconda about the doomed city, and began one of the most famous sieges in history.

Within the city were penned the regular inhabitants and an army of about 40,000 men. This army, commanded by General Pemberton, made a brave and desperate resistance.

Grant decided to make a grand assault, in the hope of scaling the Confederate embankments and capturing the city by storm. This was done on the 22d of May. For many hours the boys in blue fought like madmen to win the prize; they surged up the embankment again and again, but the boys in gray drove them back with fearful slaughter. The cannon from the surrounding hills and from the gunboats were answered by the booming cannon on the Confederate ramparts. The roll of musketry was so continuous that no ear could distinguish one shot from another. Human blood flowed like rain, and when evening came the Union army had lost 3,000 men.

It was now evident that the works could not be carried by storm, and the Union army settled down

to a regular siege. For six weeks the bombardment was kept up and the besieging army was ever tightening its coils. The soldiers dug tunnels, rolled barrels of powder into them, and exploded them in the hope of making a breach in the Confederate embankments, but all without effect. Midsummer approached, and it seemed that the prisoners in the city would never yield.

Let us take a glance within. How were the people faring? The roar of battle was unceasing day and night, and the screaming shells from the gunboats in the river rose in grand curves over the city, bursting in midair or on the streets, wrecking houses or tearing great holes in the earth.

One family was about to go to the dining room and sit down to supper when a bombshell dropped through the roof to the dining room, where it burst and tore everything to pieces. The china and furniture were shattered to fragments and a great hole was torn in the floor. The maid had gone into the kitchen a moment before, and thus her life was saved and no one was hurt. That family spent the next night in a hole in the ground.

The people, seeing that their lives were not safe in their homes, burrowed into the ground like moles or rabbits. The whole city was honeycombed with caves, and in these dismal places the people ate and slept while the battle raged above the ground. In one large subterranean den sixty-five people found a home. Babies were kept in store boxes, in straw, or wrapped in blankets.

But it was not all gloom in these caverns. Sometimes the inmates danced and sang and told stories; then again they were terrified at the near bursting of a shell, which would tear the ground above them and perhaps shatter the clay walls of their homes. But it happened that in all the long siege no one was killed in these underground abodes.

The people did not remain all the time in these caverns. Sometimes when the sound of the cannon seemed to lull they would go out and stroll around, but when the artillery began firing again they would run for their holes like frightened rabbits. An Episcopal rector came out at a certain hour every day and held service in a little church, and it was always filled with worshipers. Only once was the sacred edifice struck during service, and then no one was hurt.

As the weeks passed the food supply began to run low in Vicksburg. The army and the people were put on short rations, then shorter and shorter, until there was nothing to eat except mule meat and a kind of bread made of cornmeal and ground beans. Even these were becoming exhausted, and as the month of June came to a close it was evident to all that the city must surrender to the Federal army. It was hunger, and nothing else, that forced the brave defenders to give up at last.

On the 3d of July, at two o'clock in the morning, a white flag was seen waving above the rampart. The cannon ceased to roar, and in the afternoon of that day Generals Grant and Pemberton met under an

oak tree and arranged for the surrender of the city. Thirty-seven thousand men were made prisoners of war, and the inhabitants emerged from their dens and caverns and began to repair their dilapidated homes.

This important victory, together with the Union victory at the battle of Gettysburg, which happened at the same time, is considered the turning point of the great war. From this time on it was not difficult to see that disunion would not succeed and that slavery in the United States must perish.

The Siege of Vicksburg.

CHAPTER XVIII

ANECDOTES AND STORIES OF THE WAR

DURING the long war there was much suffering, and too often there was cruelty; but there are many bright spots on the dark pages of the war history. Deeds of heroism unsurpassed, kindness to a fallen foe, friendship between enemies, ludicrous and humorous situations—these and many other things must be included in the history of the great Civil War.

Friendly Enemies

When the war first broke out, and for some time afterwards, there was a feeling of personal hostility between the soldiers of the two sides. A man in blue uniform was treated with indignity if he fell into the hands of the enemy, and the same was true of the man in gray. But the conditions were changed long before the war was over. The men of each side came to respect their enemies. They often talked and joked across the line when no battle was in progress. Pickets of the different sides would often meet and spend the night together in the most friendly companionship.

When the opposing armies were encamped on op-

posite sides of the Little Rapidan River, in Virginia, sometimes even the officers in bathing would meet and shake hands in the middle of the stream. The men often traded, Southern tobacco usually being bartered for Northern coffee. Sometimes men scantily clad would swim across the river, merely to pay a friendly visit to the enemy.

One day the Southern general, J. B. Gordon, was riding along his lines, when at one point he noticed unusual commotion, and asked:

"What's the matter here? What is this confusion about?"

"Nothing at all, general, it is all right," answered the men.

As he was about to ride on he noticed the tall weeds on the river bank shaking. He wheeled his horse about and asked:

"What's the matter with those weeds?"

"Nothing, general, nothing."

"Go break them down and let me see."

The men did so and here lay a man so nearly undressed that it could not be told by his uniform which side he belonged to.

"Where do you belong?" asked the officer.

"Over yonder," the man replied, pointing to the Union army across the river.

"And what are you doing here? Don't you know, sir, that there is war going on in this country?"

"Yes, general; but we are not fighting now, and I didn't think it any harm to come over and visit the Johnnies a little while."

The Union men always spoke of the Confederates as Johnnies, and the Confederates called them Yankees, or Yanks.

General Gordon could hardly keep from laughing, but pretended to be very stern, and said to the Yankee: "I'm going to teach you that we are at war. I'm going to send you to Richmond as a prisoner."

The man turned pale. Then the Johnnies spoke up: "Don't send him to prison, general; we invited the Yank over, and promised to protect him."

Gordon then turned to the trembling Yank and said: "Now, if I permit you to go, will you promise me, on the honor of a soldier——"

The man did not wait till the general had finished. He shouted, "Yes, general," and leaped into the water like a bullfrog, and swam to the Union side of the river.

This incident is taken from General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," and here is another from the same:

When General Longstreet was besieging Knoxville, Tenn., a number of his troops made a brave dash to capture a fort, but were beaten back. As they fled they leaped into a deep ditch to escape the shower of bullets. From this they could not hope to get out before night without incurring the greatest danger. The sun was boiling down on them. They were out of water and almost famished with thirst.

A young soldier offered to go for water, though he took his life in his hands. He succeeded in reaching the river, filled several canteens, and threw them

over his shoulder. He saw a score of muskets leveled at him. How could he hope to get back alive? But he was determined to risk the attempt. He started to run. The men in the fort were struck with admiration at his bravery. They fired not a shot. They raised a shout and cheered and cheered until the youth had reached his comrades in the ditch.

Here is a story told by Major Nelson, of Indiana: He was on picket duty and it was late in the night when a Confederate picket, not far away, called to him: "Hello there, Yank! Have you got any coffee?"

"Yes; come over and share it with us," answered Nelson.

"We would like to, but there are too many of us —fourteen of us on this post."

"Come, anyhow. Bring all the Johnnies with you. We'll divide with you."

Until two o'clock in the morning the Blue and the Gray mingled together, drank coffee, and told stories. When the Johnnies left, they said:

"Good night, Yanks. You've been awfully kind to us. Hope you'll have a good rest. We are going to give you battle to-morrow."

The Little Drummer Boy

One of the most pathetic tales of the war comes from Missouri. A woman from East Tennessee, whose husband had espoused the Union cause and had been killed by the enemy, came, with her little

son, to Missouri in search of her sister, who lived in St. Louis. She intended to seek employment, and she thought also that her boy, who was twelve years of age, might be useful to the army as a drummer. At Camp Benton, in Missouri, she applied to the captain and told her story, asking that her boy be taken into the service as a drummer. The captain was about to declare that so small a boy could not be accepted when the little fellow spoke out:

"Captain, don't be afraid; I can drum. I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee."

This was said with so much decision and confidence that the captain changed his countenance. "Very well, my lad, we'll give you a trial. Sergeant, bring the drum and order the fifer to come forward."

The fifer was an angular, bony man, over six feet in height. He had been a miner in the West. He looked down as if amused to think of this little fellow becoming his chum. He then straightened himself up, put his fife to his lips and played one of the most difficult selections he could find. The captain listened carefully, and when the piece was finished he turned to the mother and said: "I will take your son, madam. What is his name?"

"Edward Lee," answered the mother, "and we call him Eddie. And oh, captain, if he is not killed——"

Here she broke down and, turning to her boy, threw her arms around him and covered his face

with kisses. Again she recovered herself and said: "You will bring him back, captain, won't you?"

"Yes, yes; we are to be discharged in six weeks. Of course we will bring him back to you."

Eddie soon became a favorite with every man in the company. When any of the "boys," as soldiers usually call one another, went out foraging and came in with peaches, melons, and such things, Eddie's share was always set aside first.

The company was soon ordered from Rolla to Springfield. In the march they had to cross swamps and ford streams, and it was amusing to see the long-legged fifer wading through mud and water with Eddie on his back.

It was in August, 1861. The Union army, commanded by General Lyon, encountered the enemy in force on the banks of a little stream called Wilson's Creek, where a hard battle was fought on the 10th. The Union forces fought bravely, but were driven back, and their brave commander was killed. Their hearts sank within them when the word was passed along, "General Lyon is killed."

Where was our little drummer boy? Let us finish the story in the words of the one man, a member of Eddie's company, who alone could tell the story with authority.

"That night I was detailed for guard duty, my turn of guard closing with the morning call. When I went out with the officer as relief I found that my post was upon a high eminence that overlooked the deep ravine in which our men had engaged the

enemy. It was a dreary, lonesome beat. The moon had gone down in the early part of the night, while the stars twinkled dimly through a hazy atmosphere, lighting up imperfectly the surrounding objects. Occasionally I would place my ear near the ground and listen for the sound of footsteps, but all was silent save the far-off howling wolf that seemed to scent upon the evening air the banquet that we had been preparing for him. The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek, but as I listened I found that it came up from the deep ravine. For a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened —the sound of the drum was familiar to me—and I knew that it was our

> Drummer boy from Tennessee;
> Beating for help the *reveille.*

"I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, and he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley I followed the sound of the drum

and soon found him, seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me he dropped his drumsticks and exclaimed:

"'Oh, corporal, I am so glad to see you! Give me a drink,' reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty.

"I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by when, thinking I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying: 'Don't leave me, corporal; I can't walk.' I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face and said:

"'You don't think I will die, corporal, do you? This man said I would not; he said the surgeon could cure my feet.'

"I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he had crawled to him, taken off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then laid down and died. While Eddie was telling me these particulars I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the

enemy was upon us and I was taken prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care.

"When we reached the camp of the enemy the little fellow was dead."

Self-sacrifice and Devotion

There was a young soldier from Massachusetts named Broad, who deserves a place among the heroes for his noble self-sacrifice.

It was in the Virginia campaign in 1864. His company was fighting from behind an embankment, when one of their number ventured too far out and was struck by a solid shot, his leg being nearly torn from his body. He rolled down the bank, in plain view of his comrades and of the enemy, and was unable to rise. The lifeblood was spurting from his wound, and he must soon bleed to death if not cared for. If only he could receive surgical attention his life might be saved; but with the bullets flying around like hail it was a most dangerous task to attempt his rescue.

The captain looked at his men as though saying with his eyes, "Who will volunteer to save our comrade?" At this moment young Broad stepped forward and said:

"I have neither wife nor child to suffer if I am killed. I will save him, if God gives me the strength."

He then leaped over the bank, seized his wounded comrade, and hurried back amid the whizzing missiles. The men cheered and the surgeon soon stanched the gushing blood. As they gathered around Broad to congratulate him on his heroism they saw a deadly pallor on his face, and he faintly said:

"I hope I have saved my friend's life, but I have lost my own."

He had been shot through the body, and died within the hour.

The story of Colonel Ellsworth attracted wide attention at the beginning of the war. Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth was a young man of much promise, and a favorite of President Lincoln. He was made colonel of a regiment, and in May, 1861, was sent to take possession of Alexandria, a town in Virginia not far from Washington.

Descending the Potomac in boats, the troops landed at daybreak, and were soon in possession of the town. Ellsworth sent a company of men to seize the telegraph station, and to make sure that the work be done quickly and well he accompanied them. As they passed the Marshall House, a hotel kept by a man named Jackson, they saw a Confederate flag waving over the roof.

"We must have that flag," cried Ellsworth, as he rushed into the hotel.

Followed by two or three of his men, he sprang up the stairs to the roof and seized the flag. As he was coming down and was but a few steps from the

lower landing he found himself looking into the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun but six feet away. It was in the hands of Jackson, the hotel proprietor. Ellsworth had no time for self-defense. In an instant the gun was discharged full at his breast. He pitched forward to the floor below, falling with a heavy thud on his face. Scarcely a second passed when Francis Brownell, one of Ellsworth's men, shot Jackson directly in the face, and he fell lifeless by the side of the man he had slain but a moment before.

There were many instances during the war of women fighting in the ranks without their sex being known. Here we give one instance of this kind:

A young lady lived in Chicago with her brother, who was her only living relative. Soon after the war opened the brother shouldered a musket and went to the front, leaving his sister alone. She was physically strong and rather above the average size of women. Moreover, she was extremely patriotic and anxious to do something for her country. She determined to make an effort to get into the ranks as a private soldier, and succeeded in doing so.

Taking the name Frank Stephens, she donned the male uniform, entered one of the Illinois regiments, and soon proved herself a true soldier. In one respect she proved herself equal to any man in her regiment—in bravery. When a battle was raging, Frank Stephens was always at her place of duty. In everything else she remained the modest, respectable woman that she had always been. Her language

was so pure and her ways so gentle that she won the esteem of every man in her company, none of them suspecting for a moment that Frank was a woman.

One day, as the army was marching through Alabama, Frank went into a house to ask for something to eat. Presently two Confederates crept out from under a bed and ordered her to surrender. She was taken to Atlanta, Ga., and shut up in a prison. From this she made a desperate effort to escape. The guard called on her to halt, but she ran on, paying no attention to the order. He then shot and wounded her severely in the leg. She was then taken to a hospital, where she disclosed her sex to one of the matrons. Receiving the kindest attention, she slowly recovered from her painful wound, and, being exchanged, returned to her home in Chicago. Here she met her brother, who had also just returned from the war. They had lost track of each other, and neither knew until this meeting that the other was alive.

General Polk in a Predicament

Leonidas Polk was a noted Southern general, a graduate of West Point. He was also a clergyman, and for twenty years before the war was Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana. At the battle of Perryville, in Kentucky, October, 1862, he had a singular experience.

The battle had continued during the day, and it was now evening, almost dark. A new battery, un-

der Polk, had just come into action when he observed a body of men, whom he supposed to be Confederates, firing directly at them. "Dear me! this is very sad, and it must be stopped," said the general. Looking about for a member of his staff and finding none, he decided to go himself and put a stop to the firing.

Riding up to the colonel, he demanded in angry tones why they were firing on their own friends.

"I don't think there can be any mistake about it; I am sure they are the enemy," answered the colonel.

"Enemy? Why, I only just left them myself. Cease firing, sir! What is your name?"

"I am Colonel ——, of Indiana. And pray, sir, who are you?"

Polk now realized, to his astonishment, that he was among enemies. His wits did not desert him. He saw that the only hope of saving himself from death or capture was to brazen it out. He wore a dark blouse, which partly covered his gray uniform, and this, with the approaching night, proved his salvation. Riding close up to the colonel, he shook his fist at him and shouted:

"I'll show you who I am, sir. Cease firing this instant!"

The colonel hesitated and the Southern general rode slowly along the line until he came to a copse. He then put spurs to his horse and galloped back in safety to his own lines.

About a year and eight months after this incident General Polk was killed at Pine Mountain, near At-

lanta, his body being torn to pieces by a cannon ball.

The President's Letter to Mrs. Bixby

For tender sympathy and simple beauty of expression no letter of condolence in the English language will surpass the one sent by President Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby. She was a widow about sixty years of age, and resided in Boston. She had six sons in the war, five of whom were killed in battle. When the facts were published in the newspapers and when it became known that Mrs. Bixby was poor, a considerable sum of money was raised and carried to her by General Schouler. Some time later she received from President Lincoln the following remarkable letter, which deserves to be placed among the classics:

Washington, 21st Nov., 1864.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the

cherished memory of the loved and the lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln.

Mrs. Bixby

CHAPTER XIX

AFTERMATH OF THE WAR

Like a hurricane or an earthquake, a war leaves desolation in its trail. The cost of the Civil War in human life and treasure was incalculable, but perhaps it was worth all it cost. It crushed the spirit of disunion and overthrew the blighting institution of slavery. And it did more—it opened the way for a feeling of common brotherhood between the North and the South such as had not existed before since the founding of the government.

This feeling did not come suddenly at the close of the war. First came the troublous days of Reconstruction, or the bringing back of the straying sisters into the family of the Union. This required several years and engendered much bitterness of feeling on both sides. The most conspicuous figure in Reconstruction times was Andrew Johnson.

Andrew Johnson

Several of our Presidents, beginning with Andrew Jackson, rose by their own genius and industry from the ranks of the poor and unknown. Andrew Johnson was one of these, and in addition to his poverty he was illiterate, scarcely being able to read when

he reached manhood. He was of the class of "poor whites" in the South whose condition was little better than that of the negro slaves. He was born in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, in 1808. When he was but five years old his father lost his life while trying to rescue a friend from drowning, and his mother was obliged to support herself and her boy with the labor of her hands.

Andrew was a ragged street urchin until he reached the age of ten, when he was apprenticed to a tailor. There were other boys in the shop, and a benevolent man often came in to entertain the boys by reading to them. Andrew became greatly interested and was seized with an intense desire to learn to read. At spare moments he studied the alphabet and soon learned it by heart. Then he sought help in learning how to pronounce the printed words. It was not long until he could read, though only with much difficulty.

Johnson became a good tailor and began business for himself. While quite a young man he was married to a most estimable young lady, who had a fair education. Johnson's marriage became the turning point in his life. His wife became his teacher and her pupil applied himself with the utmost diligence. She instructed him in the evenings, and during the day she often read to him as he sat on his bench at work. They had moved to Greenville, Tenn., and there the young tailor soon became one of the leading men, and was elected mayor of the town at the age of twenty-two.

Johnson learned very rapidly under the direction of his wife, and soon had a good working education. When he entered politics and began to make public speeches he astonished his friends with his eloquence and his rapid flow of language. He was elected to the legislature of his adopted State, and served in it several years. In 1843, when Johnson was thirty-five, he was elected to Congress, and after a service of ten years in the House he was chosen Governor of Tennessee. As governor he served two terms—four years—and then was chosen to represent his State in the United States Senate, and here we find him at the outbreak of the war.

In every position Johnson had filled he proved himself an honest, fearless, capable man. He usually championed the cause of the laborer, when occasion offered, but he won the good will of all classes.

In 1861 there came a crisis in Andrew Johnson's life. He was one of the twenty-two senators from the eleven seceded States. All the rest resigned their seats; Johnson alone remained true to the Union. He was not unfriendly to slavery. In fact, he had himself become a slaveholder, and was ever ready to defend the institution; but he despised secession and disunion. As the war progressed Johnson became convinced that slavery, which had caused the war, should be abolished, and he worked henceforth to that end.

President Lincoln was greatly attracted by Mr. Johnson, and appointed him military governor of Tennessee. Johnson accepted, and reached Nash-

ville in March, 1862, about a month after the fall of Fort Donelson. Tennessee at this time, and for many months thereafter, was a battle ground. Johnson had a hard time of it. His life was threatened over and over again. At one time a surging mob was thirsting for his blood, and he kept the angry men at bay by the fierce, defiant glare of his eye.

Johnson's bold course, his unswerving stand for the Union, had attracted the attention of the whole country, and especially of President Lincoln. When the Republican party met in national convention in 1864, and renominated Mr. Lincoln for President, it was thought that for second place on the ticket a man from the South should be chosen, and the eyes of all turned to Johnson. He was nominated by a large majority, and the ticket was triumphantly elected. At the inauguration on March 4, 1865, an untoward event occurred which sent a shiver through the whole country. When Johnson took the oath of office as Vice-president and made his address, he reeled and talked in such a manner as to show that he was intoxicated. Many people jumped to the conclusion that he was a drunkard, and were filled with dread when they thought of the possibility of his becoming President. But Lincoln was not alarmed. He said: "Andy made a slip the other day, but there's nothing to fear. Andy is not a drunkard."

Lincoln was right. The fact was, Johnson had been sick for weeks. His physicians advised him not to attend the inauguration at all; but as he in-

sisted on going, they gave him a stimulant, which in his weakened condition proved too much.

A few weeks after the inauguration came the most dreadful tragedy in American history—the assassination of President Lincoln. He was shot on the night of April 14th, about ten o'clock, and died the next morning at twenty-two minutes past seven. At ten o'clock the same forenoon Andrew Johnson was sworn into the great office, the third "accidental" President up to that time.

A President on Trial

In ordinary times Johnson might have made a good President. He was able and honest. But these were not ordinary times. The feeling of bitterness between the two sections rose again to fever heat after the actual fighting was over. Moreover, Johnson with all his honesty and ability was tactless and egotistical. Not many months after taking the oath as President he had a serious quarrel with Congress.

The trouble came about over a disagreement concerning Reconstruction, and it grew more acute month by month. Congress passed laws over the President's veto, some of which seemed devised for the purpose of annoying him. The President, on the other hand, denounced Congress in the most bitter terms, apparently forgetting the dignity attached to his office. He made a trip to Chicago in 1866 for the purpose of attending the corner-stone laying of a monument to Stephen A. Douglas. While on this

journey he made speeches in Cleveland, St. Louis, and other cities bitterly denouncing the leaders in Congress, declaring that some of them ought to be hanged. This was extravagant language indeed for a chief magistrate to use with reference to other high officials of the Government. But it did his cause far more harm than good. Many people who had been inclined to sympathize with Johnson were repelled and turned away by his violence and his want of dignity.

Congress was furious. The President became an object of hatred to a large majority of its members, and one of the laws they passed to annoy him was the Tenure of Office law. By this law an official appointed by the President could not be dismissed by him without the consent of the Senate. This took from the President a great deal of his power. But Johnson did not believe the law was constitutional and refused to be bound by it. In defiance of the Senate he dismissed from his Cabinet his Secretary of War, Mr. Edwin M. Stanton.

This act of the President brought on a crisis. For more than a year Congress had been watching for an opportunity to strike a telling blow at Johnson, and on the very day on which Stanton was dismissed a resolution was brought in the House that "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanor." Two days later it was passed by a large majority and thus for the first and only time in American history a President was impeached.

You may often hear people say that Johnson was not impeached. If so, it is probably because they do not fully understand the meaning of the word. What they mean is that he was not deposed from office. An impeachment is a public accusation of an officer by a vote of the Lower House of Congress. It is like an indictment of an accused person by a grand jury, after which the accused must stand trial before a petit jury, or a judge.

In case of an impeachment of the President he must stand trial before the Senate as the jury.

The impeachment of President Johnson was in February, 1868, and he must now undergo a trial before the Senate. This was by far the most famous trial in the history of the United States. The whole nation was interested and even in Europe the public eagerly watched every step in its progress.

The trial was properly begun on March 30th, and continued for six weeks. Salmon P. Chase, chief justice of the Supreme Court, was the presiding officer, the members of the Senate constituted the jury, while the accusation was presented by certain members of the Lower House who had been chosen for the purpose. The President was defended by lawyers of national reputation, chief of whom was William M. Evarts of New York. There were fifty-four Senators and a two-thirds vote or thirty-six were necessary to convict the President.

Intense was the interest in the great trial throughout the country, especially when the time came for the vote of the Senate to be taken. The Senate

chamber was crowded and outside surged a restless multitude. Telegraph operators sat at their places, ready to flash the news to the waiting throngs in every part of the Union.

To the witness stand were summoned men of national fame—members of the Cabinet and generals of the Army. There were several charges against the President, the most important being that he had violated the law in dismissing Mr. Stanton from his Cabinet. And it was believed that if he were not convicted on this charge he would probably escape conviction on all the others, and so it proved.

As the time for the first ballot drew near, the excitement throughout the country became more intense. On May 16th the first ballot was taken and it was found that thirty-five of the Senators had voted against Mr. Johnson, and nineteen had voted to acquit him. The President had thus escaped being deposed from his office by a single vote.

At first a wave of disappointment overspread the country at Johnson's acquittal; but on a sober second thought the people began to see that his conviction would have been a bad precedent. Nor could it be forgotten that Johnson had risen by his own force and energy from the humblest walks of life, and that all through the war he was a brave and dauntless defender of the Union. The storm over, Johnson quietly served out his term, and was succeeded in the great office the following March by General Grant. Johnson then retired to his home in Tennessee. Early in the year 1875 he was elected from that

State to the United States Senate, but he died in July of the same year, and his stormy career was over.

After the trial was over Mr. Stanton resigned from the Cabinet and retired from public life. He died the next year, 1869, after being honored by an appointment to the Supreme Court by President Grant.

Had Johnson been deposed from the Presidency the office would have been filled to the end of the term, March 4, 1869, by Senator Benjamin Wade of Ohio, as he was President of the Senate. Wade thus became one of the three men in our history who each came within a single vote of reaching the great prize and yet missed it. The other two were Aaron Burr and Samuel J. Tilden.

Maximilian in Mexico

The attempt to set up an Old World monarchy in Mexico was not exactly caused by our Civil War; but it is certain that no such attempt would have been made had there been no war in this country. And it is equally certain that the downfall of the Mexican Empire was brought about by the interference of the United States, after the Civil War had ended.

Louis Napoleon III, nephew of the great Napoleon who had died in 1821 on the island of St. Helena, was now Emperor of France. He had little ability in comparison with his great namesake. He knew that his popularity in France was waning and

he looked about for something spectacular to do in order to win applause and strengthen his tottering throne. Here was Mexico, badly governed and apparently inviting intervention. Why not send an army to Mexico, since the United States is at war and unable to enforce the Monroe Doctrine? Why not set up an empire there? What a monument it would be to the genius of this ambitious Napoleon!

The French monarch was not a statesman. Unable to manage smaller affairs at home, he had dreams and visions of dazzling the world with great undertakings in foreign lands. A wiser man would have hesitated long before entering on so rash an experiment; but Napoleon saw only glory to himself and the establishing of a Latin monarchy to rival the great Anglo-Saxon Republic of the New World. His army landed at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1862, and a year later the Mexican Republic was apparently conquered by the French.

Who should be the Emperor, if an empire were to be built on the ruins of the Republic? There was no one of his own family to whom Napoleon could turn. He therefore called on Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, and invited him to become Emperor of Mexico. The story of this hapless prince is a sad one.

Maximilian was a brother of the present aged Emperor of Austria-Hungary, Francis Joseph. He was a member of the world-famous House of Hapsburg and could trace his ancestry back more than six hundred years through a long line of kings and emperors.

He was a man of good qualities and noble impulses. Tall and stalwart, with a high, broad forehead, keen blue eyes, a long flowing beard parted in the middle, he had a proud step and a kingly bearing. He could speak and write in seven languages. He had traveled widely over the world and was a favorite in every royal court.

When asked to become Emperor of Mexico, Maximilian hesitated long, and consented only on the condition that the Mexican people should be willing that he become their ruler. The French pretended that the consent of the Mexicans had been obtained, and in 1864 the Austrian archduke sailed for Mexico.

Maximilian was a young man, only thirty-two, and a few years before this he had married the beautiful Princess Carlotta, daughter of the King of Belgium and descendant of the great French sovereign, King Henry of Navarre. Unlike many royal marriages, theirs was a pure love match.

Carlotta was ambitious to become an empress. Her husband was heir to no European throne. Here was the opportunity.

They talked over and over the wonderful possibilities that lay before them. How grand it would be to reign in a resplendent palace, with nobles bowing at your feet and millions of subjects ready to heed your every word and glance, and waiting to shout their glad huzzas wherever you go! The prize was too alluring to be resisted. Carlotta agreed to the project and sailed with her husband to Mexico. Little did she know that this was the beginning of

the end of all her earthly happiness—that this romance of youth would end in a mournful tragedy.

In May, 1864, the royal pair debarked on the coast of Mexico. Welcomed by crowds of people, they proceeded to the capital, where a splendid reception awaited them. Carlotta was supremely happy. She was kind and gracious to her new subjects. On her birthday she gave seven thousand dollars to feed the poor. Thousands applauded the new rulers, and in a few weeks their court was established and most of the people seemed contented.

But there was a minor strain in all the music, and a discordant note in the shouts of the multitude. Many of the people did not join in the applause, others did so because they had been bribed by the royal party. Moreover, the Republican Government had not ceased to exist. The officers had fled from the capital, and were only waiting for a turn of the tide. It soon came.

The Civil War in the United States was over. The Government and people had watched the invasion of Mexico by the French army and regarded it a downright infraction of the Monroe Doctrine. Louis Napoleon had promised Maximilian that a French army should remain in Mexico for six years, or until the latter could create an adequate army for himself.

Our Government informed the Emperor of France that this whole proceeding was highly distasteful to the United States, but the Emperor did not seem to understand. At length, the war over, we came

out boldly and demanded that the French army be withdrawn from Mexico, and to emphasize the demand, General Sheridan was sent into Texas with 50,000 veteran troops. Louis Napoleon now quickly understood, and promised to withdraw his army.

What was to become of Maximilian and his Empire? His friends advised him to abdicate and return to Europe, for it was believed that his throne would crumble and fall when the French support was withdrawn. He decided to do so; but the ambitious Carlotta stayed his hand. For two years now she had been an Empress, and had been the central figure in a gay court modeled after those of Europe. Brilliant and gracious was she; no princess in Europe could outshine her in the festive circle. Could she now endure to be degraded from her throne and be an Empress no more?

No, she would first make a desperate effort. She would go to Europe and persuade the French Emperor to reconsider. Perhaps she did not know of the inflexible force of the Monroe Doctrine. Napoleon refused her request because he could not do otherwise. Then Carlotta went to Rome and pleaded with the Pope to interfere in her husband's behalf; but he, too, was powerless.

Now came the sad news to all Europe and to Mexico that Carlotta's mind had given way. She was insane.

Maximilian, still in Mexico, was overcome with grief at this news of his beloved wife. But his troubles were only begun.

At this moment there was a great man in Mexico. It was Benito Juarez (Wáh-rez) an Indian, who had risen in public life until he had become President of Mexico. He was the leader of the Liberal party, which had opposed the coming of the French from the beginning. He had refused to lay down his office, or to meet Maximilian or support him in any way. When the French had departed Juarez soon had an army to oppose the Emperor and the few followers who had remained faithful to him.

A short, sharp war was the result, and Maximilian was defeated and taken prisoner. Tried by a court martial, he was sentenced to be shot. No pleadings for clemency could reach the iron heart of Juarez. The fallen Emperor was led to the place of execution, with two of his companions. Around the doomed men stood three thousand soldiers. Maximilian was brave and undaunted. He took a costly ring from his finger and handed it to a friend, requesting that it be given to his mother. "Poor Carlotta," he cried, mournfully, "if I had gone with you, it would have been better for me." He then stepped boldly to the place of execution, forgave his enemies, commended his soul to God, and, throwing up his hand, cried, "Fire."

Instantly six men, who stood with pointed muskets, pulled the trigger, and thus ended the short, fateful career of Maximilian in Mexico.

Poor Carlotta never recovered her reason. She still lives (1909) and is under the care of her brother, the aged King Leopold of Belgium. Forty years

have passed since her reign of glory in Mexico, but to this day she does not know of the tragic fate of her husband. Among the royal families of Europe a sadder story would be hard to find than that of Maximilian and Carlotta.

The Alabama Claims

One of the conspicuous legacies of the Civil War was that known as the *Alabama Claims*, that is, claims against the British Government for damages because that country permitted the Confederates to build vessels in her shipyards for the purpose of preying on American merchant vessels. There were several of these Confederate cruisers built in English waters, the most famous being the *Alabama* to which we give a brief notice.

The *Alabama* was built in the great English shipyard of Laird and Sons on the Mersey River. During its construction it was known only by its number, the 290; but it was generally understood that the ship was intended for the Confederate service. There was a law passed by Parliament long before forbidding any vessel to be built or equipped in British waters for use against a friendly nation. Our minister in London, Charles Francis Adams, son of former President John Quincy Adams, called the attention of the authorities to this law and to the fact that International Law was being violated; but all action was deferred till it was too late. The 290 had been finished and had escaped.

The vessel steamed to the Azores, where it was supplied by a British vessel with arms, ammunition, and provisions. A crew was gathered, and the ship took the name *Alabama,* unfurled the Confederate banner, and came out in its true colors as a Confederate privateer. This was in August, 1862, and the *Alabama* began its wonderful tour of the world, the most remarkable of its kind in history.

For twenty-two months this reckless rover plowed the seas of both hemispheres, leaving a trail of destruction. It was not a pirate ship, nor was its purpose to acquire riches. Its object was to weaken the North by destroying Northern shipping. It captured sixty-nine vessels, including merchantmen and whalers.

The *Alabama* first made a grand detour of the Atlantic, swinging southward to the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and to the coast of South America. Thence it proceeded to South Africa and through the Indian Ocean to the East Indies and the China Sea. By this time the machinery was greatly worn, and it was decided to return to England for repairs. Again crossing the Indian Ocean and rounding the Cape of Good Hope, it went northward and stopped in the harbor at Cherbourg, France. Here ended the meteoric career of the *Alabama,* as we shall notice.

The crew of the *Alabama,* numbering about 150 men, was a motley crowd representing nearly all nationalities. Most of them were jolly tars who "shipped" for the excitement and experience, caring little or nothing about the war between the North and

the South. They were known as a "bad lot" and when, as they were about to start on their journey, Captain Semmes, in a brief speech, expressed the belief that Providence would bless them and aid them to free the South from the Yankees, an old sailor muttered,

"Yaas, Providence likely to bless this yer crew."

Semmes and his officers were not ruffians, and would have carried on their business with some regard for decency, but the crew, on boarding a captured vessel, became entirely unmanageable. They pillaged and robbed their prisoners to the last degree, but seldom hurt them, unless they made resistance. One of their captives, said to be a preacher, because he exhorted his fellow sailors daily on religion, was a tall, gawky man of middle age. Two of the *Alabama* tars decided to amuse themselves by hazing the preacher; but the tables were soon turned. The preacher turned on them, knocked them both down, and belabored them till they were half dead. The men carried the matter to the officers of the *Alabama,* hoping to have the preacher punished. "Served you right," said the officers, and there it ended.

The vessels captured were often burned and the passengers and crews carried to some port and set free. Sometimes, however, when a captive ship had on board too many people to be accommodated on the *Alabama,* it was not burned, but permitted to go on its way.

It was in June, 1864, that the *Alabama* reached Cherbourg, and here it met the *Kearsarge,* a United

States cruiser of about the same size, under the command of Captain John A. Winslow.

Captain Semmes had been accused of being a pirate and to refute such a charge and prove that his ship was a legitimate war vessel, and also in the hope of reviving the waning fortunes of the South, he challenged Captain Winslow to a duel. This could mean nothing less than the destruction of one of the two vessels, but Winslow did not hesitate; he accepted the challenge.

On the 19th of June the two vessels met for a death duel, in neutral waters, about seven miles out from the harbor. Thousands of people gathered on the shore to witness the spectacle.

The two vessels approached each other and began to swing round and round in a circle, from a quarter to a half mile apart, each pouring its deadly broadsides into the other. A shot from the *Kearsarge* made the *Alabama* "reel," as the men said, and an old sailor exclaimed, "A few more biffs like that and we may turn turtle." Scarcely had he spoken when a shell plowed through the hull and burst under the great pivot gun, tilted it out of range, killed five men and wounded twice as many. A few minutes later a cannon ball from the *Kearsarge* struck the *Alabama* amidships and another at the water's edge. The engine stopped and would work no longer. The vessel shivered from top to bottom as if ready to plunge beneath the waves.

"All on deck. She's going down," cried the officers. An hour had passed since the fight had begun.

Seven times the two ships had swung round in a circle. The *Kearsarge* had been but slightly damaged. The *Alabama* was ready to sink. A white flag was raised in token of surrender and the firing stopped.

There was now a wild scene on board the *Alabama*. The one uninjured boat was soon lowered and filled with struggling men. Most of the men, however, when they saw the vessel was sinking, leaped overboard and a few minutes later, when the ship, with a mighty lurch and a vast gurgling sound, sank beneath the waves, the sea for many rods was dotted with human heads. Who will save the struggling men? Ten minutes pass, and ten more. A few of the men are exhausted and sink to rise no more. But the great majority are strong swimmers. At length the *Deerhound*, an English yacht, and boats from the *Kearsarge* come to the rescue. The men are picked up one by one until nearly a hundred are saved from a watery grave. Thus ended the strange career of the famous *Alabama*.

When the war was over, and even before, the British Government was politely informed that she would be expected to pay damages for the destruction of American shipping by the *Alabama* and other vessels built in English waters. At first the English ignored the question and later openly declared that they intended to do nothing in the matter. This was very displeasing to the United States, and in 1870 President Grant made, in his annual message, a reference to the subject, which awakened the British public to

The Alabama and the Kearsarge.

a realization that there was something quite serious between the two countries.

When the British saw that we had no intention of dropping the matter, they were ready to talk it over with our officials. The English minister at Washington proposed a Joint High Commission, to sit in that city and arrange to adjust the relations between the two countries.

The offer was accepted and the commission met and produced the Treaty of Washington. It provided for settling several points of dispute and the most important of these was the *Alabama* Claims. It was provided that this be settled by a tribunal or jury of five men to meet at Geneva, Switzerland. Only one of the five was to be an American and one an Englishman. The other three were to be disinterested foreigners, as a jury deciding a case in court must not be interested in either side.

This tribunal met at Geneva in December, 1872, and sat for nine months. The case was argued with great ability on both sides, the English taking the ground that they were not responsible for the destruction wrought by the *Alabama*, and the Americans taking the opposite side. The tribunal favored the American claim, and it was decided that the British Government pay the United States the sum of $15,500,000 in gold in settlement of the *Alabama* Claims, and the money was paid to the last dollar.

CHAPTER XX

THE NEW NATION

SO great was the change in our country wrought by the Civil War that it is not improperly called a new nation. There was little or no change, it is true, in our form of government; but conditions were so changed as to put the nation on a new basis. The cause of the strife between the North and the South being removed, the way was opened for a permanent friendship, for a feeling of common brotherhood. Since the war the bitterness between the two great sections of the country has gradually died away; they have come to understand each other as never before, and our peace, we believe, now rests on a permanent basis.

General Grant had won great fame on the battlefield, and this fact led to his being elected President after the close of the war. But while Grant was an able commander, he had no training and little ability as a statesman. Often we have chosen a military man for President, but only once before had we chosen a man who had no other than a military training—Zachary Taylor, in 1848. This is a risky thing to do. A man may be a splendid soldier and yet prove to be a weakling in civil office. To some extent

this was true in the case of General Grant, and when he came before the country for reëlection in 1872, there was powerful opposition in his own party. This led to the Liberal Republican Movement, or the Greeley episode, and introduces us to a remarkable character.

Horace Greeley

Zaccheus Greeley was a farmer of New Hampshire, and on his little farm of fifty acres near the town of Amherst his son Horace was born in 1811. Mr. Greeley was a good neighbor and a kind-hearted man, but he was a poor farmer, or rather a poor manager. He was always in debt and when Horace was nine years old the farm was seized by the sheriff and sold.

In those days a man could be sent to prison for debt, and as Mr. Greeley's farm did not bring enough to pay all he owed, he fled from the State into Vermont, leaving his family behind. The following winter the family joined him in Vermont, having brought all their goods in a two-horse sleigh. Mr. Greeley had hired a house at Westhaven for sixteen dollars a year, and here he remained for two years, working by the day at whatever odd jobs he could secure. Horace and his younger brother went to school in winter and aided their father the rest of the year in earning a livelihood. They could not afford to buy shoes, and many a time after working among the thistles they had to endure the torture at night of having the thistle points dug out of their feet.

Horace was a very precocious boy. When but four

years old he could read fluently, and at five he read the Bible through under the guidance of his mother. A wealthy gentleman, seeing that he was a very promising boy, offered to send him to college and defray all his expenses; but the Greeleys, though very poor, were too proud to accept the offer.

While Horace was still very young his mind turned toward journalism. When eleven years old he induced his father to go with him to a newspaper office, where he had heard there was a boy wanted. But Horace was rejected because of his extreme youth.

As he grew older he became more and more determined to learn the newspaper business, and when he was fifteen he heard that a boy was wanted in a newspaper office at East Poultney, Vermont. He hastened to the place and applied for the position.

Horace was by no means an attractive youth. He was tall, slender, awkward, and very carelessly dressed. He had a wealth of tow-colored hair tending to yellow. He was a "gawky" looking lad and his real intelligence did not show in his countenance. When he came to the office and asked, "Do you want a boy to learn the trade?" the proprietor of the newspaper thought it strange, as he afterwards said, that such an unpromising boy should want to be a printer. After questioning him a little, however, he found that the boy was quite well informed for his age and was very ambitious. He received the appointment. His employer never dreamed that he was opening the way to one who was to become the most eminent journalist that America has yet produced.

For six months Horace was to work for his board only, and after that he was to receive forty dollars a year in addition. Of this pittance he always managed to send a little to his struggling parents. Meantime they had left New England and moved to Northwestern Pennsylvania, where they settled on a small farm in the wilderness, and here two or three years later Horace joined them. Next we find him employed in a printing office in the city of Erie.

The several years that Horace Greeley had spent in the Vermont village were of vast importance to him in the way of gathering a fund of knowledge through experience. He had not only learned to set type, but also to edit a newspaper, to write editorials and the like. Furthermore, he had joined a debating society and had learned to stand before an audience and speak with ease and fluency. When scarcely sixteen he had organized a temperance society and in order to make the age limit for joining it low enough not to exclude himself he had a resolution adopted that anyone might join "when he was old enough to drink."

All these things indicated that there was something promising for the future in this awkward boy, Horace Greeley. How many boys of sixteen would form a temperance society for the public benefit and become its leader?

Horace Greeley was not content to spend his life in village printing offices. He felt that he would have a better opportunity to make a career for himself if he were in the great city of New York and he had the

courage to brave all the perils that might lie between him and success. At the age of twenty he shared his little savings with his parents, reserving twenty-five dollars for himself, and set out by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, arriving at the metropolis in August, 1831. He now had ten dollars in his pocket, having spent fifteen dollars on the journey. At a cheap boarding house he soon found a temporary home and began his search for employment. He visited and was turned away from nearly all the printing offices in the city. At last, when his money as well as his courage was almost exhausted, he heard of a place where a printer was wanted. Next morning he was there waiting long before the place was opened. He received the appointment, but the wages were so low that he could scarcely make ends meet.

This was a beginning, and though the task was a hard one, he did his work so faithfully and so well that henceforth he had little trouble in finding employment.

Within a year or two Horace Greeley was familiar with the printing business in New York, after which his rise was rapid and continuous. In 1833 he and a partner established the first one-cent daily in the United Statets. This venture did not pay and, after a few months, had to be given up. But our young editor had discovered his power and nothing could discourage him.

In 1840 he established the *Log Cabin* in which he vigorously supported Harrison in the campaign of

that year. This paper sprang into such popularity that, with his printing apparatus, he could not supply the demand for it.

The next year, 1841, Mr. Greeley founded the New York *Tribune,* which soon became the leading newspaper in America, and so continued as long as its editor lived—more than thirty years. Soon after establishing this great newspaper Greeley became the most cogent political writer in the country. He was a Whig as long as the Whig party continued to exist, and a Republican when that party was founded in the fifties. At the secession of the Southern States in 1861 Greeley at first counseled a peaceful separation rather than a war, but later he veered around and became a stanch supporter of the Union. In August, 1862, he printed a letter to President Lincoln urging emancipation and entitled it, " The Prayer of Twenty Millions." To this letter the President sent a carefully prepared answer, and both have become famous documents.

At the close of the war Mr. Greeley showed the broadness of his spirit when he signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, who had been confined at Fortress Monroe.

As we have noticed, there was much opposition to the renomination of President Grant in 1872, and a large section of the party broke away and formed a new party, which was named the Liberal Republican party. The one object of this movement was to defeat Grant. The new party held a national convention in Cincinnati and nominated Horace Greeley for

President. Perhaps no man in the country had a broader knowledge of public affairs than Mr. Greeley. But he could have no hope of success unless the Democrats would also support him. They met in Baltimore a few weeks later and decided to do so. They made Greeley their candidate, and then began a fierce campaign.

Greeley played a losing game from the beginning. Large numbers of the Democrats refused to support him because he had been fighting their party all his life up to this time. And many Liberal Republicans, seeing themselves in Democratic company, went back to their old party before election day.

The result was an overwhelming defeat for Mr. Greeley. He had not looked for such a crushing result; the shock was more than he could bear, and scarcely had the shouts of the Republican victory died away when the great New York editor was dead.

Though Mr. Greeley was not well fitted for a political career, he was a great journalist, he was devoted to the cause of good government, and the public will not soon forget him.

The Great Railroad Strike of 1877

Capital and labor are both necessary to production. Capitalists and laborers are usually of different classes and one class is in the employ of the other. Neither class can get along without the other, and there should be harmony between them, but not always are their relations harmonious. There are

many possible sources of strife, chief of which is the scale of wages. When trouble arises between the two classes the customary weapon of the laborers is the "strike," a paralyzing of the business for a time by quitting work and preventing others from taking their places. The most serious and extensive strike in the history of the country was the great railroad strike of 1877.

Early in July of that year the management of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad sent circulars to its thousands of employees stating that a ten per cent reduction in their wages would be made and would go into effect on the 16th of that month.

The announcement came like a blow to many, for their wages were already low. It created ill feeling and men in groups discussed the matter seriously in the days following. Meetings were held all along the line and it was decided to send a committee to expostulate with the vice president of the road; but that official refused even to hear the complaints of the employees. His name was King, and he reminds us of another king who once upon a time refused to receive a petition from his aggrieved colonists.

The 16th of July dawned and the business of the great railroad, over its more than 1,400 miles of track seemed in a normal condition. The officials began to congratulate themselves on the acceptance of the wage reduction by their employees without disturbance. But this was the calm that preceded the storm.

Before night of that day word began to reach the

head offices at Baltimore that at Cumberland, at Martinsburg, and all along the line from the Atlantic Coast to the Ohio Valley, the crews of freight trains were abandoning their posts and preventing others from taking their places.

On the same day thousands of other employees in the city of Baltimore not connected with the railroad, box-makers, sawyers, can-makers and the like, decided to strike for higher wages. This movement had its effect on the railroad men; it strengthened the wavering. By the morning of the 17th there was scarcely a freight train moving in the whole course of the Baltimore & Ohio. The first center of disturbance was Martinsburg, West Virginia, and Vice President King called on the Governor of the State to send militia to protect the company in its effort to run the trains. The governor immediately sent a body of armed men to Martinsburg, but they accomplished nothing. The strikers uncoupled the cars and hid the coupling pins; they put out the fires of the engines; they forced men to abandon the engines, if any attempted to run the trains. The militia was of little service because they fraternized with the strikers.

The Governor of West Virginia then called on President Hayes for National troops and several hundred were sent, but they were no more successful than the State militia had been. All freight trains were blocked, but passenger trains were allowed to run as usual.

At the end of two or three days the company had failed to break the strike or to make any impression

on it. One reason for this was that public opinion supported the strikers rather than the company, and public opinion is incomparably the most powerful force in America.

The strikers put out a circular stating that they had suffered three reductions of wages within three years, and that it was a matter of daily bread with them. The people believed in the righteousness of their cause, and sympathized with them as long as they refrained from violence. But it was not long until the strike spread to other States and other railroads. It became alarming to the peace of the country, and occasioned much bloodshed and great destruction of property.

A crisis was soon reached in Baltimore. The strikers had been joined by the rabble and riffraff of the entire city—idlers, loafers, tramps, thieves and criminals, black and white and of both sexes, representing every phase of slum life—all these appeared as a howling mob in the streets on the 20th of July.

A regiment of soldiers attempting to move across the city to the Baltimore & Ohio station, found the way blocked by a raging, cursing mob, hurling stones and other missiles. At length the troops, in sheer desperation, leveled their guns and fired straight into the crowd. A yell of rage was heard from the mob and a few in the front ranks fell dead. The rest scattered for a moment and the troops were able to proceed a square or two, when they were again assailed by the maddened people. Again they fired and still again. Finally, they reached the station and penned

themselves in from the infuriated masses. Such were the scenes in Baltimore; but they were still more terrible in Pittsburg, to which city the strike had spread.

The employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad had recently suffered a cut in wages, and now seemed the time to make a strike to regain them. Every freight train on that great system was stopped and miles of cars stood along the tracks, many of which were looted by the mob. Here, as in Baltimore, all the lower elements of society were turned loose. In a great city there is always a large element at the bottom of the social scale, sometimes called " the submerged tenth," utterly wanting in ambition and industry, always ready to join in riot and pillage. These were not interested in the wages of the strikers, but seeing an opportunity for excitement and plunder, they joined the strikers and became the chief part of the mob. But for this class the workingmen would have been orderly and would have retained the respect of the community.

The reign of terror in Pittsburg began with the 21st of July. The mob had been gathering for two days. Sheriff Fife called out the militia and a body of troops was sent from Philadelphia. The mob had collected in vast numbers and the soldiers, exasperated at their hoots and jeers, opened fire and sixteen persons were instantly killed.

For a moment the crowd pressed back in terror, but only for a moment. It came again more infuriated than before. " Excited men seemed to spring

out of the ground as if by magic," wrote an eyewitness. They attacked the soldiers with stones and pistols, determined to drive them out of the city. The troops, numbering but a few hundred, were too few to protect the city or even themselves. Had they fired again they would probably have been destroyed to the last man by the furious multitude. As it was they were driven from one street to another and at length they fled to a country village some miles away, after twenty of them had been shot dead. Sheriff Fife was shot and killed by the mob, which now had complete control of the city.

Then came the most dreadful scenes ever witnessed in any city in this country. Miles of freight cars were set on fire, more than 3,500 being burned to ashes. The great Pennsylvania depot and other railroad buildings were set on fire and for a time it seemed that the entire city would be swept away in the mighty conflagration.

A day or two of this pillage, fire, and bloodshed, and the fury of the mob began to subside. The better citizens, awakened to the danger, formed a vigilance committee and, with the aid of the regular officials, soon succeeded in restoring order.

The strike of 1877 was the most disastrous in the history of the country. It spread to nearly all the railroads east of the Mississippi and affected 12,000 miles of railroad lines. There was rioting and bloodshed in many cities. Hundreds of people were killed or wounded, many of them being innocent onlookers. Millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

For two weeks practically the entire business of the country east of the Mississippi was paralyzed.

At last the passion of the rioters burned out, things assumed a normal aspect and slowly the strikers went back to their usual places of employment. In a few cases the strikers won what they had demanded; in others they made a sort of compromise with their employers, but a majority of them went back to work at the old wages.

The railroad companies, however, as well as many other large employers of labor, learned an important lesson by the great strike of 1877. They learned that it is better and far cheaper to reason and compromise with their employees than to defy them.

The Pacific Coast and the Chinese

The great railroad strike had scarcely subsided when a commotion arose in San Francisco, the fame of which soon spread from one ocean to the other.

On a vacant place known as the sand lots in the edge of the city a large crowd of men gathered night after night to listen to the impassioned oratory of a man who wore a workingman's garb, but who seemed born for the public rostrum. His name was Dennis Kearney. Born in Ireland, he had spent his early manhood on the sea as a common sailor, but for some years had been a laborer in San Francisco. His fiery speeches usually ended with the same passionate edict, "The Chinese must go."

This was one of the first serious anti-Chinese out-

bursts on the Western coast. But the feeling against the Orientals had been growing for some years, and it now broke forth and grew in intensity till it enlisted the attention of the whole nation. Kearney became so violent that he was arrested and sent to jail; but the agitation did not subside.

The Chinese had begun coming to the coast about 1851, at first only a few at a time, then more and more until the white population became alarmed. The cry against the Chinese first arose from the laboring classes. They complained that a Chinaman would work for wages on which an American would starve. He would work any number of hours, live on the cheapest food, and dwell in the meanest hovel or in a hole in the ground, and withal he would maintain a smiling countenance.

All this was exasperating to the American workingman, who found himself underbidden in every field of labor. Nor was there any end in sight to the coming of the Chinese. China with her four hundred millions of inhabitants could furnish an inexhaustible supply of cheap labor, especially since no Chinaman made any pretense of remaining in America. They would come and work a few years, hoarding their few hundred dollars of earnings, and then go back to their native country, whence thousands of others would come to repeat the process. So it might continue indefinitely and the American laborer would simply be crowded out by the Chinese coolies.

"Gold Hills" was the name by which America was known in China. And indeed, when viewed

from the standpoint of the Chinese, it seemed like a land of gold, for their wages, low as they were in America, were said to be ten times as great as in their own country. The value of money was so much greater in China than in America that when a Chinaman went back with three or four hundred dollars he was looked upon by his countrymen as a rich man. The bait was therefore an alluring one. It was like the attraction of the Klondike a few years ago, when gold was discovered there.

The laboring men took the lead in opposing the coming of the Orientals, but they were not long alone, nor was the labor question the chief one. The Chinese are pagans and they refused to give up one jot of their superstition. With all their industry they are addicted to low and degrading vices.

When European immigrants come to our shores they come to stay; they expect to become American citizens, to grow up with the country. They intend America to be the future home of their children and grandchildren; they adopt our laws and customs and become a part of us. But not so with the Chinese. They do not wish to become citizens. They care nothing for our customs, our religion, or our institutions. You can make a good American out of a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a Russian Jew; but a Chinaman is a Chinaman all the time, and can no more be an American than a leopard can change his spots.

Here then was a great question. Shall we permit this undesirable class to come in vast numbers until

they drag down American life to their own level? Two race problems we have already had to solve—the Indian problem, which began with the landing of the Virginians and the Pilgrims; and the negro question, which brought about the dreadful tragedy of the Civil War. Should another race problem now be permitted when it was in our power to nip it in the bud?

Such was the reasoning of the American people, and especially of the Californians. But some reasoned that we had no right to bar the Chinese or any other people from the country; that the earth is the Lord's and no people have an exclusive right to occupy particular portions of it. Let the Chinese come, argued these, we can do them good by teaching them the true religion. While sending missionaries to the far-off heathen, let us not neglect the opportunity that comes to our doors.

But those who took this position were few in comparison with the class who demanded that the Chinese must go. Frequently the feeling against the Chinese resulted in mob violence. One uprising at Los Angeles caused the death of twenty-one Chinamen. In 1885 twenty-eight Chinamen were murdered by miners in Wyoming for refusing to join a strike.

Attempts were made to hamper and annoy the undesirable class by State or city laws. In Oregon a law forbade the employment of Chinese on State contract work; but the Federal Court threw the law overboard on the ground that it violated our treaty

with China, and because "the right to reside in a country implies the right to earn a living."

San Francisco passed an ordinance requiring the hair of all prisoners to be cut short. This would have been a dreadful blow to the Chinese had it stood the test of the courts, for they value their queue as life itself. One day while a Chinaman was asleep some practical jokers cut off his queue. When he awoke and saw what was done, he screamed and instantly committed suicide by dashing his head against a stone wall.

This ordinance was very properly pronounced null and void by the courts, because cruel, and because it was class legislation.

It was not long until the Chinese question became a strong factor in National politics. Both great parties were ready to make a bid for the electoral votes of the coast States and in the campaign of 1880 both pronounced against Chinese immigration. The same year a new treaty was made with China, by which the United States was permitted to "regulate, limit, or suspend" the coming of Chinese laborers.

This opened the way and Congress soon took the matter up in earnest. The first anti-Chinese measure passed by Congress met with a veto by the President, but another, in May, 1882, received his signature and became a law. By this law Chinese laborers were forbidden to come to the United States, for a period of ten years. But the law was evaded in this way: A Chinaman already here could, on returning to his own country, take out a certificate that would

readmit him to this country, if he chose to come back. Many of them would sell these certificates in China and others would use them in getting across our borders, because to the inspectors all Chinese looked alike. Many also were smuggled across the Canadian border. These abuses were corrected by an additional law passed in 1888, forbidding the return to the United States of all Chinese who went back to their own land.

Last came the Geary law of 1892, the most sweeping of its kind ever enacted by any country. This law was to continue for ten years, but was extended at the end of that time. It is so effective that Chinese laborers are almost wholly debarred from the United States, and thus we are relieved of a race problem that might have become a serious menace to our institutions.

Custer and the Battle of the Little Big Horn

Of all races of men on the earth the American Indian is the most persistent in refusing to become civilized. With all his four hundred years of contact with the most enlightened of races the Indian stands about where he did in the time of Columbus. It is true that the Indians have learned the use of the horse and of firearms from the whites, and many of them have adopted the white man's religion; but they have no desire to build cities and schools and factories. If their children are educated, it is through the efforts of their pale-faced brethren and not their

own. In the Indian reservations of the West the mode of life is very much the same as it was in the days of King Philip or of Powhatan.

Forty years ago there were a great many Indians —the Sioux and other tribes—living in an almost wild state in the valley of the Big Horn River in Montana. They had no desire for civilization. The country was well watered and the forests and mountain slopes abounded in buffaloes, deer and antelope. But the time came, as it had come in the East long before, when the ever-restless white man could not keep away from the Indian lands.

The red men seriously objected to the building of railroads through their hunting ground; they resisted the coming of white settlers and especially of the soldiers. The discovery of gold in the Black Hills, the building of transcontinental railroads, the vast stretches of pasture land allured the white man, and it was certain that the Indians could not long remain in their isolation. The nearer the approach of the whites the more angry they grew and by the beginning of 1876 there were several thousand hostile Indians in the valleys of Montana.

General George A. Custer was one of the commanders in the West. A native of Ohio, he had graduated at West Point in the spring of 1861, just in time to take part in the battle of Bull Run. Throughout the war he served with the army of the Potomac, was a member of McClellan's staff and was made brigadier general in 1863, at the age of twenty-four. He was one of the ablest and most reckless

young cavalry leaders in the war. On one occasion he dashed almost up to the suburbs of Richmond, captured a hundred men in the outer trenches, and escaped with no loss to himself. He was with Sheridan in the famous raid of the Shenandoah Valley and at Five Forks, and with Grant at the final scenes at Appomatox, where he received with his own hand the flag of truce sent by Lee at that famous surrender.

The war over, Custer was sent into Texas and later to the Far West. We find him in the army of General Terry who, in 1876, was sent against the hostile Sioux and kindred tribes.

Early in May the army broke camp and marched from Bismarck, North Dakota, to the valley of the Big Horn. Terry decided to divide his army into three parts, one part to be commanded by himself, another by General Gibbon, and a third by General Custer. On June 23d they separated; each was to make a certain detour through the valley and get all possible information about the Indians, after which they were to meet and join their forces on the evening of the 26th and make ready for a general battle.

Custer proceeded to the very heart of the Indian country, marching almost day and night for fifty hours. He was at least a day ahead of time, his men were tired, sleepy, and hungry, and yet he offered battle to several thousand Indians, without orders from General Terry, as soon as he came within striking distance.

Why did Custer thus disobey orders and attack a

body of Indians ten times greater in numbers than his own army? It is believed that he had no idea that there were so many Indians as there proved to be, and that he disobeyed orders because he wished to win all the glory of a victory to the exclusion of his fellow officers.

The Indian chief who had the greatest influence among the Sioux at this time was Sitting Bull; but this chief was not present at the battle. It was said that he was a coward (an unusual thing for an Indian) and whenever his braves were in battle he found something to do a mile or two away. The chiefs who led against Custer were Crazy Horse, Crow King, Rain-in-the-Face and one or two others.

Custer had with him only a part of the troops of his division, about 300 men, when he rode up to the Indian town on the Little Big Horn River on that fatal 25th of June. In a short time hundreds of Indian horsemen had poured out on the plain to meet the white invaders of their soil. Custer's little band was surrounded by an army of perhaps 3,000 warriors, trained in the art of savage warfare and armed as well as the whites themselves.

The history of the battle was afterwards gathered from the Indians, for not a white man was left alive to tell the story. Custer and his men fought with desperate bravery, but they were shot down mercilessly, sometimes horse and rider falling in a heap together. At the end of two hours scarcely a fourth of them were left alive. A few of them tried to escape to the mountains; but they were pursued and

killed to the last man. At the end of three hours the little band had all perished. Of the horses, one escaped, a noble charger named Comanche, and was found some miles from the battlefield with seven bullet wounds. A soldier was detailed to take care of the horse as long as it lived and no one was ever permitted to ride it. The battle over, the squaws swarmed over the field with picks and axes and mutilated the bodies of their fallen enemies in a frightful manner. Most of the clothing and every article of value were torn from the dead men, and thus they were found a few days later when their comrades came to bury them. General Custer had been shot through the temple and in the left side. His body was not mutilated. It was said that a chief named Rain-in-the-Face, whom Custer had befriended in the past, finding his body, said, "My poor friend," and then stood and guarded it from the infuriated squaws.

General Custer's widow has written a book entitled "Boots and Saddles" in which she gives a detailed account of life with the general in the West. The book is well worth reading, though it does not treat of this final battle, which rendered her a widow.

CHAPTER XXI

OUR ISLAND POSSESSIONS

FOR more than a hundred years after the adoption of our Constitution the United States had no colonial possessions, unless we except Alaska. While England, France, Germany, and other countries were taking possession of Africa and other parts of the world, we remained at home developing our continent, and even took pride in the fact that we did not own colonies. But there came a time, only a few years ago, when this condition was changed. The change was brought about chiefly by our recent war with Spain, as we shall notice; but first let us take a glance at

The Hawaiian Islands

There is no more beautiful group of islands in the world than the Hawaiian Islands. They lie in the Pacific Ocean in the latitude of Cuba, and are 2,100 miles from San Francisco. The climate is like perpetual spring. The scenery is magnificent. Volcanic mountains with their slopes and intervening valleys laden with evergreen forests and luxuriant tropical vegetation, with the deep blue of the encir-

cling sea in the distance, presents a charm to the eye that no one who beholds it can ever forget.

The islands were discovered in 1778 by Captain James Cook, a famous navigator of the British royal navy. Returning the next year to spend the winter months in this charming place, Captain Cook met the fate of Magellan in the Philippines. He was killed by the natives. He had given the group the name of the Sandwich Islands, after the Earl of Sandwich, a patron of his expedition. But this name has fallen into disuse, and the islands are known as Hawaii, which is the name of the largest of the group.

Eight of the islands are inhabited, the largest being Hawaii with an area of 4,015 square miles, and the second is Maui, 728 square miles, and the third is Oahu, 598 square miles, on which is situated the capital city Honolulu.

The islands are of volcanic origin, and at present the largest active volcano in the world is Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii. On the island of Maui is the largest extinct volcano in the world, with a crater twenty miles in circumference and 2,500 feet in depth.

The soil of the islands is very fertile, and there are other very attractive features. Fierce storms are unknown in Hawaii; there are no poisonous reptiles or dangerous wild animals; the climate is delightful, tempered by the soft, perennial breeze from the sea. The hills and valleys abound in bright flowers, of which there are 900 species, and in forests of palms and other tropical vegetation.

Little is known of the history of Hawaii before 1820, when the first Christian missionaries arrived in the islands. Soon after them came the traders and the whalers. Many a weary crew of whale fishermen, after a long, dreary voyage of the Arctic seas, found and still find these islands a delightful haven for rest and recreation. When the missionaries came they found the natives docile and easily won away from their old, idolatrous religion. Almost the entire population were won to accept Christianity. It is said that this wholesale conversion without force of an entire population has no parallel in the world's history.

The natives are apparently a mixture of Polynesian and Malayan races. They are somewhat darker in color than the American Indians, are tall and stalwart, courteous and affectionate, with soft, mellow voices, and an inclination to music and oratory. The one great defect in the Hawaiian character is indolence. They do not like to work. When the white man came to his island home and introduced new industries that make for modern progress and civilization, the Hawaiian, accustomed for ages to gathering his food from the palm tree and the sea, as nature provided it, could not enter into the new life. He stood aloof, and when laborers were needed they were imported by thousands from China and Japan.

The Hawaiian race is dying out. Seventy years ago there were more than 100,000 natives of pure blood; to-day there are scarcely 30,000. Two reasons are given for this rapid decline. First, the Ha-

waiians are far more susceptible to contagious diseases than are the other races of the islands. In 1848 one fourth of the whole population died of measles, and a few years later several thousand died of smallpox. Pneumonia and typhoid are far more fatal to them than to the other races. Furthermore, Hawaii is one of the few places in the world where leprosy is still a prevalent disease, and it is the native who is especially susceptible to it. On one of the islands is a colony of lepers—a thousand or more—and the proportion of American victims to natives is about one to two hundred.

Second, the Hawaiian women prefer American or Chinese husbands to their own race. A great many of the Chinese, who are industrious and good providers, find wives among the native women, and a large part of the rising generation are the children of Chinese fathers and Hawaiian mothers. Probably within half a century the pure Hawaiian race will have disappeared from the islands.

In 1824 the king and queen of Hawaii visited England and both died there of the measles. Then a witty poet, or one who thought himself witty, wrote:

> "Waiter, two Sandwiches," cried Death
> And their wild majesties resigned their breath.

For many years the island group was looked upon with covetous eyes by various European countries and by the United States. Its great value lies in the fact that it is a most convenient station for vessels be-

tween America and the Orient. There is a large and growing American population in the islands, largely descendants of the missionaries who were sent there long ago. These were watching for an opportunity to overthrow the monarchy and put the islands under control of the United States. The natives were not specially averse to the change, for their own rulers were often tyrants and granted them few privileges.

At length the opportunity came. Queen Liliuokalani refused to continue government by a legislature, which her predecessor had established, and in January, 1893, the people, American for the most part, rose in rebellion, deposed the queen and applied for annexation to the United States.

President Harrison sent a treaty of annexation to the Senate; but in March he went out of office, and President Cleveland, who succeeded him, withdrew the treaty from the Senate, on the ground, as he said, that it was un-American to govern any people without their consent, and the native Hawaiians had not asked for annexation. He even offered to restore the queen to her throne if she would promise not to punish those who had deposed her; but she would not agree to this, and she never recovered her kingdom.

The next year the Republic of Hawaii was established, and Sanford B. Dole, son of a former American missionary, was elected president. But a few years later (in August, 1898) the republic came to an end and the islands were annexed to the United States. In June, 1900, they were organized as a

territory, with a regular territorial government and a representative in Washington, who has a seat, but not a vote, in the Lower House of Congress.

The population of the Hawaiian Islands in 1900 was 154,000, of whom 28,832 were natives. The whites numbered 28,533, with nearly as many Chinamen and twice as many Japanese. The one great product is raw sugar, of which the exports in 1908 amounted to $36,000,000. The other industries of growing importance are the production of coffee, pineapples, and rubber. The islands are becoming more and more a pleasure resort for wealthy people from all parts of the world.

The Spanish War

Our only war with a European nation, except England, was that with Spain in 1898. It continued but four months, from April till August, and, like our war with Mexico in the forties, the Americans won in every battle. The war came on account of Cuba.

Spain had owned Cuba since the time of Columbus, who first discovered the island. She had possession also of Mexico and all the countries of Central and South America, except Brazil, for a great many years; but early in the nineteenth century they rose in rebellion against her and won their independence. In the New World only Cuba and Porto Rico remained to Spain.

So tyrannical and oppressive was Spanish rule in

Cuba that the Cuban people revolted again and again without success. In 1868 a war began and continued for ten years. Spain being wholly unable to put down this revolt, induced the Cubans to lay down their arms by making promises to reform, after which she speedily violated them. Thirteen years passed when, in 1895, the Cubans rose against their oppressors in larger numbers than ever before. In a short time they had possession of almost the entire island except Havana and a few other cities. Spain sent over thousands of troops, but they made no headway against the Cubans.

The American people looked on, very much interested. We sympathized with the Cubans because they were fighting for liberty. Nothing appeals to the American heart so quickly as liberty, and nothing seems more detestable than oppression.

There were a great many people in Cuba, farmers, for the most part, who took no part in the war. Spain grew so desperate in her efforts to conquer the Cubans that she decided to force these people from their farms into the towns so that they could no longer furnish food to the armies. This was done by General Weyler, the Spanish commander in Cuba, who has been called "the butcher." His evident purpose was to conquer the island by depopulating it, for these people, forced from their homes, starved to death by thousands.

Our people heard the wailing cry of the starving Cubans, and it seemed as the voice of a brother's blood crying from the ground. They became wild

with anger and demanded a declaration of war against Spain. Our fine battleship, the *Maine,* was blown to fragments in the Havana harbor. Whether the deed was done by the Spaniards or not was never certainly known; but at any rate it was not this that brought our war with Spain. It was rather the cry of distress from downtrodden Cuba, and no war was ever waged for a nobler purpose.

War was declared against Spain in April and the response from the people was hearty and immediate. Men from all parts of the country, north and south, left their farms, their offices, and places of business, and shouldered arms for the rescue of Cuba from the tyrannical hand of Spain.

The first notable conflict of the war was a naval battle in the far-off Orient. The Philippine Islands, which belonged to Spain, were guarded by a fleet, and against it was sent an American fleet, which was then in Chinese waters under the command of Admiral Dewey. On the last night of April, Dewey sailed stealthily under the cover of darkness into the harbor of Manila Bay. Next morning, May 1st, he met the Spanish fleet, and in a furious battle of a few hours destroyed it utterly. This meant the end of Spanish rule in the Philippine Islands.

Two months later a similar naval battle occurred in Cuban waters, at the harbor of Santiago. For a month an American fleet under Admiral Sampson had watched at the mouth of the harbor for the coming of the Spanish under Admiral Cervera, which had found a refuge there. On the morning of July

3d a thin column of smoke was descried far up the bay, and it was soon discovered that the Spanish fleet was about to make a daring dash for liberty. The Americans were on the alert, and as the Spanish ships swung out into the open sea they were attacked with the utmost fury. They resisted as best they could, but their chances of victory or even of escaping were meager indeed, for they were outclassed in every respect. Not one escaped being captured or sunk, and hundreds of their brave defenders found a grave at the bottom of the sea.

This victory was very similar to that of Manila. Hundreds of Spaniards perished in each battle, while but one American was killed at Santiago and none at Manila.

Meantime there was some fierce fighting on land. General Shafter landed an army of 15,000 men on the Cuban coast in June near Santiago. After capturing the fortified town of El Caney and fighting the battle of San Juan, the first week in July, the American army captured the city of Santiago, which surrendered about the middle of July. By this time nearly all of Cuba was under American control.

Late in July General Nelson A. Miles embarked with an army for Porto Rico, the only other Spanish possession in the New World. He landed, won a few slight battles, and was pushing into the interior when suddenly all operations came to a stop on account of the news that an agreement had been reached by the United States and Spain. The war thus ended and the conditions were that Spain should give up all con-

The Battle of Manila Bay.

trol over Cuba and cede Porto Rico to the United States, while the future control of the Philippines was to be determined by a treaty yet to be arranged.

Both countries sent commissioners to meet at Paris early in the autumn. This commission met and for many weeks labored for a final settlement. One question in dispute was: What shall be done with the Philippines? They, as well as Cuba, had been in revolt against Spanish misrule, and it seemed cruel now to hand them back to the oppression of Spain. And to give them entire independence was to make them a prey to foreign powers, for they had not learned the art of self-government.

The only course left was for the United States to take over the islands. Spain objected to this most vigorously, but when she was offered $20,000,000 as a balm for her wounded pride, she agreed to it, and the entire Philippine archipelago became the possession of the United States.

The Philippine Islands

This great group of tropical islands lies about ten degrees nearer the equator than the Hawaiian group, and is about eighteen times greater in extent. There is no winter in the Philippines; but there are frequent destructive storms. The trade winds blow from the northeast for eight months in the year, from October to June, and during the remaining four months the southwest monsoon blows unceasingly.

The number of the islands exceeds 3,000, a great

many of them being barren volcanic rocks on which no human being pretends to live. Only 342 of the islands are inhabited by man. Many of these are very small, but Luzon, the largest of the group, is 40,969 square miles in extent—about the size of the State of Ohio. Mindanao comes second with 36,292 square miles, and Samar third with 5,031 square miles.

The people of the islands are called Filipinos, and they are divided into many tribes. They are of the Malay race, and a very large majority are civilized. They have schools and churches, and have made some progress in the arts and sciences, though they cannot be compared with the most highly civilized nations. The entire population of the islands is slightly above 7,500,000.

The most numerous of the tribes is the Visayan, of whom there are more than three million. Next to these come the Tagalogs with 1,400,000. These two tribes are the most intelligent in the islands. The Filipinos are supposed to have inhabited the islands in modern times only. They, like the American Indians, had not advanced far enough in civilization to record their own history at the time of their discovery in 1521 by Magellan, the famous navigator. It is believed, however, that some centuries before this time they had come to the islands and crowded out the aborigines, who were not of the Malay stock.

Of these aborigines, about 24,000 still remain. They are a dwarfish people scarcely three feet high, with almost black skin and coarse woolly hair. They

are timid and shy and as wild as the animals about them. Without clothing and without a fixed home they wander among the mountains living on roots, nuts, and small game. This tribe is known as the Negritos. They are probably among the lowest of the human race.

The Philippine islands abound in lofty mountains and tropical forests, yielding valuable timbers. The soil is fertile, and the chief products are sugar, hemp, tobacco, and coffee.

The one and only large city is Manila, on the island of Luzon, with about 225,000 inhabitants. This city is the center of art, commerce, and government, in fact, of all that represents Filipino civilization.

Scarcely had the treaty between the United States and Spain been completed when the Filipinos rose in rebellion against the Americans, declaring that they had not revolted against one master only to be brought under the domination of another, and that they would be content with nothing short of complete independence. The revolt was led by an able young leader named Aguinaldo, who soon had 30,000 men under arms. Thousands of additional American troops were sent to the islands; the war continued for two years and cost the United States about $200,000,000. Hundreds of slight battles were fought.

At length, in the spring of 1901, Aguinaldo having been captured by a clever strategy, and the Filipinos having been convinced that America was disposed to deal justly and kindly with them, giving

them a large share in their own government, they laid down their arms and the war was over. Since then the islanders have enjoyed a far better government than ever before, and they have advanced greatly in prosperity and happiness. Their school system has been very much improved, and a thousand American school teachers have gone to the islands to aid in raising the standard of education.

How the Filipinos Live

Let us take a look at the Filipinos as we find them in everyday life—not the so-called higher class, who live in stone or brick houses and wear clothes made in Europe or America, not the wild tribes who scarcely have a fixed home or wear any clothes at all, but the middle class, the rank and file who make up the masses of the people.

The average Filipino lives in a bamboo house. The bamboo is a remarkable tree, or rather a species of grass, jointed like cane. It grows to the height of one hundred feet and is about one foot in diameter at the base. The logs are used as timber for the framework of the house; split into strips it forms the walls, the floor, the beds, and, indeed, almost every piece of furniture that is used in the home.

The Filipino family is usually a large one and often they all live in a house of a single room, sleeping at night on bamboo mats spread on the earthen floor. The houses are for the most part owned by the occupants. The average farm is not more than eight

acres. The farming utensils are crude. The plow is made of wood and is drawn by a carabao, a species of buffalo; or in many cases the farmer does not use a plow at all; he scratches the ground with a split stick. The main crop is rice, which forms the chief food of the whole population.

The children are usually respectful and obedient to the parents. One of the chief occupations in the home is weaving on the hand loom. This is done by the women and girls. In the towns there are some factories where they make shoes of a coarse grade, various kinds of pottery and other things. The market place is a popular resort for the Filipinos, especially the women, who peddle their wares and talk and gossip with their friends sometimes for half a day without stopping. If a market woman happens to find some one who buys all her stock, she seems disappointed, as she no longer has a pretext for going about, which seems to be her greatest enjoyment.

The death rate in the Philippines is much higher than in Europe or America, the average length of life being only two thirds what it is with us. One cause of this no doubt is that they are unsanitary in their habits. They do not take the proper care of their children and great numbers of them die in infancy. They are very careless about contagious diseases. If the cholera sweeps over the islands the people take little precaution against its spreading, and thousands of them fall victims to its ravages. They allow filth to collect in and around their houses, nor are they careful about their food. But in strange con-

trast to all this, they are very cleanly of person. Every one—men, women, and children—takes a bath every day, not in a bathtub, but in the sparkling brooks and rivers under the open sky.

The great besetting sin of the Filipinos is gambling. The women and even the children gamble in various kinds of games, especially with cards. But the men are the chief gamblers, and their universal method is through cockfighting. This is the most widespread evil in the islands. There are cockpits, built for the purpose, with tiers of seats for spectators. Men will neglect their work and go a long distance to see a cockfight, often taking their boys with them and paying their last bit of money for admission. Those who have money after paying the entrance fee will probably bet all they have left on the outcome. A father will divide his cash with his boys, so that all may enjoy the excitement of betting. Many of them will go home penniless, and their families will suffer for the necessaries of life. This national evil is abating since the United States has come into control; but under Spanish rule it was encouraged, and it is said to have been introduced by the Spaniards.

In many ways the Filipinos are an interesting people. They are not very ambitious or energetic, and, like the Hawaiians, are willing to take a back seat when they come in contact with foreigners. In 1898 there were probably 100,000 Chinese in the islands, chiefly in the cities and towns, and they had control of nearly all the important industries.

Our possession of the Philippine Islands brings to us a vast responsibility. We can do great things for them by raising their standard of education, morals, and religion, by teaching self-government, and infusing into their national life a higher form of civilization. To do this is the great duty of our people, and every American should feel his part of the responsibility.

Porto Rico

It was Cuba, as we have seen, that caused the war with Spain, but as Cuba became a self-governing republic and not a possession of the United States, we turn our attention to Porto Rico, which was ceded to the United States by Spain at the close of the war.

The island of Porto Rico was discovered by Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493. Some years later Ponce De Leon came to the island and found that it was inhabited by a mild-mannered tribe of Indians, who received the Spaniards with great kindness. But the Spaniards mistreated them and soon there was war which resulted in the entire extermination of the Indians.

Porto Rico, like the Philippines and Hawaii, lies within the tropics where frigid winds never blow and snow is never seen. But the climate is tempered by the cool breezes from the mountains and the sea, and excessive heat is seldom known. The scenery is diversified with luxuriant forests and broad meadows, with groves of cocoa palms and fields of sugar cane.

The island is a little over a hundred miles in length and thirty odd miles in width, comprising 3,500 square miles, and is the home of 900,000 people. The inhabitants are of Spanish descent with a slight mixture of negro and Indian blood, somewhat darker than the Caucasian and much lighter than the African. Like most tropical people they are rather indolent and easy going. Only in the temperate zone does man develop energy and the attendant civilization to his fullest capacity. Man in the frigid zones is dwarfed by the incessant cold and his scanty supply of food. In the tropics he needs little clothing, nature supplies his food, and the perennial heat makes him listless and indolent.

San Juan is the most interesting town in the island. It is forty years older than St. Augustine, Florida, is the only walled city in the jurisdiction of the United States, and is one of the finest specimens of military architecture in the Western Hemisphere. Here also is Moro Castle, a magnificent citadel of solid masonry, with its lighthouse tower 170 feet high, with its tiers of batteries and its dismal dungeons.

One of the chief attractions of Porto Rico is the great military road across the island, 85 miles in length, between the cities of San Juan and Ponce. It was built many years ago by the Spaniards at great expense. It winds among the hills, through the sweet-scented forests, crossing the gushing streams from the mountains over stone bridges.

The soil of Porto Rico is exceedingly fertile and

the climate delightful; but an occasional hurricane sweeps over the island and leaves frightful destruction in its trail. The people, since the American occupation, have made commendable progress in education and in industrial life, and the time may come when the island will become a State in our Union.

The Islands of Samoa

The Samoan Islands are a tiny group in the South Pacific Ocean exactly twice as far from San Francisco as the Hawaiian Islands—4,200 miles. The group lies in the Southern Hemisphere a few degrees north of the Tropic of Capricorn. There are a dozen or more small islands, comprising about 1,000 square miles. The islands are simply the exposed summit of a vast submarine mountain chain.

The climate of Samoa, with its fresh and exhilarating breeze from the summer sea, is the most enchanting in the world most of the time; but the islands lie in the hurricane belt, and at times they are swept with appalling tornadoes; again, they are rocked with dreadful earthquakes. Here in this remote part of the world dwell nearly 40,000 people, partially civilized and nominally Christian.

The islands lie directly in the track of the vessels plying between our Pacific Coast and Australia, and are therefore of great importance as a station in the long voyage.

In 1878 the United States made a treaty with the native chief by which we acquired the right of a naval

station in the harbor of Apia, the chief town, situated on the island of Upolu, the largest of the group.

A few years later serious trouble arose with Germany, which laid claim to the entire group. Germany had had three European wars—with Denmark, Austria, and France—within a few years and was feeling quite puffed up with her brilliant successes. It was said that Prince Bismarck, who was the real master of Germany at the time, could, with a frown, an impatient speech, or a curt dispatch, send the shivers down the back of every foreign minister in Europe.

Suddenly, one day in April, 1886, the German consul at Apia, instructed by his Government, raised the German flag over the town and declared that none but the German Government should henceforth rule over it. As there were several German warships in the harbor, he felt that he could do as he chose. The British consul, remembering the great prestige of Germany at that moment, hesitated to act without instructions from home. But the American representative had no such scruples. He ran up the American flag and declared the town under an American protectorate. When Bismarck heard of the incident he was astonished at the audacity of the Yankees, who dared to defy the power of the German Empire.

Some time later the Germans deposed the ruling king and set up one of their own choosing. The natives refused to acknowledge this puppet and fled from the towns to the forests in the interior of the islands where the American and British consuls fur-

nished them with arms. The Germans, determined to surprise them and seize their chiefs, sent a battalion of marines to the forest one morning before daylight. The Samoans fell on them in large numbers, and the Germans fled to their ships with a loss of fifty men.

On one occasion a German warship, the *Adler,* was about to bombard the town of Apia because the people refused to accept the new king. But there was an American warship in the harbor whose captain, an Irish-American named Leary, would rather fight than eat, it was said. Leary swung his vessel between the *Adler* and the shore, and then curtly said to the German captain, " If you fire, you must fire through the ship which I have the honor to command."

The commander of the *Adler* saw that the situation was grave, that his firing would probably bring war between his country and the United States, and he shrank from the responsibility. He then turned tail and steamed sullenly away.

In March, 1889, while the threatened trouble between the two great nations about Samoa was still pending, the islands were visited by a tornado the most destructive ever known in the islands. There was not much loss of life, but every American and German ship in the harbor was sunk or disabled by the terrific storm.

Soon after this Prince Bismarck proposed a conference at Berlin to settle the Samoan question. The offer was accepted, and three American commissioners were sent to the German capital. Bismarck had

no love for America, and had even gone so far as to show his feeling by expelling Germans who had been naturalized in America from German soil on twenty-four hours' notice. So great was his prestige in Europe that he now expected an easy victory with the Americans on the Samoan affair. But when he made certain demands—that the king the Germans had set up in Samoa should be recognized, and the like—the Americans refused their assent. Then the chancellor affected great indignation, and the Americans cabled the whole proceedings to their Government. Secretary of State Blaine flashed back the answer: "The extent of the chancellor's irritability is not the measure of American rights."

This answer braced up the Americans and they refused to yield a single point. The outcome was that Bismarck, the "man of blood and iron," backed down and yielded every point at issue. It was said that this was the first diplomatic reverse that the great German statesman had ever experienced.

By this agreement Samoa was recognized as neutral territory with an independent government. Some years later, however, the islands were divided by a friendly agreement, between the United States and Germany, the former receiving the island of Tutuila and a few smaller ones. In addition to Hawaii and our portion of Samoa there are a few other islands scattered through the broad expanse of the Pacific which have come into the possession of the United States.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PANAMA CANAL

OUR final chapter, a short one, will be devoted to a notice of the great ship canal, which is now being constructed between the Atlantic Ocean (Caribbean Sea) and Pacific Ocean, severing North and South America. The only other waterway of the same class, which can be compared with that at Panama when finished, is the Suez Canal. A few words about this will be interesting.

The Suez Canal, connecting the Mediterranean and the Red seas, has been in operation for forty years, having been completed in 1869, the year that marks the completion of our first transcontinental railroad. This great canal is 100 miles long, and wide enough for ships to pass one another at any point. It required ten years to make the cut, and cost a hundred million dollars. The laborers, about 10,000 in number, were for the most part Egyptian fellahs, who received from ten to fifteen cents a day for their labor at first; but later they were forced by their ruler to work without pay, very much as the Hebrews had been forced by the Egyptian Pharaohs thousands of years ago. A great deal of the work was done without tools, the dirt being carried

away in baskets, which the laborers filled with their sands.

The Suez Canal was built chiefly with French capital, and its construction was due to the genius of one great Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps. The English refused to aid in building the canal and even opposed it; but when it was finished and was proved to be successful, the British Government bought a controlling interest in it (1876) and still controls it. It is a remarkably good investment, paying fourteen per cent or upward in annual dividends.

Ships of all nations may pass through the canal by paying toll—about $1.50 per ton of cargo and $1.50 per passenger. It costs a large vessel at least $20,000 to pass through the canal, and requires about eighteen hours. But this is vastly cheaper and quicker than sailing around Africa, as they formerly did, in going from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean. Let us now return to our own hemisphere.

Beginnings at Panama

In 1850 a treaty was made between the United States and Great Britain concerning a proposed canal between the two oceans presumably at Panama or Nicaragua. It is known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. It provided that the two countries jointly construct the canal. Many years passed and nothing was done, largely because of our Civil War and the agitation which preceded and followed it.

For years after the war nothing was done except a little surveying, and meantime a French company,

led by De Lesseps, who had achieved such grand success at Suez, began cutting a canal at Panama. Several thousand men were kept at work for some years, beginning in 1881; but after spending many millions of dollars, it was discovered that the work was too vast for a private company with limited means, and the project was given up.

Meantime the United States had been centering its attention upon the Nicaragua route; but after the French company had given up the work, the eyes of the country turned to Panama as the more desirable route. But three obstacles must first be overcome before work could be done at Panama. First, the rights of the French company must be purchased; second, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty must be changed or abrogated so as to give the United States a free hand and become the sole constructor and owner of the canal, and third, an agreement must be made with Colombia, of which Panama was the most northern state.

The first and second of these obstacles were soon removed. The French company sold its interest to the United States for the sum of $40,000,000. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was superseded by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, by which the neutrality of the canal was secured and the United States was to become the sole builder, owner, and protector.

The affair with Colombia was not so easy to settle. A treaty was made by which Colombia was to receive $10,000,000 for the right of way across the isthmus, $250,000 annual rental beginning nine years later,

and to retain the sovereignty of the canal zone across the isthmus, six miles in width. The lease was to be for a hundred years with the right of perpetual renewal. The United States Senate promptly ratified this treaty in March, 1903; but the Colombian Senate dallied with it, and in August rejected it by a unanimous vote.

This action seemed strange from the fact that a canal across the isthmus would be a wonderful boon to Colombian prosperity, and that country could well afford to give a free right of way. But the object of the Senate in rejecting the treaty was soon discovered when Colombia offered to make a new treaty if the $10,000,000 bonus should be raised by the United States to $25,000,000. It was purely a mercenary matter, and the American people were disgusted with the turn of affairs, when Colombia should have done everything in her power to encourage the building of the canal. But a way out of the dilemma soon offered itself.

Panama, restless for many years under Colombian rule, determined to rebel against it, to set up an independent republic and deal alone with the United States. The revolt came in November of the same year, 1903, and the infant republic was soon recognized by the United States and by several European nations. Colombia was frantic, and she now offered to give the United States all canal rights free of charge, if the latter would permit her to send troops to subdue the revolt in Panama. But her change of heart came too late. The United States had taken

the infant republic under its protection and the Colombian offer was declined.

A government was established in the little republic, and the next thing in the rapid movement of events was to make a canal treaty with the United States. This was soon done, and the treaty was ratified by both countries. It grants the United States, for the payment of $10,000,000 and $250,000 a year, sovereign rights over a canal belt ten miles wide across the isthmus, a distance of forty-nine miles. The money was soon paid and the work was begun in 1904.

The Sanitary Victory

One cause of giving up the great work at Panama by the French was the deadly climate. Panama had long been known as one of the hottest, wettest, and most feverish regions of the world. The yellow fever was the one disease dreaded above all others, and great numbers of the French fell victims to this fatal malady.

When gold was discovered in California sixty years ago many men of the East who started for the land of gold braved the deadly perils of Panama, and the death toll was heavy. Again, when the Panama railroad was built in the early fifties, the laborers were swept into the grave by thousands. It was plain that men who were not acclimatized were taking their lives in their own hands when they went to Panama.

When in 1904 the Americans began to arrive on the isthmus the ravages of this dreaded disease

greatly increased. There was a panic, and hundreds of men hastened to return home at the first opportunity. It was believed that the work would have to be given up. But since then there has been a transformation, and it is chiefly due to one man—Colonel William Crawford Gorgas, a surgeon of the United States army.

There is no such thing as a sickly or unwholesome climate anywhere, however hot and wet it may be. Disease germs come from the ground and not from the air. Purify the surface and you have a wholesome climate whatever the latitude. On this principle Dr. Gorgas proceeded when appointed by the President as chief sanitary officer of the canal zone across the isthmus.

He had learned by experiment in Cuba that yellow fever is entirely due to the bite of a certain kind of mosquito called the *Stegomyia*. To exterminate this pest on the canal belt was a tremendous task, but nothing else could stop the dread disease, and the doctor, with 2,000 assistants, set about it with tireless vigor.

The natives of the towns and villages were utterly careless in their way of living. They supplied themselves with water from open rain barrels, in which the mosquitoes were hatched by millions. The streets were filled with decaying vegetables and every imaginable kind of nondescript rubbish. The land was covered with dense tropical jungles, with dismal swamps and sluggish streams, all of which were hatching places for the mosquitoes.

In less than a year the streets were cleaned, the people were forced to adopt sanitary methods of living, the swamps were drained and the jungles in a large measure were removed. The result has been marvelous. In the entire year of 1906 there was but one case of yellow fever in the whole canal belt, and since then there has been none.

Another mosquito, the *Anopheles,* is responsible for malaria, and so diligent has Dr. Gorgas been in his efforts to exterminate this one also, that malaria has greatly decreased among the people. On the whole the conquest in Panama by the Sanitary Commission is one of the greatest in history, and the whole world will profit by it. The general health on the isthmus to-day is quite as good as in other parts of the world.

Magnitude of the Work

The greatest engineering project ever undertaken by man is the Panama Canal. It extends from the town of Colon on the Atlantic coast to the town of Panama on the Pacific.

The course is diversified with hills and valleys, forests and streams. The highest of the hills is the Culebra Hill, the continental divide, a part, and one of the lowest parts, of the vast mountain system which extends from the Straits of Magellan to the Bering Sea. Culebra Hill is 330 feet above the sea level, and is nearer the Pacific than the Atlantic side. The cut through this hill will be nine miles long, and at the highest point 285 feet deep.

The two great features of the canal will be the Culebra Cut and the Gatun Dam, which we must notice separately.

The Culebra Cut, which is now being made at a rapid rate, means the removal of earth and rock that would fill a ditch three feet deep and three feet wide three times around the earth. At this time there are thousands of men working on this cut, and it will probably take five years more to complete it. There are in operation scores of huge steam shovels loading the dirt on the trains. There are nearly 800 dirt trains of 23 cars each now in use, on 300 miles of temporary railroad. The spoil is carried ten miles on an average, and in the past twelve months the enormous amount of 280,000,000 tons was removed. The Culebra Hill must be cut down to within 45 feet of sea level, and the surface of the water in the canal, which will be 40 feet deep, will therefore be 85 feet above sea level. The canal will not be less than 300 feet wide at the bottom at any point, and as the sides will slope it will be wider at the top. At the highest point of Culebra Hill the walls of the canal will rise 245 feet above the water.

Let us now take a glance at the Gatun Dam, which is toward the Atlantic side, about 24 miles from Culebra. This dam will stop the flow of the Chagres River and create an artificial lake 164 square miles in area. Through the heart of this lake the canal will pass and of course there will be but little excavation in this part.

There is a line of hills parallel to the Atlantic

Courtesy of the Outlook.

Topographical Map of the Panama Canal.

coast, and between the hills the Chagres River flows through a valley nearly a mile and a half in width. Across this valley from hill to hill will be the Gatun Dam. It will be made of earth, will be one third of a mile thick at the base and 135 feet at the top. The inclosed lake will be 85 feet above the sea level, and the top of the dam will be 25 feet above the lake, or 110 feet in height on the lower side. A vessel will be elevated to the lake by means of locks. For a long time it was undecided whether to build a sea level or a lock canal, and the latter was chosen because a sea-level canal would cost far more and would take several years longer in the construction. The cost of the lock canal, as now estimated, will be about $360,000,000. This includes the $40,000,000 paid the French and the $10,000,000 paid Panama.

So vast a work as the construction of this canal requires years of labor for thousands of men, and at first there was much concern as to where so many laborers could be found, as American laborers could not endure the tropical heat. But the question has been solved. The perfect sanitation and the good wages offered have brought more laborers than can be employed.

The force now employed is considerably more than 45,000 men. Of these about 5,000 are Americans, employed as clerks, engineers, foremen, and sanitary helpers. The common laborers are foreigners—Spaniards, Italians, and West India negroes, of whom there are 31,000.

The chief engineer and manager of the whole work

is Colonel George W. Goethals, a man of great administrative ability.

Let us in conclusion suppose the great canal finished and make an imaginary trip through it. We shall make the trip in the great Cunard liner, the *Mauretania,* the largest vessel in the world, except one, the *Lusitania,* which is exactly the same size, and is owned by the same company.

Our "ocean greyhound" has a gross tonnage of 32,500 tons, is 790 feet long, 88 feet wide, and her engines equal 70,000 horse power.

We approach the canal from the Caribbean Sea and after steaming about six miles from Colon we enter the first of the great concrete locks. The vessel comes to a stop, the canal at our stern is closed by colossal gates and the water let in from above. The huge steamship rises with the rising water until we are lifted perpendicularly 28 feet. Now the ponderous sluice gates above are opened and we float into the second tier of locks. Here the same process is repeated, and again our great vessel is lifted 28 feet. Still again the same thing happens, and when our ship has been raised a third time we are on a level with the lake made by the great dam, 85 feet above sea level.

Each tier of locks is in pairs, that is, there are two locks side by side, vessels going northward always taking one side and those going southward taking the other side. Each side is 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide, and since our ship is only 790 feet long and 88 feet wide, there is room to spare.

It has taken an hour for us to pass through these three tiers of locks, and now we cross the great Gatun Dam onto the broad lake that is made by it. Through this lake we sail almost as fast as on the sea. The channel of the canal, which was cut among the low hills, is now many feet under the water—the water of the Chagres River, held by the dam. Through this lake we steam for nearly 24 miles when we come to the great Culebra Cut. As we pass through the cut we see the walls of the canal rise on either side 245 feet at the highest point.

If we meet another vessel we pass it without interruption, as the canal is at least 300 feet wide at the bottom. In the Suez Canal when one large vessel passes another, one must tie up to a stake on the bank; but this is not necessary at Panama.

After passing through the Culebra Cut, nearly ten miles long, we come to a town called Pedro Migues, where there is another lock that lowers our vessel 30 feet into a little lake two miles wide, formed by damming a little river called the Rio Grande. Through this lake we sail to the town of Miraflores where a double flight of locks lets us down to the ocean's level. Then, after a sail of four miles, we swing out into the boundless Pacific.

If our trip is from New York to San Francisco, we have saved 8,415 miles by not having to go round Cape Horn; if from New York to Sydney, Australia, our saving is about 4,000 miles.

So great will be the cost of the Panama Canal that it will not probably be a paying investment for

many years to come. But it was never intended as a money-making scheme. The United States is very rich and the expense of the canal will injure no one. We have recovered from the expenses of the Civil War, which cost ten times as much as the canal will cost.

Every American has reason to be proud of this great interoceanic waterway. It will be of vast importance to modern civilization, and its advantage to the commercial world will be incalculable.

THE END

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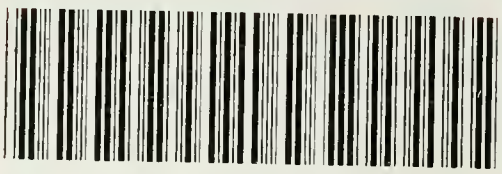
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